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THE WORKS AND LIFE

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

VOL. VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, AND CRITICISMS ON THEOCRITUS, CATULLUS, AND PETRARCH.

THE WORKS AND LIFE

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

EIGHTH VOLUME

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AND

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

COLLECTION OF 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Collection of 1846.

O friends! who have accompanied thus far
My quickening steps, sometimes where sorrow sate
Dejected, and sometimes where valour stood
Resplendent, right before us; here perhaps
We best might part; but one to valour dear
Comes up in wrath and calls me worse than foe,
Reminding me of gifts too ill deserved.
I must not blow away the flowers he gave,
Altho' now faded; I must not efface
The letters his own hand has traced for me.
  Here terminates my park of poetry.
Look out no longer for extensive woods,
For clusters of unlopt and lofty trees,
With stately animals couch't under them,
Or grottoes with deep wells of water pure,
And ancient figures in the solid rock:
Come, with our sunny pasture be content,
Our narrow garden and our homestead croft,
And tillage not neglected. Love breathes round;
Love, the bright atmosphere, the vital air,
Of youth; without it life and death are one.

I.

She leads in solitude her youthful hours,
  Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain.
  O when will Health and Pleasure come again,
Adorn her brow and strew her path with flowers,
And wandering wit relume the roseate bowers,
  And turn and trifle with his festive train?
Grant me, O grant this wish, ye heavenly Powers!
  All other hope, all other wish, restrain.

II.

Come back, ye Smiles, that late forsook
Each breezy path and ferny nook.
Come Laughter, though the Sage hath said
Thou favourest most the thoughtless head:
I blame thee not, howe'er inclin'd
To love the vacant easy mind,
But now am ready, may it please,
That mine be vacant and at ease.
  Sweet children of celestial breed,
Be ruled by me; repress your speed.
Laughter! though Momus gave thee birth,
And said, *My darling, stay on earth!*
Smiles! though from Venus you arise,
And live for ever in the skies,
Softly! and let not one descend
But first alights upon my friend.
When one upon her cheek appears,
A thousand spring to life from hers;
Death smites his disappointed urn,
And spirit, pleasure, wit, return.

III.

WITH PETRARCA'S SONNETS.

Behold what homage to his idol paid
The tuneful suppliant of Valclusa's shade.
His verses still the tender heart engage,
They charm'd a rude, and please a polisht age:
Some are to nature and to passion true,
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

IV.

The touch of Love dispels the gloom
Of life, and animates the tomb;
But never let it idly flare
On gazers in the open air,
Nor turn it quite away from one
To whom it serves for moon and sun,
And who alike in night or day
Without it could not find his way.

V.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

I draw with trembling hand my doubtful lot;
Yet where are Fortune's frowns if she frown not
  From whom I hope, from whom I fear, the kiss?
O gentle Love! if there be aught beyond
That makes the bosom calm, but leaves it fond,
  O let her give me that, and take back this!

VI.

She I love (alas in vain!)
  Floats before my slumbering eyes:
When she comes she lulls my pain,
  When she goes what pangs arise!
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,
  Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!
If even thus she soothe my sighs,
  Never let me wake again!

VII.

Thou hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire
  In any breast as thou hast rais'd in mine.
No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,
  Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:
And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost
  When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,
So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host
  Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than day's.

VIII.

Darling shell, where hast thou been,
West or East? or heard or seen?
From what pastimes art thou come?
Can we make amends at home?

Whether thou hast tuned the dance
  To the maids of ocean
Know I not; but Ignorance
  Never hurts Devotion.

This I know, Ianthe's shell,
I must ever love thee well,
Tho' too little to resound
While the Nereids dance around;

For, of all the shells that are,
  Thou art sure the brightest;
Thou, Ianthe's infant care,
  Most these eyes delightest.

To thy early aid she owes
Teeth like budding snowdrop rows:
And what other shell can say
On her bosom once it lay?

That which into Cyprus bore
  Venus from her native sea,
(Pride of shells!) was never more
  Dear to her than thou to me.

IX.

Away my verse; and never fear,
  As men before such beauty do;
On you she will not look severe,
  She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
  That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
  For it would please her to forgive.

X.

Pleasure! why thus desert the heart
    In its spring-tide?
I could have seen her, I could part,
    And but have sigh'd!

O'er every youthful charm to stray,
    To gaze, to touch . .
Pleasure! why take so much away,
    Or give so much!

XI.

My hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again.

XII.

Lie, my fond heart at rest,
  She never can be ours.
Why strike upon my breast
  The slowly passing hours?

Ah! breathe not out the name!
  That fatal folly stay!
Conceal the eternal flame,
  And tortured ne'er betray.

XIII.

The heart you cherish can not change;
  The fancy, faint and fond,
Has never more the wish to range
  Nor power to rise beyond.

XIV.

Clifton! in vain thy varied scenes invite,
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy hight;
The sheep that, starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant church's mellow chime,
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shakes above our heads the craggy steeps.
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moisten'd by the dews of eve.

XV.

Ask me not, a voice severe
  Tells me, *for it gives me pain.*
Peace! the hour, too sure, is near
  When I can not ask again.

XVI.

O thou whose happy pencil strays
Where I am call'd, nor dare to gaze,
  But lower my eye and check my tongue;
O, if thou valuest peaceful days,
Pursue the ringlet's sunny maze,
  And dwell not on those lips too long.

What mists athwart my temples fly,
Now, touch by touch, thy fingers tie
  With torturing care her graceful zone!
For all that sparkles from her eye
I could not look while thou art by,
  Nor could I cease were I alone.

XVII.

All tender thoughts that e'er possest
The human brain or human breast,
    Centre in mine for thee . .
Excepting one . . and that must thou
Contribute: come, confer it now:
    Grateful I fain would be.

XVIII.

Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,
  Alcestis rises from the shades;
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
  Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
  Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
  These many summers you and me.

XIX.

One year ago my path was green,
My footstep light, my brow serene;
Alas! and could it have been so
        One year ago?
There is a love that is to last
When the hot days of youth are past:
Such love did a sweet maid bestow
        One year ago.
I took a leaflet from her braid
And gave it to another maid.
Love! broken should have been thy bow
        One year ago.

XX.

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
  And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
Grant only (and I ask no more),
  Let love remain that little while.

XXI.

Flow, precious tears! thus shall my rival know
For me, not him, ye flow.
Stay, precious tears! ah stay! this jealous heart
Would bid you flow apart,
Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,
And hope you rise for him.
Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,
Nor, tho' I'm absent, weep.

XXII.

It often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,
But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so! then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest;
I should for ever dream of you.

XXIII.

I can not tell, not I, why she
Awhile so gracious, now should be
So grave: I can not tell you why
The violet hangs its head awry.
It shall be cull'd, it shall be worn,
In spite of every sign of scorn,
Dark look, and overhanging thorn.

XXIV.

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

XXV.

While you, my love, are by,
How fast the moments fly!
Yet who could wish them slower?
Alas! to think ere long
Your converse and your song
Can reach my ear no more.
O let the thought too rest
Upon your gentle breast,
Where many kind ones dwell;
And then perhaps at least
I may partake a feast
None e'er enjoy'd so well.

Why runs in waste away
Such music, day by day,
When every little wave
Of its melodious rill
Would slake my thirst, until
I quench it in the grave.

XXVI.

Ianthe! you are call'd to cross the sea!
A path forbidden *me!*
Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watcht him laying down
His brow, and dropt our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
Ianthe! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with pain.
O bid me hope again!
O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
Not Heaven itself can do,
One of the golden days that we have past;
And let it be my last!
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
Fragile and incomplete.

XXVII.

These are the sights I love to see:
I love to see around
Youths breathing hard on bended knee,
Upon that holy ground
My flowers have covered: all the while
I stand above the rest;
I feel within the angelic smile,
I bless, and I am blest.

XXVIII.

Mine fall, and yet a tear of hers
Would swell, not soothe their pain.
Ah! if she look but at these tears,
They do not fall in vain.

XXIX.

Circe, who bore the diadem
O'er every head we see,
Pursued by thousands, turn'd from them
And fill'd her cup for me.

She seiz'd what little was design'd
To catch a transient view;
For thee alone she left behind
The tender and the true.

XXX.

If mutable is she I love,
If rising doubts demand their place,
I would adjure them not to move
Beyond her fascinating face.

Let it be question'd, while there flashes
A liquid light of fleeting blue,
Whether it leaves the eyes or lashes,
Plays on the surface or peeps through.

With every word let there appear
So modest yet so sweet a smile,
That he who hopes must gently fear,
Who fears may fondly hope the while.

XXXI.

Could but the dream of night return by day,
And thus again the true Ianthe say,
"Altho' some other I should live to see
As fond, no other can have charms for me.
No, in this bosom none shall ever share,
Firm is, and tranquil be, your empire there!
If wing'd with amorous fear the unfetter'd slave
Stole back the struggling heart she rashly gave,
Weak, they may call it, weak, but not untrue;
Its destination, though it fail'd, was you.
So to some distant isle the unconscious dove
Bears at her breast the billet dear to love,
But drops, while viewless lies the happier scene,
On some hard rock or desert beach between."

XXXII.

There are some tears we would not wish to dry,
And some that sting before they drop and die.
Ah! well may be imagined of the two
Which I would ask of Heaven may fall from you.
Such, ere the lover sinks into the friend,
On meeting cheeks in warm attraction blend.

XXXIII.

I hope indeed ere long
To hear again the song
Round which so many throng
Of great and gay:
Whether I shall or not
Draw from Fate's hand that lot
I'd give a prophet all I'm worth to say.
But in the Muse's bower
At least, O gentle power
Of harmony! one hour
Of many a day
Devote to her I will,
And cling to her until
They ring the bell for life to run away.

XXXIV.

I love to hear that men are bound
By your enchanting links of sound:
I love to hear that none rebell
Against your beauty's silent spell.
I know not whether I may bear
To see it all, as well as hear;
And never shall I clearly know
Unless you nod and tell me so.

XXXV.

Soon as Ianthe's lip I prest,
Thither my spirit wing'd its way:
Ah, there the wanton would not rest!
Ah, there the wanderer could not stay!

XXXVI.

Beloved the last! beloved the most!
With willing arms and brow benign
Receive a bosom tempest-tost,
And bid it ever beat to thine.

The Nereid maids, in days of yore,
  Saw the lost pilot loose the helm,
Saw the wreck blacken all the shore,
  And every wave some head o'erwhelm.

Afar the youngest of the train
  Beheld (but fear'd and aided not)
A minstrel from the billowy main
  Borne breathless near her coral grot.

Then terror fled, and pity rose . .
  "Ah me!" she cried, "I come too late!
Rather than not have sooth'd his woes,
  I would, but may not, share his fate."

She rais'd his hand. "What hand like this
  Could reach the heart athwart the lyre!
What lips like these return my kiss,
  Or breathe, incessant, soft desire!"

From eve to morn, from morn to eve,
  She gazed his features o'er and o'er,
And those who love and who believe
  May hear her sigh along the shore.

XXXVII.

Art thou afraid the adorer's prayer
  Be overheard? that fear resign.
He waves the incense with such care
  It leaves no stain upon the shrine.

XXXVIII.

You see the worst of love, but not the best,
Nor will you know him till he comes your guest.
Tho' yearly drops some feather from his sides,
In the heart's temple his pure torch abides.

XXXIX.

According to eternal laws
('Tis useless to inquire the cause)
The gates of fame and of the grave
Stand under the same architrave,
So I would rather some time yet
Play on with you, my little pet!

XL.

While the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
The ripening harvest and the hoary sands;
Alone, and destitute of every page
That fires the poet or informs the sage,
Where shall my wishes, where my fancy, rove,
Rest upon past or cherish promist love?
Alas! the past I never can regain,
Wishes may rise and tears may flow . . in vain.
Fancy, that brings her in her early bloom,
Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason, do?
Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
Here will I sit till heaven shall cease to lour
And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour,
Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

XLI.

One pansy, one, she bore beneath her breast,
  A broad white ribbon held that pansy tight.
She waved about nor lookt upon the rest,
  Costly and rare; on this she bent her sight.
I watcht her raise it gently when it droopt;
  I knew she wisht to show it me; I knew
She would I saw it rise, to lie unloopt
  Nearer its home, that tender heart! that true!

XLII.

You tell me I must come again
  Now buds and blooms appear:
Ah! never fell one word in vain
  Of yours on mortal ear.
You say the birds are busy now
  In hedgerow, brake, and grove,
And slant their eyes to find the bough
  That best conceals their love:
How many warble from the spray!
  How many on the wing!
"Yet, yet," say you, "one voice away
  I miss the sound of spring."

How little could that voice express,
  Beloved, when we met!
But other sounds hath tenderness,
  Which neither shall forget.

XLIII.

Retired this hour from wondering crowds
And flower-fed poets swathed in clouds,
Now the dull dust is blown away,
Ianthe, list to what I say.
Verse is not always sure to please
For lightness, readiness, and ease;
Romantic ladies like it not
Unless its steams are strong and hot
As Melton-Mowbray stables when
Ill-favoured frost comes back again.
Tell me no more you feel a pride
To be for ever at my side,
To think your beauty will be read
When all who pine for it are dead.
I hate a pomp and a parade
Of what should ever rest in shade;
What not the slenderest ray should reach,
Nor whispered breath of guarded speech:
There even Memory should sit
Absorbed, and almost doubting it.

XLIV.

I often ask upon whose arm she leans,
    She whom I dearly love,
And if she visit much the crowded scenes
    Where mimic passions move.
There, mighty powers! assert your just controul,
    Alarm her thoughtless breast,
Breathe soft suspicion o'er her yielding soul,
    But never break its rest.
O let some faithful lover, absent long,
    To sudden bliss return;
Then Landor's name shall tremble from her tongue,
    Her cheek thro' tears shall burn.

XLV.

I sadden while I view again
  Smiles that for me the Graces wreathed.
Sure my last kiss those lips retain
  And breathe the very vow they breathed;

At peace, in sorrow, far or near,
  Constant and fond she still would be,
And absence should the more endear
  The sigh it only woke for me.

Till the slow hours have past away,
  Sweet image, bid my bosom rest.
Vain hope! yet shalt thou night and day,
  Sweet image, to this heart be prest.

XLVI.

A time will come when absence, grief, and years,
  Shall change the form and voice that please you now,
When you perplext shall ask, "And fell my tears
  Into his bosom? breath'd I there my vow?"

It must be so, Ianthe! but to think
  Malignant Fate should also threaten *you*,
Would make my heart, now vainly buoyant, sink:
  Believe it not: 'tis what I'll never do.

XLVII.

Have I, this moment, led thee from the beach
Into the boat? now far beyond my reach!
Stand there a little while, and wave once more
That kerchief; but may none upon the shore
Dare think the fond salute was meant for him!
Dizzily on the plashing water swim
My heavy eyes, and sometimes can attain
Thy lovely form, which tears bear off again.
In vain have they now ceast; it now is gone
Too far for sight, and leaves me here alone.
O could I hear the creaking of the mast!
I curst it present, I regret it past.

XLVIII.

Yes, we shall meet (I knew we should) again,
And I am solaced now you tell me when.
Joy sprung o'er sorrow as the morning broke,
And, as I read the words, I thought you spoke.
Altho' you bade it, yet to find how fast
My spirits rose, how lightly grief flew past,
I blush at every tear I have represt,
And one is starting to reprove the rest.

XLIX.

Ye walls! sole witnesses of happy sighs,
  Say not, blest walls, one word.
Remember, but keep safe from ears and eyes
  All you have seen and heard.*

L.

The bough beneath me shakes and swings.
While tender love wants most your wings
    Why are you flying from our nest?
That love, first opened by your beak,
You taught to peck, and then to speak
    The few short words you liked the best,
    Come back again, soft cowering breast!

Do not you hear or mind my call?
Come back! come back! or I may fall
    From my high branch to one below;
For there are many in our trees,
And part your flight and part the breeze
    May shake me where I would not go.
    Ah! do not then desert me so!

LI.

IANTHE'S LETTER.

  We will not argue, if you say
  My sorrows when I went away
      Were not for you alone;
  For there were many very dear,
  Altho' at dawn they came not near,
As you did, yet who griev'd when I was gone.
  We will not argue (but why tell
  So false a tale?) that scarcely fell
      My tears where mostly due.
  I can not think who told you so:
  I shed (about the rest I know
Nothing at all) the first and last for you.

LII.

"Remember you the guilty night,"
  A downcast myrtle said,
"You snatcht and held me pale with fright
  Till life almost had fled?

* First pencilled thus,
    O murs! temoins des plus heureux soupirs,
    N'en dites mot: gardez nos souvenirs.

At every swell more close I prest
With jealous care that lovely breast;
Of every tender word afraid,
I cast a broader, deeper shade,
And trembled so, I fell between
Two angel-guards by you unseen:
There, pleasures, perils, all forgot,
I clung and fainted: who would not?
Yet certainly, this transport over,
I should, for who would not? recover.
Yes! I was destined to return
And sip anew the crystal urn,
Where with four other sister sprays
I bloom'd away my pleasant days.
But less and less and less again
Each day, hour, moment, is the pain
My little shrivel'd heart endures . .
Now can you say the same for yours?
I torn from her and she from you,
What wiser thing can either do
Than with our joys our fears renounce
And leave the vacant world at once?
When she you fondly love must go,
  Your pangs will rise, but mine will cease;
I never shall awake to woe,
  Nor you to happiness or peace."

LIII.

On the smooth brow and clustering hair
  Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine,
The duller olive I would wear,
  Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

LIV.

Along this coast I led the vacant Hours
  To the lone sunshine on the uneven strand,
And nipt the stubborn grass and juicier flowers
  With one unconscious inobservant hand,
While crept the other by degrees more near
  Until it rose the cherisht form around,
And prest it closer, only that the ear
  Might lean, and deeper drink some half-heard sound.

LV.

Pursuits! alas, I now have none,
  But idling where were once pursuits,
Often, all morning quite alone,
  I sit upon those twisted roots
Which rise above the grass, and shield
  Our harebell, when the churlish year
Catches her coming first afield,
  And she looks pale tho' spring is near;
I chase the violets, that would hide
  Their little prudish heads away,
And argue with the rills, that chide
  When we discover them at play.

LVI.

No, thou hast never griev'd but I griev'd too;
Smiled thou hast often when no smile of mine
Could answer it. The sun himself can give
But little colour to the desert sands.

LVII.

Where alders rise up dark and dense
But just behind the wayside fence,
A stone there is in yonder nook
Which once I borrow'd of the brook:
You sate beside me on that stone,
Rather (not much) too wide for one.
Untoward stone! and never quite
(Tho' often very near it) right,
And putting to sore shifts my wit
To roll it out, then steady it,
And then to prove that it must be
Too hard for anyone but me.
Ianthe, haste! ere June declines
We'll write upon it all these lines.

LVIII.

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Still yours from others they shall know
  Twenty years hence.
Twenty years hence tho' it may hap
That I be call'd to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
  Was never heard.

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sigh'd *Alas*,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That winged word.

LIX.

From heaven descend two gifts alone;
The graceful line's eternal zone
And beauty, that too soon must die.
Exposed and lonely Genius stands,
Like Memnon in the Egyptian sands,
At whom barbarian javelins fly.
For mutual succour Heaven design'd
The lovely form and vigorous mind
To seek each other and unite.
Genius! thy wing shall beat down Hate,
And Beauty tell her fears at Fate
Until her rescuer met her sight.

LX.

Remain, ah not in youth alone,
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay,
But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away.
"*Can I be always by your side?*"
No; but the hours you can, you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

LXI.

Is it no dream that I am he
Whom one awake all night
Rose ere the earliest birds to see,
And met by dawn's red light;

Who, when the wintry lamps were spent
And all was drear and dark,
Against the rugged pear-tree leant
While ice crackt off the bark;

Who little heeded sleet and blast,
But much the falling snow;
Those in few hours would sure be past,
His traces *that* might show;

Between whose knees, unseen, unheard,
  The honest mastiff came,
Nor fear'd he; no, nor was he fear'd:
  Tell me, am I the same?

O come! the same dull stars we'll see,
  The same o'er-clouded moon.
O come! and tell me am I he?
  O tell me, tell me soon.

LXII.

Many, well I know, there are
Ready in your joys to share,
And (I never blame it) you
Are almost as ready too.
But when comes the darker day
And those friends have dropt away,
Who is there among them all
You would, if you could, recall?
One, who wisely loves and well,
Hears and shares the griefs you tell:
Him you ever call apart
When the springs o'erflow the heart:
For you know that he alone
Wishes they were *but* his own.
Give, while these he may divide,
Smiles to all the world beside.

LXIII.

Here, ever since you went abroad,
  If there be change, no change I see,
I only walk our wonted road,
  The road is only walkt by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;
  Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
I catch at times, at times I miss
  The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!
  Two shortest months! then tell me why
Voices are harsher than they were,
  And tears are longer ere they dry.

LXIV.

Silent, you say, I'm grown of late,
Nor yield, as you do, to our fate?
Ah! that alone is truly pain
Of which we never can complain.

LXV.

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,
  Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss . .
  My heart was sure that hers was true.
Now I have told her I must part,
  She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!
  Hers never was the heart for you.

LXVI.

Tell me not things past all belief;
  One truth in you I prove;
The flame of anger, bright and brief,
  Sharpens the barb of Love.

LXVII.

Little it interests me how
Some insolent usurper now
    Divides your narrow chair;
Little heed I whose hand is placed
(No, nor how far) around your waist,
    Or paddles in your hair.
A time, a time there may have been
(Ah! and there was) when every scene
    Was brightened by your eyes.
And dare you ask what you have done?
My answer, take it, is but one . .
    The weak have taught the wise.

LXVIII.

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

LXIX.

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
  Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
  Over my open volume you will say,
  "This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.

LXX.

Ah! could I think there's nought of ill
In what you do, and love you still!
I have the power for only half,
My wish: you know it, and you laugh.

LXXI.

Tears, and tears only, are these eyes that late
    In thine could contemplate
Charms which, like stars, in swift succession rise . .
    No longer to these eyes!
Love shows the place he flew from; there, bereft
    Of motion, Grief is left.

LXXII.

The Loves who many years held all my mind,
A charge so troublesome at last resign'd.
Among my books a feather here and there
Tells what the inmates of my study were.
Strong for no wrestle, ready for no race,
They only serve to mark the left-off place.
'Twas theirs to dip in the tempestuous waves,
'Twas theirs to loiter in cool summer caves;
But in the desert where no herb is green
Not one, the latest of the flight, is seen.

LXXIII.

As round the parting ray the busy motes
    In eddying circles play'd,
Some little bird threw dull and broken notes
    Amid an elder's shade.

My soul was tranquil as the scene around,
    Ianthe at my side;
Both leaning silent on the turfy mound,
    Lowly and soft and wide.

I had not lookt, that evening, for the part
One hand could disengage,
To make her arms cling round me, with a start
My bosom must assuage:

Silence and soft inaction please as much
Sometimes the stiller breast,
Which passion now has thrill'd with milder touch
And love in peace possest.

"Hark! hear you not the nightingale?" I said,
To strike her with surprise.
"The nightingale?" she cried, and raised her head,
And beam'd with brighter eyes.

"Before you said 'twas he that piped above,
At every thrilling swell
He pleas'd me more and more; he sang of love
So plaintively, so well."

Where are ye, happy days, when every bird
Pour'd love in every strain?
Ye days, when true was every idle word,
Return, return again!

LXXIV.

So late removed from him she swore,
With clasping arms and vows and tears,
In life and death she would adore,
While memory, fondness, bliss, endears.

Can she forswear? can she forget?
Strike, mighty Love! strike, Vengeance! Soft!
Conscience must come and bring regret . .
These let her feel! . . nor these too oft!

LXXV.

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odour of the falling spray;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.
I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But mourn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

LXXVI.

Dull is my verse: not even thou
  Who movest many cares away
From this lone breast and weary brow,
  Canst make, as once, its fountain play;
No, nor those gentle words that now
  Support my heart to hear thee say:
"The bird upon its lonely bough
  Sings sweetest at the close of day."

LXXVII.

Thank Heaven, Ianthe, once again
    Our hands and ardent lips shall meet,
And Pleasure, to assert his reign,
    Scatter ten thousand kisses sweet:
Then cease repeating while you mourn,
"I wonder when he will return."

Ah wherefore should you so admire
    The flowing words that fill my song,
Why call them artless, yet require
    "Some promise from that tuneful tongue?"
I doubt if heaven itself could part
A tuneful tongue and tender heart.

LXXVIII.

When we have panted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
  These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy:
"Of all our fields how very few are green!
And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between
  Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy."

LXXIX.

There are some wishes that may start
Nor cloud the brow nor sting the heart.
Gladly then would I see how smiled
One who now fondles with her child;
How smiled she but six years ago,
Herself a child, or nearly so.
Yes, let me bring before my sight
The silken tresses chain'd up tight,
The tiny fingers tipt with red
By tossing up the strawberry-bed;

Half-open lips, long violet eyes,
A little rounder with surprise,
And then (her chin against the knee)
"Mamma! who can that stranger be?
How grave the smile he smiles on me!"

LXXX.

Youth is the virgin nurse of tender Hope,
And lifts her up and shows a far-off scene:
When Care with heavy tread would interlope,
They call the boys to shout her from the green.

Ere long another comes, before whose eyes
Nurseling and nurse alike stand mute and quail.
Wisdom: to her Hope not one word replies,
And Youth lets drop the dear romantic tale.

LXXXI.

GUNLAUG.

SOPHIA, pity Gunlaug's fate.
Perfidious friendship, worse than hate,
And love, whose smiles are often vain,
Whose frowns are never, proved his bane.
For war his rising spirit sigh'd
In unknown realms o'er ocean wide.
"O father, father! let me go,
I burn to meet my country's foe."
"A blessing, Gunlaug, on thy head!"
Illugi, his fond father, said.
"Go when invader comes to spoil
Our verdant Iceland's native soil:
But wait with patient zeal till then,
And learn the deeds of mightier men."
To Thorstein's house, whose daring prow
Thro' ocean pounced upon his foe,
Stung with denial, Gunlaug went,
But breathed no word of discontent.
"Thorstein," he cried, "I leave my home,
Yet not for shelter am I come;
Thorstein, I come to learn from thee
The dangers of the land and sea.
Speed thee! together let us go,
And Thorstein's shall be Gunlaug's foe."

"Brave youth," said Thorstein, "stay awhile.
I love too well my native isle,
Whether the sandy dog-rose blows
Or sparkle fierce the starry snows,
And never shall this hand again
Direct the rudder o'er the main."
Thus as he spake he would have prest
The hand of his aspiring guest;
But Gunlaug cried, "I will not here
Partake thy hospitable cheer:
For war's, for danger's, gifts I came,
Keep thou thy fears, leave me thy fame."
Aloud the manly veteran laught;
"Come! come!" said he, "one social draught!
My fears I'll keep that none shall see,
And I will leave my fame to thee."
Out sprang the tears from Gunlaug's eyes:
"O noble Thorstein, bold and wise!
Shall Gunlaug dare to tarry here?
Shall Helga see this blush, this tear?"
At Helga's and her father's name,
The beauteous blue-eyed virgin came.
No word had then the youth to say,
But turn'd his downcast face away.
He heard her sandal sip the floor,
And, ere she reacht the palace-door,
His heaving bosom could not brook
Reproach or wonder from her look.
And couldst thou, Gunlaug, thus refrain?
And seek'st thou conquests o'er the main?
She saw, but knew not his distress,
And eyed him much, nor loved him less.
Long stood, and longer would have stay'd
The tender-hearted blue-eyed maid;
But fear her stifling throat opprest,
And something smote her bounding breast.
Far off, alone, she would remain,
But thought it time to turn again.
"Yet better not, perhaps," she thought,
"For fear the stranger hold me naught.
I dare not wish, they call it sin,
But . . would my father bring him in!"
He came; their friendship grew; he woo'd;
Nor Helga's gentle heart withstood.
Her milk-white rabbit oft he fed,
And crumbled fine his breakfast-bread;

And oft explored with anxious view
Spots where the crispest parsley grew.
Her restive horse he daily rid,
And quite subdued her stubborn kid,
Who lately dared to quit her side,
And once with painful rashness tried
Its ruddy horn against her knee,
Bold as its desperate sire could be.
Mosses he knew of every race,
And brought them from their hiding-place,
And mingled every sweet-soul'd plant
On mountain-top or meadow slant,
And checker'd (while they flower'd) her room
With purple thyme and yellow broom.
  There is a creature dear to heaven,
Tiny and weak, to whom is given
To enjoy the world while suns are bright
And shut grim winter from its sight;
Tamest of hearts that beat on wilds,
Tamer and tenderer than a child's;
The dormouse: this he loved, and taught
(Docile it is the day it's caught,
And fond of music, voice or string)
To stand before and hear her sing,
Or lie within her palm half-closed,
Until another's interposed,
And claim'd the alcove wherein it lay,
Or held it with divided sway.
  All living things are ministers
To him whose hand attunes the spheres
And guides a thousand worlds, and binds
(Work for ten godheads!) female minds.
I know not half the thoughts that rose,
Like tender plants 'neath vernal snows,
In Helga's breast, and, if I knew,
I would draw forth but very few.
Yet, when the prayers were duly said
And rightly blest the marriage-bed,
She doubted not that Heaven would give
To her as pretty things as live.
  The cautious father long delay'd
The wishes of the youth and maid.
His patient hand, like hers, unrolls
The net to catch the summer shoals;
And both their daily task compare,
And daily win each other's hair.

One morn, arising from her side,
He, as he paid the forfeit, cried,
"Behold my hair too trimly shine,
Behold my hands are white as thine.
O! could I loose our bliss's bar!
I burn for wedlock and for war."
"For war," said she, "when lovers burn,
To wedlock, Gunlaug, few return.
In Samsa brave Hialmar lies,
Nor Inga's daughter closed his eyes.
By sixteen wounds of raging fire
The enchanted sword of Angantyre,
Withering, laid waste his fruitless bloom,
And housed the hero in the tomb.
'Oh Oddur,' said the dying chief,
'Take off my ring, my time is brief;
My ring, if smaller, might adorn
The plighted hand of Ingebiorn.'
Swift to Sigtuna flew the friend,
And sorely wept Hialmar's end.
By Mæleren's blue lake he found
The virgin sitting on the ground.
A garment for her spouse she wove,
And sang, 'Ah speed thee, gift of love!'
In anguish Oddur heard her sing,
And turn'd his face and held the ring.
Back fell the maiden; well she knew
What fatal tidings must ensue;
When Oddur rais'd her, back she fell,
And died, the maiden loved so well.
'Now gladly,' swore the generous chief,
'I witness death beguiling grief;
I never thought to smile again
By thy blue waters, Mæleren!'
But grant that on the hostile strand
Thy bosom meet no biting brand,
Grant that no swift unguarded dart
Lay thee beneath the flooded thwart,
Yet how unlike a nuptial day,
To stand amid the hissing spray,
And wipe and wipe its tingling brine
And vainly blink thy pelted eyn,
And feel their stiffening lids weigh'd down
By toil no pleasure comes to crown!
Say, Gunlaug, wouldst thou give for this
The fire-side feast and bridal kiss?"

He told the father what he said,
And what replied the willing maid.
"My son," said Thorstein, "now I find
Wavering with love the sea-bound mind.
Away to war, if war delight,
Begone three years from Helga's sight,
And if perchance at thy return
That breast with equal transport burn,
Its wishes I no more confine,
Thine is my house, my Helga thine."
Away the towering warrior flew,
Nor bade his Helga once adieu.
He felt the manly sorrows rise,
And open'd wide his gushing eyes;
He stopt a moment in the hall,
Still the too powerful tears would fall.
He would have thought his fate accurst
To meet her as he met her first,
So, madly swang the sounding door,
And reacht, and reaching left, the shore.
Three years in various toils had past,
And Gunlaug hasten'd home at last.
Rafen at Upsal he had seen,
Of splendid wit and noble mien:
Rafen with pleasure he beheld,
For each in arms and verse excel'd.
Rafen he heard from sun to sun,
And why? their native land was one.
O friends! mark here how friendships end!
O lovers! never trust a friend!
In fulness of his heart he told
What treasures would his arms enfold;
How in the summer he should share
The blissful bed of maid so fair.
For, as suspicion ne'er supprest
One transport of his tuneful breast,
The low and envious he past by
With scornful or unseeing eye:
From tales alone their guile he knew,
Believing all around him true,
And fancying falsehood flourisht then
When earth produced two-headed men.
In Sweden dwell the manliest race
That brighten earth's maternal face:
Yet never would proud Gunlaug yield
To any man in any field.

The day was fixt for his return,
And crowding friends around him burn
Their pomp and prowess to display,
And celebrate the parting day.
Amid them up a wrestler stood
And call'd to wrestle him who would.
So still were all, you might have heard
The motion of the smallest bird:
Some lookt, some turn'd away the eye,
Not one among them dared reply.
"Come hither, friend!" said Gunlaug bold,
"O ne'er in Iceland be it told
I stood amid the feast defied,
Nor skill nor strength nor courage tried."
The wrestler then beheld and smiled,
And answer'd thus in accent mild:
"O stranger! tho' thy heart be stout,
And none like thee sit round about,
Thou bringest to unequall'd might
A form too beauteous and too slight."
"Well, friend, however that may be,
Let Gunlaug try his strength with thee."
They closed; they struggled; nought avail'd
The wrestler's skill, his prowess fail'd.
One leg he moved a little back
And sprang again to the attack.
Gunlaug, in trying to elude
A shock so sudden and so rude,
Avoided half the whelming weight,
But slipt aside alas too late.
His combatant flew headlong past,
Yet round his neck one arm he cast,
And threw him also on the ground,
Wounded, but with no warrior's wound.
The grass and springing flow'rs amid
A rotten pointed stake was hid.
Swung by the rapid jerk in air,
His sinewy leg descended there.
When Rafen saw the spouting blood
Bewilder'd in new joy he stood,
And scarce his features could control
The rapture of a selfish soul,
Yet tended every day his couch
And emptied there the hawking-pouch,
And brought him game from lake and land
And fed the falcon on his hand.

"Go haste," said Gunlaug, "haste, my friend,
May peace and love thy steps attend!
Ah wretched thus to stay alone!
Ere the day fixt I too am gone.
How far more wretched should I be
If my sweet Helga mourn'd for me."
When twice the Sabbath-day had past,
Rafen, as one compell'd at last
By his impatient listeners, said,
(And lower'd his voice and shook his head)
"Gunlaug unwillingly I left
Of reason as of love bereft.
At Upsal, famed for damsels bright
And flatter'd wit's bewildering light,
Him courts and pleasures yet detain,
And Helga's charms have charm'd in vain."
"Accurs'd man!" the father cried,
"My Helga ne'er shall be his bride."
"O father!"
"Peace!" cried he, "I swear,
Deluded Helga! thou shalt ne'er."
A swoon her swelling bosom smote,
A serpent seem'd to clasp her throat,
And underneath the father's chair
Stream'd on his dog her auburn hair.
Then Rafen rais'd her in his arms,
And gaz'd and gloated on her charms.
"Gaze: she is thine," said Thorstein fierce,
"If she be Gunlaug's, 'tis in verse."
She wept all night; her woe increast
When in the morn she saw the priest.
"Pause, father! pause to break my vow,
I know his heart, ah could'st but thou!
By all divine, all human laws,
Kindest and best of fathers, pause.
If Rafen loves, he loves the dead,
I live not for his hated bed."
At early dawn the youth she lost
Had leapt upon his native coast.
Blessing his fortune to survive,
And on the appointed day arrive,
He hung around his father's neck
And groan'd the thoughts he could not speak;
And as his neck he hung around
The father's tears drop't o'er the wound.
The servants came with anxious heed,
And brought their lord the luscious mead,

Pray'd not to issue forth so soon,
But eat and drink and sleep till noon;
And mention'd other valiant lords
Who dozed thus long upon their swords,
Yet ne'er had suffer'd gash nor prick,
Nor bruise, unless from hazel-stick.
He was persuaded; for his brain
Floated in fiery floods of pain,
From hopes, three long, long years afloat,
Now, by one evil turn remote.
He was persuaded; for he knew
Whose was of all true hearts most true.
Then strew'd he bear-skins on the stone,
And bade the tardy men begone.
The servants watch his eyelids close,
They watch the flush of bland repose,
They raise his shaggy pillow high'r,
With tender caution trim the fire,
And (for his breath might be opprest)
Pick out the pine-tree from the rest,
And fan the flame, nor fear the smoke
From ash well dried and shipwreck oak.
A frolic maid was passing by,
And, as she saw the hero lie,
His arms and armour thrown around,
Upon the bench, the couch, the ground,
Removed the clinking hawberk mail,
And took a wolf-skin from a nail;
Across his throat she placed the teeth
And tuckt the clasping claws beneath,
And would have kist him, but she fear'd
To tickle with her breast his beard.
  Sound was his sleep; at length he woke
And thus in hurried accent spoke.
  "What means, my men, the noise I hear?
Nearer the window . . still more near.
Despatch . . I feel no pain . . despatch . .
Why look upon that idle scratch?
Ay, Rafen and his friends are come,
I know, to bid me welcome home.
Oft has he trod the sunless dew
And hail'd at last my bark in view.
O Rafen, my best friend, for this
Shall Helga give thy brow a kiss."
  Then in rusht Thorkell: "Stay thee, lord!
Nor blast thee at the sight abhorr'd.

I thought that Heaven could send no curse
Like slighted love; it sends a worse.
Now is my joy what was my pain,
To find so soon I loved in vain.
Rafen leads homeward from the shrine
Thy Helga, for her heart is thine."
  Gunlaug with pleasure heard him speak,
And smiles relumed his faded cheek.
Thorkell, who watcht him all the while,
With more than wonder saw him smile.
"Thorkell, I thank thee," he replied,
"What, have we both then lost the bride?
No, generous rival! neither quite
Hath understood the nuptial rite.
Rafen leads homeward from the shrine
My Helga, for her heart is mine."
  Then Thorkell shook his head and sigh'd:
"Ill the suspicious soul betide!
But he whom no suspicions move,
Loves not, or with ill-omen'd love.
These eyes, that yet in wonder swim,
Saw the fair Helga sworn to him."
  His horror Gunlaug could not check,
But threw his arm round Thorkell's neck.
"O loose me, let me fall, my friend,"
Cried he, "let life and sorrow end."
Now rage, now anguish, seiz'd his soul,
Now love again resumed the whole;
Now would he upon Helga's name
Pour vengeance; tears for vengeance came.
"Thorkell, two days alone I wait,
The third shall close with Rafen's fate.
I scorn to stay for strength restored . .
Go . . at the corner whet my sword."
  On the third morn their friends decreed
That one or both of them should bleed.
On the third morn what pangs opprest
The tender lover's valiant breast!
His only hope on earth below
To die, and dying slay the foe.
He slept not, nor had ever slept
Since the first day, but said, and wept:
  "Arouse thee, Gunlaug, why complain?
She never can be thine again!
The bark shall lean upon the shore,
Nor wave dash off the rested oar:

The flowers shall ope their sparkling eyes,
And dance in robes of richest dyes,
And, flying back, again shall meet
The south-wind's kisses soft and sweet:
Young eagles build their first fond nest,
And sink from rapine into rest:
Ah, see them soar above my head!
Their hopes are come, but mine are fled!
Arouse thee, Gunlaug, haste away,
And rush into the mortal fray."
From far the listening Rafen heard
His rival's armour ring, nor fear'd.
Fear may be stifled in the breast,
But shame burns fiercer when supprest.
Onward he rusht, and dared defy
His arm, but dared not meet his eye.
Madly he struck, and blind with guilt,
And his blade shiver'd from the hilt.
Over Gunlaug's shield with action weak
It fell, and falling razed his cheek.
Away disdainful Gunlaug turn'd,
And cried, while rage within him burn'd,
"Rafen, take up thy broken sword;
Live; see thou Helga be restored.
Ah why?" then to himself he said;
"O Helga, beauteous blue-eyed maid!
Such were the tender words of yore,
But never can I speak them more!
By Rafen's side hath Helga slept,
Upon my fruit the snail hath crept,
The blindworm hath his poison shed . .
O Rafen! curses on thy head."
Afar was he as Gunlaug spoke,
And every tie of honour broke.
Before the court of chieftains old
He stood, and well his story told:
Much for religion and for laws
He pled, and bade them guard his cause:
"Tho' baffled and disarm'd," he cried,
"I gave the wound, and claim the bride." *
Some with disdain his reason heard,
While others wisht the cause defer'd.
Then Ormur spake in speech of scorn,
Ormur the friend of Asbiorn,

* According to the laws of duel in Iceland, he who gave the first wound was gainer of the suit.

Who, daring singly to engage
A jotun, proved his fatal rage.
"Go, finish this unmanly strife,
And keep the vow, but quit the wife.
So neither party shall repine,
But love be his, and laws be thine.
Go home, and with the world's applause
There quaintly kiss the cold-lip laws."
But Rafen, when he saw the sneer
Run dimpling on from each compeer,
"Has not the priest then join'd our hands
In holy everlasting bands?
One would have thought 'twas thee I wrong'd,
Right second to the viper-tongued."*
The assembly, wishing to compose
The strife of single combat, rose;
But order'd first that none decide
His right by arms o'er Iceland wide.
"In Auxar then once more we meet,
And thou shalt never thence retreat,"
Swore valiant Gunlaug, when he heard
The suit that Rafen had preferr'd.
"Thy courage shall not screen thy guile,
When once we meet in Auxar's isle."
Urged by his friends as by his foe,
Again to fight must Rafen go.
But furious winds each pinnace drove
Past little Auxar's lonely cove.
Beyond the strait their anchors bit
The yellow sand of Agnafit,
Where Inga reign'd, whose daughter's fate
Gunlaug heard Helga once relate.
Here too the wise and old impede
The brave in lawless fray to bleed.
By Sota's shore their course they take
And anchor near Dyngiunes' lake.
There spread the heath its evener ground,
And purer water there was found.
They meet; and all their friends unite
In the full fury of the fight,
'Till with the champions none remain
But the sore wounded on the plain.
The chiefs had closed, nor space was now
That either urge the deadly blow;

* Ormstunga: called so from the sharpness of his wit.

But oft they struggle breast to breast,
Oft give, unwilling, mutual rest.
Gunlaug with desperate strain recoil'd,
Yet his free force and aim were foil'd,
Else had his sword athwart the side
Of Rafen oped life's sluices wide.
The foot he struck, so far he sprung,
The foot upon its tendon hung:
He stagger'd: just within his reach
Stood, chosen for the shade, a beech:
He shrunk against it, and his foot
Was resting on the twisted root.
"Now yield thee," loud the hero cried,
"Yield; and resign the blooming bride."
"True, on these terms we fought before,"
Said he, "but now we fight for more.
This day life only shall suffice,
And Gunlaug, he who kills not, dies.
Life yet is left me, and the worst
I suffer now, is fainting thirst."
Eager the combat to renew,
Fast to the lake then Gunlaug flew,
There from his neck the helm unbraced,
Nor, though he thirsted, stayed to taste:
Prone, and on tottering knee, he stoopt,
With vigorous arm the surface scoopt,
And swiftly to his rival bore
The clear cold water, running o'er.
By treachery yet untaught to doubt,
With his right arm he held it out.
Valour and praise and pride forsook
The soul of Rafen; fierce he strook
His generous rival's naked head,
And laught in triumph while it bled.
Gunlaug was fell'd; the unsated foe
Strove hard to follow up the blow:
His foot denies his deadly hate,
And doubt and horror round him wait.
Gunlaug pusht faintly from his breast
The shield that struggling life opprest.
The gales that o'er Dyngiunes play
Recall his roving soul to day.
Up would he start; his wound denies;
Fresh shadows float before his eyes:
On his right elbow now he leans;
Now brighten the surrounding scenes:

Trees, mountains, skies, no more are mixt;
The lake, and earth, and foe, stand fixt.
His silence then he sternly broke,
And thus, his eye on Rafen, spoke:
"Rafen, with powers renew'd I rise:
Yes, traitor! he who kills not, dies.
Yet would I leave a little space,
To hear thee own this deed was base."
  Now first was Rafen slow of speech;
Lowering his brow against the beech,
He fixt his eyes upon the ground,
And thus confest, in faltering sound,
"'Twas base: but how could Rafen bear
That Gunlaug be to Helga dear?"
  Paus'd had the conqueror: he had stood
And slowly wiped the welling blood,
With patience, pity, grief, had heard,
And had but Rafen spared that word,
His youthful head had not lain low.
Gunlaug scarce felt the fatal blow,
But hearing "how could Rafen bear
That Gunlaug be to Helga dear?"
Rage swell'd his heart and fired his eye,
And thro' the forest rang the cry,
"What! tho' thy treachery caught her vow,
God's vengeance! Rafen! e'er wert thou?"
Then, hatred rising higher than pain,
He smote the traitor's helm in twain.

LXXXII.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE.

From immemorial time
  The Rose and Nightingale
Attune the Persian rhyme
  And point the Arab tale:
Nor will you ever meet
  So barbarous a man,
In any outer street
  Of Balkh or Astracan,
In any lonely creek
  Along the Caspian shore,
Or where the tiger sleek
  Pants hard in hot Mysore,

As never shall have heard
  In tower or tent or grove
Of the sweet flower's true bird,
  The true bird's only love.
They're known wherever shines
  The crescent on the sword
And guiltless are the vines
  And Bacchus is abhorr'd.
There was (we read) a maid,
  The pride of Astrabad,
Who heard what song-men said,
  And, all that day, was sad.
The moon hung large and round;
  She gazed ere forth she went;
A bright ford seem'd the ground,
  The sky a purple tent.
She hasten'd to the wood
  Where idle bushes grew,
The Rose above them stood,
  There stood her lover too.
Close were they, close as may
  True lovers ever be!
She was his only stay,
  Her only stay was he.
Her head appears to bend
  A little over his:
Petal and plumage blend,
  Soft sigh and softer kiss.
There was no other sound,
  And scarce a leaflet stirr'd,
And heavy dews hung round,
  The Rose and round the Bird.
Sure, some are tinged with red!
  Whence comes it? Can the Rose
Have wept upon his head?
  Her tears are not like those.
No; 'tis from his own breast,
  Pierced by her thorns, they come:
Against them it was prest,
  Of them it sought its doom.
Wanting was one delight,
  The one she could not give,
He thought perhaps she might,
  He thought so, nor would live.
Ever some cruel spell
  Hangs fasten'd, tho' unseen,

On those who love too well
  And sing too well between.
At the fond heart so riven
  Mute was awhile the maid,
Then pray'd she unto Heaven,
  And it was thus she pray'd:
"O Allah! if the fond
  Must alway suffer so,
If love finds naught beyond
  Its very birth but woe,
Protect at least the one
  From what the other bore,
Nor let her stay alone,
  Nor with faint breath droop o'er
The dead! Do thou confer
  His spirit on her bloom,
And may it soothe in her
  Lone shade its hour of gloom!"
Allah that gift bestows,
  But only in those plains,
And only in one Rose,
  The Bird's sweet voice remains.

Lady of all my lays!
  Accept the service due!
And, if a word of praise
  Or smile descend from you,
I will not look about
  To catch the crumbs that fall
Among the rabble rout
  That crowd the choral hall,
Nor chide the deaf man's choice
  When o'er the Rose's bird
The low unvarying voice
  Of Cuckoo is preferr'd.

LXXXIII.

Here, where precipitate Spring, with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires,
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
And softer sighs that know not what they want,
Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesolè right up above,

While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seem'd to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
Such I believed it must be. How could I
Let beast o'erpower them? When hath wind or rain
Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
And I (however they might bluster round)
Walkt off? 'Twere most ungrateful: for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot that, altho' half-erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gather'd her some blossoms; since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way thro'
And scattering them in fragments under-foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detacht,
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen thro', by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said, "You find the largest."
"This indeed,"
Cried she, "is large and sweet." She held one forth,

Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubt.
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tender'd, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

LXXXIV.

Hark! 'tis the laugh of Spring: she comes,
With airy sylphs and fiery gnomes;
On cruel mischief these intent,
And those as anxious to prevent.
  So now for frolic and for fun
And swains forsworn and maids undone;
So now for bridegrooms and for brides
And rivals hang'd by river-sides.
Here the hoarse-wooing dove is heard,
And there the cuckoo, taunting bird!
But soon along the osier vale
Will warble the sweet nightingale,
Amid whose song chaste Eve must hear
The threats of love, the screams of fear.
The milk-maid's shriek of laughter shrill
From hovel close beneath the hill,
Before the door the whirring wheel,
Behind the hedge the ticklish squeal,
The shepherd rude, the hoydon wroth,
The boisterous rip of stubborn cloth,
The brisk repulse, the pressing pray'r,
"Ah do!" and "do it if you dare!"
  But whence, at every field we pass,
Those hollows in the starting grass?
The little Loves have gambol'd there,
Or fought or wrestled pair by pair.
Moist are the marks of struggling feet,
And the bruis'd herbage still smells sweet.
Let Nancy now, if Nancy will,
Return the kiss she took so ill.
If gentler thoughts thy bosom move,
Come, Nancy, give the kiss of love.

Soft is the bank I rest on here,
And soft the river murmurs near:
Above, the wandering dimples play,
Run round, unwind, and melt away:
Beneath, more regular, more slow,
The grassy weeds wave to and fro,
While the sharp reed, it peers so high,
Shakes at each swell that passes by.
The poor tired bird who fain would drink,
But fears the abrupt and crumbling brink,
Sees that his weight 'twill not sustain,
And hovers, and flies back again.
My Nancy, thus I thirst for you,
And he flies off as I may do.

LXXXV.

I would invoke you once again,
Pale shades of gloomy Walcheren,
By every name most dear!
But every name what voice could call?
What tears could flow enough for all,
Within the circling year?
Yet comfort ye, illustrious band,
That might have saved your native land
Had life and health remain'd!
Who cast ye on those sands accurst?
Traitor! he sold his country first
And gave her up enchain'd.
No human power the wretch shall screen
That sent you to the misty scene,
Where glory never shone!
His vacant buoyant heart shall rue
The lingering death he brought on you
And wish that death his own.

LXXXVI.

I wander o'er the sandy heath
Where the white rush waves high,
Where adders close before me wreath
And tawny kites sail screaming by.
Alone I wander; I alone
Could love to wander there;
"But wherefore?" let my church-yard stone
Look toward Tawy and declare.

LXXXVII.

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:
First thro' the deep and warm and secret glens,
Thro' the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And thro' those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides
Until they sink and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone,
(All one vast ocean), and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

LXXXVIII.

Sweet Clementina, turn those eyes
  On lines that trembling love has traced;
O steal one moment from the skies,
  With pity, as with beauty, graced.
So may the Virgin, ever blest,
  Whate'er you hope, whate'er you do,
Rule o'er your pure and gentle breast,
  And cast her tenderest smile on you.

LXXXIX.

In Clementina's artless mien
  Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
        Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
  Have I not cull'd as sweet before:
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
        I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
  Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
        And not less bright:

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
  Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty who, when she goes,
    Is gone for ever.

XC.

Against the rocking mast I stand,
  The Atlantic surges swell
To bear me from my native land
  And Psyche's wild farewell.

From billow upon billow hurl'd,
  Again I hear her say,
"Oh! is there nothing in the world
  Worth one short hour's delay?"

Alas, my Psyche! were it thus,
  I should not sail alone,
Nor seas nor fates had sever'd us . .
  But are you all my own?

Thus were it, never would burst forth
  These sighs so deep, so true!
But, what to me is little worth,
  The world, is much to you.

And you shall say, when once the dream
  (So hard to break!) is o'er,
My love was very dear to him,
  My fame and peace were more.

XCI.

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
  Thou whose passion swells so high;
See those ruins that resemble
  Flocks of camels as they lie.
'Twas a fair but froward city,
  Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
'Till he came who, deaf to pity,
  Tost the imploring arm away.
Spoil'd and prostrate, she lamented
  What her pride and folly wrought:
But was ever Pride contented,
  Or would Folly e'er be taught?

Strong are cities: Rage o'erthrows 'em;
  Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
  Flaws it not the ruby lip?
All that shields us, all that charms us,
  Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
Yield to Wrath; another's harms us,
  But we perish by our own.
Night may send to rave and ravage
  Panther and hyena fell:
But their manners, harsh and savage,
  Little suit the mild gazelle.
When the waves of life surround thee,
  Quenching oft the light of love,
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
  Drive not from thy breast the dove.

XCII.

To-morrow, brightest-eyed of Avon's train,
To-morrow thou art, slave-like, bound and sold,
Another's and another's! Haste away,
Wind thro' the willows, dart along the path;
It nought avails thee; nought our plaint avails.
O happy those before me who could say
"Short tho' thy period, sweet Tacæa,* short
Ere thou art destin'd to the depths below,
Even from thy valley-cradle, saffron-strown,
Thou passest half thy sunny hours with me."
  I mourn not, envy not, what others gain;
Thee and thy venerable elms I mourn,
Thy old protectors! ruthless was the pride
And gaunt the need that made their heads lie low!
I see the meadow's tender grass start back,
See from their prostrate trunks the gory glare.
  Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy waves
Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;
Pleasant to watch them dip amid the stones,
Chirp, and spring over, glance and gleam along,
And tripping light their wanton way pursue.
Methinks they now with mellow mournfulness
Bid their faint breezes chide my fond delay,
Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee
My poor irregularly pencill'd page.
Alas, Tacæa, thou art sore deceived!

* Tachbrook, the name of a stream and village near Warwick.

Here are no foreign words, no fatal seal,
But thou and all who hear me shall avow
The simple notes of sorrow's song are here.

XCIII.

Mother, I can not mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But oh, who ever felt as I!
No longer could I doubt him true . .
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

XCIV.

Turn, pretty blue eyes! wheresoever ye shine
May pity persuade you to light upon mine!
Our yesterday's glances by silent consent,
Alternate from each, swiftly came, swiftly went.
My zeal, my intemperate zeal, I deplore;
I adored, and I burn'd to make others adore.
O pardon, bright idol! Henceforth shall thy shrine
Remurmur my sighs, and remurmur but mine.
Thy suppliant shall grow more content and more wise,
And his first and last prayer be, Turn, pretty blue eyes!

XCV.

WRITTEN IN WALES.

Ipsley! when hurried by malignant fate
I past thy court and heard thy closing gate,
I sigh'd, but sighing to myself I said
"Now for the quiet cot and mountain shade."
Ah! what resistless madness made me roam
From cheerful friends and hospitable home!
Whether in Arrow's vale or Tachbrook's grove
My lyre resounded Liberty and Love.
Here never Love hath fann'd his purple flame,
And fear and anger start at Freedom's name.
Yet high exploits the churlish nation boasts
Against the Norman and the Roman hosts.
'Tis false; where conquest had but reapt disgrace
Contemptuous Valour spurn'd the reptile race.

Let me once more my native land regain,
Bounding with steady pride and high disdain;
Then will I pardon all the faults of fate,
And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, on thy gate.

XCVI.

Lover. You little pert and twittering pet,
Who triumph so! do you forget
That wooden bolt and wiry bar
So clearly show us what you are?
Canary. You ugly, envious, monstrous thing,
You who can neither fly nor sing,
I would not, if I could, forget
I am a little twittering pet.
Proud man may banish from his mind
A mistress, lovely, fond, and kind;
The wildest woods have never heard
Such wickedness of gentler bird.
I wish one instant you could see
The blessed fate allotted me;
I should exult that Heaven had sent
The vision for your punishment.
No language but a bird's can speak
The transports of my quivering beak;
My quivering beak alone can sing
The glories of my golden wing.
What tho' I tremble as I stand,
Percht high on her protecting hand,
As my reflected form I view
In two clear founts of heavenly blue,
My ruffled wings her fingers close,
Her bosom bids my fears repose.
So froward is my fondled will,
I struggle to be nearer still.
The beating of her heart I hear,
And yet would I be still more near.
I chirp: but oh, my voice! how dull!
Where flies it when the heart is full?
Tell me, vain mortal, when will you
Sip the live rose's fragrant dew,
Riot and revel in her hair,
And dream of nests and nestlings there?
Then may you triumph, and forget
The little pert and twittering pet.

XCVII.

Maria! I have said *adieu*
To one alone so fair as you;
And she, beyond my hopes, at last
Returns and tells me of the past;
While happier for remembering well
Am I to hear and she to tell.
Whether gay Paris may again
Admire you gayest of her train,
Or, Love for pilot, you shall go
Where Orellana's waters flow,
And cull, amid Brazilian bowers,
Of richer fruits and gaudier flowers;
Or on the Seine or on the Line
Remember one command of mine:
Love with as steady love as e'er
Illumed the only breast so fair;
That, in another year at most,
Whether the Alps or seas are crost,
Something may scatter from the flame
Fresh lustre o'er Pereira's name.

XCVIII.

Wert thou but blind, O Fortune, then perhaps
Thou mightest always have avoided me;
For never voice of mine (young, middle-aged,
Or going down on tottering knee the shelf
That crumbles with us to the vale of years)
Call'd thee aside, whether thou rannest on
To others who expected, or didst throw
Into the sleeper's lap the unsought prize.
But blind thou art not; the refreshing cup
For which my hot heart thirsted, thou hast ever
(When it was full and at the lip) struck down.

XCIX.

Let me sit here and muse by thee
Awhile, aërial Fiesole!
Thy shelter'd walks and cooler grots,
Villas and vines and olive-plots,
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,
And laugh to hear that aught can pain me.
'Twere just, if ever rose one sigh
To find the lighter mount more high,

Or any other natural thing
So trite that Fate would blush to sing,
Of Honour's sport or Fortune's frown,
Clung to my heart and kept it down.
But shunn'd have I on every side
The splash of newly-mounted Pride,
And never riskt my taking cold
In the damp chambers of the old.
What has the zephyr brought so sweet?
'Tis the vine-blossom round my seat.
Ah! how much better here at ease
And quite alone to catch the breeze,
Than roughly wear life's waning day
On rotten forms with Castlereagh,
'Mid public men for private ends,
A friend to foes, a foe to friends!
Long since with youthful chases warm,
And when ambition well might charm,
And when the choice before me lay,
I heard the din and turn'd away.
Hence oftentimes imperial Seine
Hath listen'd to my early strain,
And past the Rhine and past the Rhone
My Latian muse is heard and known:
Nor is the life of one recluse
An alien quite from public use.
Where alders mourn'd their fruitless beds
A thousand cedars raise their heads,
And from Segovia's hills remote,
My sheep enrich my neighbour's cote.
The wide and easy road I lead
Where never paced the harnest steed,
Where hardly dared the goat look down
Beneath her parent mountain's frown,
Suspended while the torrent-spray
Springs o'er the crags that roll away.
Cares if I had, I turn'd those cares
Toward my partridges and hares,
At every dog and gun I heard
Ill-auguring for some truant bird,
Or whisker'd friend of jet-tipt ear,
Until the frighten'd eld limpt near.
These knew me, and 'twas quite enough,
I paid no *Morning Post* to puff,
Saw others fame and wealth increase,
Ate my own mutton-chop in peace,

Open'd my window, snatcht my glass,
And, from the rills that chirp and pass,
A pure libation pour'd to thee,
Unsoil'd uncitied Liberty!
  Lanthony! an ungenial clime,
And the broad wing of restless Time,
Have rudely swept thy massy walls
And rockt thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by thy streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more;
For never is the heart so true
As bidding what we love adieu.
Yet neither where we first drew breath,
Nor where our fathers sleep in death,
Nor where the mystic ring was given,
The link from earth that reaches heaven,
Nor London, Paris, Florence, Rome,
In his own heart's the wise man's home,
Stored with each keener, kinder, sense,
Too firm, too lofty, for offence,
Unlittered by the tools of state,
And greater than the great world's great.
If mine no glorious work may be,
Grant, Heaven! and 'tis enough for me,
(While many squally sails flit past,
And many break the ambitious mast)
From all that they pursue, exempt,
The stormless bay of deep contempt!

C.

FOR AN URN IN THORESBY PARK.

With frigid art our numbers flow
For joy unfelt and fabled woe;
And listless are the poet's dreams
Of pastoral pipe and haunted streams.
All Nature's boundless reign is theirs,
But most her triumphs and her tears.
They try, nor vainly try, their power
To cheer misfortune's lonely hour;
Whether they raise the laurell'd head,
Or stoop beneath the peasant's shed,
They pass the glory they bestow,
And shine above the light they throw.

To Valour, in his car of fire,
Shall Genius strike the solemn lyre:
A Riou's fall shall Manvers mourn,
And Virtue raise the vacant urn.

CI.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN.

Again, my soul, sustain the mournful page!
Is there no difference? none of place? of age?
How the words tremble, how the lines unite!
What dim confusion floats before my sight!
Thrice happy strangers, to whose roving eyes
Unwet with tears these public columns rise!
Whate'er the changeful world contains of new,
These are events the least observed by you.
  O Lambe, my early guide, my guardian friend,
Must thus our pleasures, thus our prospects end!
When the fond mother claspt her fever'd child,
Death hail'd the omen, waved his dart, and smiled,
Nor unobserv'd his lengthen'd wings o'erspread
With deeper darkness each devoted head.
She knows his silent footsteps; they have past
Two other babes; two more have breath'd their last.
What now avails thee, what avail'd thee then,
To shine in science o'er the sons of men!
Each varying plant, each tortuous root, to know,
How latent pests from lucid waters flow,
All the deep bosom of the air contains,
Fire's parent strength and earth's prolific veins.
The last and hardest lesson teaches this,
Frail is our knowledge, frailer is our bliss.

CII.

Ah what avails the sceptred-race,
  Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

CIII.

Gone! thou too, Nancy! why should Heaven remove
Each tender object of my early love?
Why was I happy? O ye conscious rocks!
Was I not happy? When Ione's locks
Claspt round her neck and mine their golden chain,
Ambition, fame, and fortune, smiled in vain.
While warring winds with deafening fury blew,
Near, and more near, our cheeks, our bosoms, grew.
Wave after wave the lashing ocean chased,
She smiled, and prest me closer to her waist.
"Suppose this cave should crush us," once I cried;
"It can not fall," the loving maid replied.
"You, who are shorter, may be safe," I said;
"O let us fly!" exclaim'd the simple maid.
Springing, she drew me forward by the hand
Upon the sunny and the solid sand,
And then lookt round, with fearful doubt, to see
If what I spoke so seriously, could be.
  Ah, memory, memory! thou alone canst save
Angelic beauty from the grasping grave.
Tho' Nancy's name for ever dwell unknown
Beyond her briar-bound sod and upright stone;
Yet, in the lover's, in the poet's eye,
The young Ione hath not bloom'd to die.

CIV.

I come to visit thee again,
My little flowerless cyclamen!
To touch the hands, almost to press,
That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.
What could those lovely sisters find,
Of thee in form, of me in mind,
What is there in us rich or rare,
To make us worth a moment's care?
Unworthy to be so carest,
We are but wither'd leaves at best.

CV.

Child of a day, thou knowest not
  The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
  Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!

And why the wish! the pure and blest
  Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
  Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

CVI.

ON A POET IN A WELSH CHURCHYARD.

Kind souls! who strive what pious hand shall bring
The first-found crocus from reluctant Spring,
Or blow your wintry fingers while they strew
This sunless turf with rosemary and rue,
Bend o'er your lovers first, but mind to save
One sprig of each to trim a poet's grave.

CVII.

ANOTHER URN AT THORESBY PARK.

If in the summer-time, O guest,
Thou comest where these waters rest,
And where these gentle swells of land
Their ever-verdant turf expand,
Not opener these, nor those more clear,
Than was the soul that late dwelt here.
If in the winter thou hast crost
The scene benumb'd with snow and frost,
Ask those thou meetest at the gate
If they are not as desolate.

CVIII.

  Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,
Freshness like Morning's dwelt upon thy cheek,
While here and there above the level pews,
Above the housings of the village dames,
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.
I know not why (since we had each our book
And lookt upon it stedfastly) first one
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,
Then tript the other and limpt far behind,
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles.
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend!
Two seasons like that season thou hast lain
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,
While my heart beats as then, but not with joy.

O my lost friends! why were ye once so dear?
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few?
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,
Commemorating some one torn away,
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves!

CIX.

Thou in this wide cold church art laid,
Close to the wall, my little maid!
My little Fanny Verchild! thou
Sole idol of an infant vow!
My playmate in life's break of day,
When all we had to do was play!
Even then, if any other girl
To kiss my forehead seiz'd a curl,
Thou wouldst with sad dismay run in,
And stamp, and call it shame and sin.
And should some rash intrusive boy
Bring thee an orange, flower, or toy,
That instant I laid fist on frill,
I bore my jealousy so ill,
And felt my bosom beat so bold,
Altho' he might be six years old.
Against the marble slab mine eyes
Dwell fixt; and from below arise
Thoughts, not yet cold nor mute, of thee
It was their earliest joy to see.
One who had marcht o'er Minden's plain
In thy young smile grew young again.
That stern one melted into love,
That father traced the line above.*
His Roman soul used Roman speech,
And taught (ah thou too, thou didst teach!)
How, soon as in our course we start,
Death follows with uplifted dart.

CX.

Tears driven back upon the fountain-head,
And Sorrow's voice supprest,
Heave, while in quiet sleep repose the dead;
Oh! when will they too rest!

* "S. Franciscæ Verchild, Nat. xv. Julii, 1774. In cursu vitæ mors nobis instat."

CXI.

Not the last struggles of the Sun,
Precipitated from his golden throne,
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense;
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, tho' far above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.
Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!
Thus, O my Southey! poet, sage, and saint!
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
What voice in anguish can we raise,
Or would we? Need we, dare we, praise?
God now does that, the God thy whole heart loved.

CXII.

The day returns, my natal day,
Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay,
Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came
To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now; but not the same;
They are whence friend can never come;

Nor are they you my love watcht o'er
Cradled in innocence and sleep;
You smile into my eyes no more,
Nor see the bitter tears they weep.

CXIII.

When Helen first saw wrinkles in her face
('Twas when some fifty long had settled there
And intermarried and brancht off awide)
She threw herself upon her couch and wept:
On this side hung her head, and over that
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.
But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles,
Or the impression of some amorous hair
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,
Which had been lying there all night perhaps

Upon a skin so soft, "No, no," you said,
"Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here:
Well, and what matters it, while thou art too!"

CXIV.

A provident and wakeful fear
  Impels me, while I read, to say,
When Poesy invites, forbear
  Sometimes to walk her tempting way:
Readier is she to swell the tear
  Than its sharp tinglings to allay.

"But there are stories fit for song,
  And fit for maiden lips to sing."
Yes; and to you they all belong,
  About your knee they fondly cling;
They love the accents of your tongue,
  They seek the shadow of your wing.

Ah! let the Hours be light and gay,
  With Hope for ever at their side,
And let the Muses chaunt a lay
  Of pleasures that await the bride,
Of sunny Life's untroubled sea,
  Smooth sands, and gently swelling tide.

A time will come when steps are slow,
  And prone on ancient scenes to rest,
When life shall lose its former glow,
  And, leaf by leaf, the shrinking breast
Shall drop the blossom yet to blow
  For the most blessed of the blest.

Then, nor till then, in spring go forth
  "The graves of waiting friends to see."
It would be pleasant to my earth
  To know your step, if that might be.
A verse is more than I am worth,
  A thought is not undue to me.

CXV.

The vessel that rests here at last
Had once stout ribs and topping mast,
And, whate'er wind there might prevail,
Was ready for a row or sail.
It now lies idle on its side,
Forgetful o'er the stream to glide.

And yet there have been days of yore,
When pretty maids their posies bore
To crown its prow, its deck to trim,
And freighted a whole world of whim.
A thousand stories it could tell,
But it loves secrecy too well.
Come closer, my sweet girl, pray do!
There may be still one left for you.

CXVI.

Satire! I never call'd thee very fair,
But if thou art inclined to hear my pray'r,
Grant the bright surface that our form reflects,
The healthy font that braces our defects:
But O! to fulminate with forked line
Another's fame or fortune, ne'er be mine!
Against the wretch who dares it, high or low,
Against him only, I direct my blow.

* * * * *

Well; you have seen our Prosperos, at whose beck
Our ship, with all her royalty, is wreck.
From sire to son descends the wizard book
That works such marvels.
Look behind you! look!
There issue from the Treasury, dull and dry as
The leaves in winter, Gifford and Matthias.
Brighter and braver Peter Pindar started,
And ranged around him all the lighter-hearted.
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine.

* * * * *

Honester men and wiser, you will say,
Were satirists.
Unhurt? for spite? for pay?
Their courteous soldiership, outshining ours,
Mounted the engine and took aim from tow'rs.
From putrid ditches we more safely fight,
And push our zig-zag parallels by night.
Dryden's rich numbers rattle terse and round,
Profuse, and nothing *plattery* in the sound.
And, here almost his equal, if but here,
Pope pleas'd alike the playful and severe.
The slimmer cur at growler Johnson snarls,
But cowers beneath his bugle-blast for Charles.
From *Vanity* and *London* far removed,
With that pure Spirit his pure spirit loved,

In thorny paths the pensive Cowper trod,
But angels prompted, and the word was God.

Churchmen have chaunted satire, and the pews
Heard good sound doctrine from the sable Muse.
Frost-bitten and lumbaginous, when Donne,
With verses gnarl'd and knotted, hobbled on,
Thro' listening palaces did rhymeless South
Pour sparkling waters from his golden mouth.
Prim, in spruce parti-colours, Mason shone,
His Muse lookt well in gall-dyed crape alone.
Beneath the starry sky, 'mid garden glooms,
In meditation deep, and dense perfumes,
Young's cassock was flounced round with plaintive pun . .
And pithier Churchill swore he would have none.
He bared his own broad vices, but the knots
Of the loud scourge fell sorest upon Scots.

* * * * *

Byron was not *all* Byron; one small part
Bore the impression of a human heart.
Guided by no clear love-star's panting light
Thro' the sharp surges of a northern night,
In Satire's narrow strait he swam the best,
Scattering the foam that hist about his breast.
He, who might else have been more tender, first
From Scottish saltness caught his rabid thirst.
Praise Keats . .
"I think I've heard of him."
"With you
Shelley stands foremost."
. . And his lip was blue.
"I hear with pleasure any one commend
So good a soul; for Shelley is my friend."
One leaf from Southey's laurel made explode
All his combustibles . .
"An ass! by God!"
Who yet surmounted in romantic Spain
Highths our brisk courser never could attain.
I lagg'd; he call'd me; urgent to prolong
My matin chirpings into mellower song.
Mournfuller tones came then . . O ne'er be they
Drown'd in night howlings from the Forth and Spey!
Twice is almighty Homer far above
Troy and her towers, Olympus and his Jove.
First, when the God-led Priam bends before
Him sprung from Thetis, dark with Hector's gore:

A second time, when both alike have bled,
And Agamemnon speaks among the dead.
Call'd up by Genius in an after-age,
That awful spectre shook the Athenian stage.
From eve to morn, from morn to parting night,
Father and daughter stood before my sight.
I felt the looks they gave, the words they said,
And reconducted each serener shade.
Ever shall these to me be well-spent days,
Sweet fell the tears upon them, sweet the praise.

CXVII.

Boastfully call we all the world our own:
What are we who should call it so? The form
Erect, the eye that pierces stars and suns,
Droop and decay; no beast so piteously.
More mutable than wind-worn leaves are we;
Yea, lower are we than the dust's estate;
The very dust is as it was before;
Dissever'd from ourselves, aliens and outcasts
From what our pride dared call inheritance,
We only live to feel our fall and die.

CXVIII.

When the mimosas shall have made
(O'erarching) an unbroken shade;
And the rose-laurels let to breathe
Scarcely a favourite flower beneath;
When the young cypresses which now
Look at the olives, brow to brow,
Cheer'd by the breezes of the south
Shall shoot above the acacia's growth,
One peradventure of my four
Turning some former fondness o'er,
At last impatient of the blame
Cast madly on a father's name,
May say, and check the chided tear,
"I wish he still were with us here."

CXIX.

Everything tells me you are near;
  The hail-stones bound along and melt,
In white array the clouds appear,
  The spring and you our fields have felt.

Paris, I know, is hard to quit;
  But you have left it; and 'twere silly
To throw away more smiles and wit
  Among the forests of Chantilly.
Her moss-paved cell your rose adorns
  To tempt you; and your cyclamen
Turns back his tiny twisted horns
  As if he heard your voice again.

CXX.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

O gentlest of thy race!
How early do we trace
  The wrath of Fate on thee!
Not only that thy head
Was hurl'd among the dead,
  The virtuous, wise, and free,
O Marie-Antoinette!
Do generous souls regret
  Thy sceptred destiny,
But, winning all the heart
Of mortal like Mozart,
  His bride thou couldst not be.
Thou liftedst the sweet child
From slippery floor: he smiled,
  Kist thee, and call'd thee *wife*.
Ah! could it have been so,
How free wert thou from woe,
  How pure, how great, for life!
One truth is little known:
'Tis this; the highest throne
  Is not the highest place
Even on the earth we tread:
Some can raise up the dead,
  And some the royal race.

CXXI.

November! thou art come again
With all thy gloom of fogs and rain,
Yet woe betide the wretch who sings
Of sadness borne upon thy wings.
The gloom that overcast my brow,
The whole year's gloom, departs but now;
And all of joy I hear or see,
November! I ascribe to thee!

CXXII.

Retire, and timely, from the world, if ever
  Thou hopest tranquil days;
Its gaudy jewels from thy bosom sever,
  Despise its pomp and praise.
The purest star that looks into the stream
  Its slightest ripple shakes,
And Peace, where'er its fiercer splendours gleam,
  Her brooding nest forsakes.
The quiet planets roll with even motion
  In the still skies alone;
O'er ocean they dance joyously, but ocean
  They find no rest upon.

CXXIII.

GUIDONE AND LUCÌA.

I love to wander, both in deed and thought,
Where little rills their earliest tunes are taught:
I love to trace them into secret nooks,
And watch their winning ways and serious looks,
Where, as they rise up leisurely and slow,
The long-hair'd moss for ever waves below.
No few have splasht my face for venturing thus
Among their games, games never meant for us:
We are weak creatures, brief and dark our day,
But children of immortal breed are they.
Yet side by side with Reno, many a mile,
Thro' narrow dell and intricate defile,
I have run too; and both were well content;
He chafed sometimes, but never harm was meant.
The waters here start sundered, rocks between,
Some beetle-brow'd, and others brightly green:
Loudly they call each other, nor in vain,
Laugh at the rocks, spring, and embrace again.
My little Reno winds his stream along
Thro' pastoral scenes by pastoral pipe unsung,
And leaps and hazards many sportive falls,
But grows seduter near Bologna's walls.
Among the mountains which from high o'erlook
That solemn city and that wayward brook,
Pure as the snow that on the summit lies,
Fresh as the stream and radiant as the skies,
Wert thou, Lucìa! Could thy girlish breast
Enjoy more sacred, more seraphic rest?

The boy Guidone innocently play'd,
Past her ninth summer, with his wedded maid.
A ring of rush was quite enough for both,
And two sweet kisses all the marriage troth.
Amid life's early leaves how blest the fond!
Until they climb the tree and look beyond.
"I wonder," said Lucia, "what can mean
Those odious names of Guelph and Ghibelline.
If, as my Babbo tells me, you're a Guelph,
I must be (is it *not* so?) one myself.
And yet, though Babbo always should be right,
Against the Guelphs he calls his serfs to fight.
'Meanwhile,' says he in joke, 'my little queen
Thou shalt be safely lodged with Saint Cristine.'"
Sudden the colour left Guidone's cheek,
His lips were open but he could not speak,
He prest the cool plump hand; it broke in twain
The ring of rush: and that was all her pain.
But when she rais'd her eyes, she thought no more
Of that, or any pledge he gave before.
She hugg'd him to her heart, and bade him say
If he was sorry that she went away.
He wept upon her head; but not one word
(Had there been utterance) would the child have heard.
The veins about her temples buzz'd like bees
Fretting and swarming in the linden-trees.
His tears ran down her curls; her curls she drew
Against the cheek, and suckt off one or two,
But, panting, sobbing, sinking, thought it best
To clasp his neck and intercept the rest.
"From three years old," said she, "when love begins,
I have loved *you*, Guidone! all my sins,
My wicked fibs, you know it, were for you . . .
Now tell me what to say and what to do.
Speak; you can tell me but one thing in vain,
Which is, that we must never love again.
We are no children now; for I am nine
And you are twelve. Before Cristina's shrine
I will say all that ever saint has heard,
And pray you grow not ugly with a beard."
Little replied Guidone; but he threw
His mantle on the ground, and gently drew
Lucia to the tufted seat, and there
Hid his sad face amid her sunny hair;
Hand clasp't in hand, now on *her* knee, now *his*,
Until their sorrow melted into bliss;

Such bliss as innocence alone can know,
And innocence but seldom here below.
The morning now grew sultry; they must part;
The boy with heavier, she with lighter heart:
Not that she loved him less than he loved *her*,
But she had suits, and sure ones, to prefer;
Babbo had always minded what she said,
And if she threaten'd he was half-afraid.
Wanted she figs? the hinds were near, but them
She call'd not; *he* must mount the brittle stem.
"Come, idle Babbo! you alone can reach
To the top-branch; pull down that yellow peach:
You may shake down some mulberries, if you will,
But mind! you shook the last upon my frill."
And now she said, "Dear Babbo! I would go,
But poor Guidone's heart kept beating so
Against my bosom, I am sure 'twill break
If I do go: don't let me; for his sake."
The father started at these words, and said,
My sweet Lucia! never be afraid
Of breaking hearts: thou hast not strength enough,
My darling child! for anything so tough."
  She wiped his brow; for it was moist. "But still
(Laugh as you may)" said she, "I'm sure it will.
I would not break it, gracious heaven! not I!
And it is not because I too should die;
For without sweet Guidone all my life
Would be one sigh: beside . . I am his wife."
She smiled, and took her father by the chin
And lookt into his eyes, nor saw within
The smouldering fires that there intensely glow'd,
Nor read the hour of quitting her abode.
  The sun has risen: and three horses wait
With two stout horsemen at the castle gate.
The father lifts upon the iron-grey
His wondering child, and all three ride away.
  Seven years incessantly there wept and pray'd
Before Cristina's shrine one pallid maid.
War had raged round the city: who can tell
Of Guelph and Ghibelline what thousands fell?
Hence was that maid so pallid: she must know
(If her life pays for it) the weal or woe
Of her Guidone: not another year
Can youthful life endure such doubt and fear.
Another year might see her blest at home,
But will he too, will her Guidone come?

Trusting that time had weakened or effaced
The lines that love with infant hand had traced,
Her father never had pronounced the name
In all his letters; but when last he came
To see her in the convent, when he found
That nought within its cloisters, nought around,
Could raise from heavy grief her drooping head,
He laid his hand on hers, and mildly said,
"Lucia! they have told you then? The brave
Are the first fruits that drop into the grave."
Lucia heard him (and scarce heard him) speak,
And from her bosom burst nor groan nor shriek,
Nor from her eyes one tear: down dropt her head,
Down dropt her beauteous form.
"My child is dead!"
The father cried, and struck his brow, and cast
His arms around her: the young nuns aghast
Stood round; the elder rubb'd her temples hard,
And prayed the while: these cares had their reward.
Homeward the father hied, and finding now
His child in safety, bade her take the vow.
Bereft of her Guidone, she complied,
How willingly! no other's future bride.
She thought her prayers, that morn and night arise,
Would find a readier entrance to the skies;
And that, if he had slain, as warrior must,
Saint Peter would release him was her trust;
Since he himself, though chided by his Lord,
Had drawn, and dexterously used, the sword.
Need was there now for arms, more need than when
He rear'd his boyish crest with hardier men.
In every street was heard the indignant cry,
"To Palestine! Speed, Christian chivalry!
To Palestine! The Soldan hath defiled
The sepulchre that holds the Virgin's child."
On such a day, and only on this one,
Each holy votary, each secluded nun,
May look abroad and bless the banner waved
To save his tomb by whom our souls are saved.
There stood among the nuns one holier maid
And sadder than them all: even she survey'd
The pious arms. But what above the rest
Now caught her eye? She turn'd and smote her breast.
Had not the bishop, when her vow she vow'd,
Before the altar, warn'd her thus aloud . .

"Turn not thy feet toward the world, nor let
Thine eyes, O virgin, by man's eyes be met."
All others on the earth were nought to those,
Sources of all her joys and all her woes.
Ah! when was youth to gentle maiden dear
Unless he caus'd to flow the frequent tear?
  Day after day Guidone sought in vain
To see her face, or even her veil, again.
Few days were left: he never saw her more.
Pressing his brow against the wall, he swore
To live as chaste; to serve the saint she served;
Guidone swore; Guidone never swerved.
Whatever be the fight, by land or sea,
Wherever there was danger, there was he.
  Say, generous souls! what can they seek beside
Death, speedy death, who lose a promist bride?
He sought, but found it not: a worse mischance
Befell Guidone: broken was his lance
Deep in the Paynim foes: they raved around,
Many cleft down, and few without a wound.
To chains and tortures was the youth consign'd;
Nor chain nor torture crusht his constant mind.
  "O my Lucia!" cried he, "true and pure!
If now in heaven, thou seest what I endure.
Strengthen my faith, Lucia! if indeed
The heart where thou art ever, strength can need.
Pray for me, to the only maid more blest
Of all above; thus shall my spirit rest.
But if thou livest, may'st thou never know
The torture and the shame I undergo!"
  Worn out with anguish, slumber most profound
Sank brain and limb stretcht forth along the ground.
When he awoke, the chains were on his feet,
But for the prison . . the cool air breath'd sweet,
Unlike the air of dungeons, nor less bland,
Than on the morn when last he held her hand.
There where he vowed the vow, against that wall
Reclined was he, and then he heard a call.
He turn'd, and saw Lucia.
  "Art thou here?
Still living? saint most holy! maid most dear!"
"Hush!" said that gentle voice: "I live the true
The only life, and could not live for you.
To teach our tears the easiest way to flow
Is the best wisdom we acquire below.

We have attained it: grief and hope must rest
Upon the holy Virgin, ever blest.
But rise, and place those fetters on my tomb;
The hour of happier meeting soon will come."
He rose; he placed them there. She died that day
When from his eyes she turn'd her face away.

CXXIV.

To our past loves we oft return,
When years that choked our path are past,
And wish again the incense-urn
Its flickering flame once more to cast
On paler brows, until the bourn
Is reacht, where we may rest at last.

CXXV.

Smiles soon abate; the boisterous throe
Of anger long burst forth:
Inconstantly the south-wind blows,
But steadily the north.
Thy star, O Venus! often changes
Its radiant seat above;
The chilling pole-star never ranges.
'Tis thus with hate and love.

CXXVI.

I will not call her fair,
For *that* all women are,
Shady or sunny, dim of eye or bright:
But tell me, tell me where
Is one of tint so clear,
Unless it may be one who bathes in upper light.
The fair above their kind,
Shallow of heart and mind,
Share with the fragile flower and senseless stone
Their richer tints; we find
No vestige left behind:
She moves the distant breast, and fills the whole alone.

CXXVII.

Did I then ask of you why one so wise
Should often look on life with downcast eyes,

And mar sometimes their brightness with a tear?
The vainer and less gentle are more gay,
Over the level wave they glide away,
And little know what hidden rocks are near.

CXXVIII.

"You must give back," her mother said,
To a poor sobbing little maid,
"All the young man has given you,
Hard as it now may seem to do."
"'Tis done already, mother dear!"
Said the sweet girl, "So, never fear."
Mother. Are you quite certain? Come, recount
(There was not much) the whole amount.
Girl. The locket: the kid gloves.
Mother. Go on.
Girl. Of the kid gloves I found but one.
Mother. Never mind that. What else? Proceed.
You gave back all his trash?
Girl. Indeed.
Mother. And was there nothing you would save?
Girl. Everything I could give I gave.
Mother. To the last tittle?
Girl. Even to that.
Mother. Freely?
Girl. My heart went *pit-a-pat*
At giving up . . ah me! ah me!
I cry so I can hardly see . .
All the fond looks and words that past,
And all the kisses, to the last.

CXXIX.

If you please we'll hear another
Timid maid, without the mother.
Unless you are tired, for these
We must travel into Greece.
I know every bay and creek;
Fear no pirate in the Greek.
Here we are, and there is she;
Stand and hide behind the tree.
She will (for I'm grave and gray)
Tell me all she has to say.

Guest. Violet-eyed little maid!
Of what are you afraid?

Maid. O! it is Dian's spear,
Sharp-pointed, I most fear.
Guest. So then you would prefer
Venus, I think, to her?
Maid. Yes; Venus is so good!
I only wish she would
Keep her sad boy away
Who mocks at all I say.
Guest. What could he then have heard?
Maid. Don't ask me . . Every word!
Guest. She has heard *me* ere now.
If you repeat the vow,
I will repeat it too,
And that perhaps may do:
Where there is only one
But little can be done.
Maid. Perhaps tho' you may blame . .
Ah me! I am all flame.
Guest. With love?
Maid. No, no; with shame.
Guest. Each word that you repeat
Will much abate the heat.
Maid. Well then . . I pray . . Don't ask . .
I can not bear the task.
Guest. Of all the queens above
Fear most the queen of love.
For those alone she cares
Who well repeat their prayers.
Maid. O then I must, I find,
(But do not look) be blind.
Well, well, now! you shall hear;
But don't come quite so near.

PRAYER.

'Venus! I fear thy dove
Is somewhere in my breast:
Yes, yes, I feel him move,
He will not let me rest.
If he should ever go,
I fancy I should sink;
He fans and wafts me so,
I think . . what do I think?
O Venus! thou canst tell . .
'Tis wicked to rebel!'

'Twas Love: I heard him speak,
But dared not turn my neck;

I felt his torch so near
And trembled so with fear
I thought I should have died.

Guest. And was there none beside?
Maid. The goddess in white stone
And one young man alone,
His eyes upon the ground,
And lost in thought profound.
Methinks I see him yet,
And never can forget:
For I was almost glad
To see him look so sad,
And gravely disapprove
The mockery of Love.
Guest. Should Love then reappear,
May that young man be near,
And pray the queen of beauty
To make him do his duty.

CXXX.

The maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah then it was no longer so.
From the slant palm she rais'd her head,
And kist the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels! some future day for this,
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

CXXXI.

All poets dream, and some do nothing more.
When you have turn'd this paper o'er,
Then you may tell me, if you please,
Which I resemble most of these.
One morning as outstretcht I lay,
Half-covered by the new-mown hay,
I saw a bird high over-head,
And round him many smaller fled.
To me he seem'd a hawk or kite,
The little birds (who should be in a fright,
Yet never are, as you must oft have found)
Flew many after, many round.
Unable at full stretch to keep
My eyes, they wearied into sleep:

And, soon as I had sank upon the grass,
  I saw the large and little pass
All into other shapes; the great one grew
Like Time; like full-grown Loves the smaller flew;
All kept their course, as they had done before;
But soon the less quite vanisht; he, the great,
  Moved on in slow and solemn state,
Until I thought at last he reacht the skies;
And then I opened (somewhat late) my eyes.

CXXXII.

Neither the suns nor frosts of rolling years
Dry up the springs or change the course of tears.
Sorrow will ever mark her stated days,
Sacred as those Religion claims for praise.

CXXXIII.

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
  At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
  And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
  The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
  They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
  To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
  I know they'll shine again.

CXXXIV.

Thou whom the wandering comets guide,
O turn awhile to Virtue's side,
Goddess by all adored! and deign
Once more to smile on rising Spain.
No secret pang my bosom wrings
For prostrate lords and captive kings;
I, mighty Power, invoke thy aid
To Valour crost and Faith betray'd.
O leave the marshal'd ranks of war,
Nor blindly urge Bellona's car,
When hearts so generous, arms so brave,
Resist the conqueror, spurn the slave,

And, striking home for equal laws,
Pray Fortune to sustain the cause.
Not such is theirs as wafted o'er
The crescent and the crafty Moor;
No tears for virgin honour flow,
No father calls the avenging foe;
Napoleon leads no faithless host,
Nor tears the heart that trusts him most;
A rescued son, a prince restored,
Against his country draws the sword,
And wily priests in vengeful mood
Surround their fires with dykes of blood:
Turn then, O Fortune, and sustain
The cause of Freedom and of Spain!

CXXXV.

Humblest among the vernal train,
In giddy Flora's gustful reign,
  Uplift, uplift thy timid eyes!
The violet shuns the trying hour,
Soon sheds the rose its fondled flower,
  The gaudy tulip flaunts and dies.

When Autumn mourns his gloomy end,
When rains and howling blasts descend,
  When hill and vale and wood are bare,
Before my path thy light I see,
And tho' no other smiles to me,
  Thou smilest, here and everywhere.

What name more graceful couldst thou chuse
Than Caledonia's pastoral Muse,
  Breath'd in the mellow reed of Burns?
Art thou not proud that name to share
With her from whom, so passing fair,
  No heart unconquer'd e'er returns?

CXXXVI.

Let this man smile, and that man sigh
  To see the wheels of Fashion whirl;
Place me in some cool arbour nigh
  My mild and modest country girl;

Or under whitening poplars, high
  O'er flirting brooks, that glance and purl
To attract such flowers as peer and pry,
  My mild and modest country girl!

"Would you not tire there?" . . no, not I.
  Acids that melt the richest pearl
Are envy, pride, satiety,
  My mild and modest country girl!

Power, office, title . . up they fly
  Against one light and sunny curl,
That plays above thine azure eye,
  My mild and modest country girl.

Knighthood's new spur the squire would try,
  And viscount be emblazon'd earl:
Content is only seated by
  My mild and modest country girl.

Possession kings must fortify
  With moat and barbican and merl:
Thine dwells in free security,
  My mild and modest country girl!

Great riches, great authority
  Turn the best-tempered to a churl;
With health and thee no crosses lie,
  My mild and modest country girl!

Tho' Fame and Glory to the sky
  Ambition's wind-worn flag unfurl,
With thee I'd live, for thee I'd die,
  My mild and modest country girl;

Thus round and round thee busily
  Teaching my tinkling rhymes to twirl,
I did not well hear thy reply,
  My mild and modest country girl! *

CXXXVII.

You hate amid the pomp of prayer
  The incense. So then Beauty hates
What warms for her the cruder air,
  Awakes the Graces, soothes the Fates!
It rises with soft clouds about it,
  It sinks, and melts itself away;
Prayers are of little use without it,
  And with it few men vainly pray.

* If the reader has any curiosity to know the origin of these trifling verses, they were composed on the remark of a scholar, that *puella* in its cases ended many in Latin, and that *girl* ended none in ours, from the impossibility of finding such a rhyme as would suit the subject.

CXXXVIII.

The wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what *is* must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
Meanwhile the sun on high, altho'
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power,
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

CXXXIX.

The burden of an ancient rhyme
Is, "By the forelock seize on Time."
Time in some corner heard it said;
Pricking his ears, away he fled;
And, seeing me upon the road,
A hearty curse on me bestow'd.
"What if I do the same by thee?
How wouldst thou like it?" thunder'd he,
And, without answer thereupon,
Seizing *my* forelock . . it was gone.

CXL.

Will mortals never know each other's station
Without the herald? O abomination!
Milton, even Milton, rankt with living men!
Over the highest Alps of mind he marches,
And far below him spring the baseless arches
Of Iris, colouring dimly lake and fen.

CXLI.

Remind me not, thou grace of serious mien!
That thy fresh beauties are but frail as flowers;
Eloquent lip, and lucid eye, and all
That our fond senses vainly seize upon
And can not hold; those undulating lights
Baffling our aspirations, casting down
Our venturous sight, and almost our desires.

Religion too comes in: she claims a right
Of audience; she reproves the worshipper
Of earthly image; such she calls even thee.
I bend my head before her, nor deny
Her potency of argument, yet gaze
Incredulous awhile, and only say:
"Pardon, O thou from heaven! who knowest best!
Stars, if composed of earth, yet still are stars,
And must be lookt at with uplifted eyes.

CXLII.

Tell me, perverse young year!
Why is the morn so drear?
  Is there no flower to twine?
Away, thou churl, away!
'Tis Rose's natal day,
  Reserve thy frown for mine.

CXLIII.

ON RECEIVING A BOOK TO WRITE IN.

Tost in what corner hast thou lain?
And why art thou come back again?
I should as soon have thought to see
One risen from the dead as thee.
I have survived my glory now
Three years; but just the same art thou;
I am not quite; and three years hence
I may have lept that ugly fence,
Which men attempt to shirk in vain,
And never can leap back again.
But welcome, welcome! thou art sent
I know on generous thoughts intent;
And therefore thy pale cheeks I'll kiss
Before I scribble more than this.

CXLIV.

A SEA-SHELL SPEAKS.

Of late among the rocks I lay,
But just behind the fretful spray,
When suddenly a step drew near,
And a man's voice, distinct and clear,
Convey'd this solace . .
"Come with me,
Thou little outcast of the sea!

Our destiny, poor shell, is one;
We both may shine, but shine alone:
Both are deprived of all we had
In earlier days to make us glad,
Or ask us why we should be sad:
Which (you may doubt it as you will)
To manly hearts is dearer still."
I felt, ere half these words were o'er,
A few salt drops on me once more.

CXLV.

Often I have heard it said
That her lips are ruby-red.
Little heed I what they say,
I have seen as red as they.
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.

When she kist me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,
And less bright were those which shone
In the palace of the Sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kist by other men.

CXLVI.

In spring and summer winds may blow,
  And rains fall after, hard and fast;
The tender leaves, if beaten low,
  Shine but the more for shower and blast.

But when their fated hour arrives,
  When reapers long have left the field,
When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives,
  And their last juice fresh apples yield,

A leaf perhaps may still remain
  Upon some solitary tree,
Spite of the wind and of the rain . .
  A thing you heed not if you see . .

At last it falls. Who cares? not one:
  And yet no power on earth can ever
Replace the fallen leaf upon
  Its spray, so easy to dissever.

If such be love I dare not say,
  Friendship is such, too well I know;
I have enjoy'd my summer day;
  'Tis past; my leaf now lies below.

CXLVII.

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT.

To gaze on you when life's last gleams decline,
And hold your hand, to the last clasp, in mine . .
Of these two wishes, these my only two,
One has been granted, gentle maid, by you:
Were thus the other certain, I should go,
And leave but one man happier here below.

CXLVIII.

Beauty's pure native gems, ye quivering hairs!
  Once mingled with my own,
While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares
  Two idle hearts had known.

How is it, when I take ye from the shrine
  Which holds one treasure yet,
That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine,
  Shrink from my fond regret?

Ye leaves that droop not with the plant that bore ye,
  Start ye before my breath?
Shrink ye from tender Love who would adore ye,
  O ye who fear not Death!

CXLIX.

SENT TO A LADY WITH FLOWERS.

Take the last flowers your natal day
  May ever from my hand receive!
Sweet as the former ones are they,
  And sweet alike be those they leave.

Another, in the year to come,
  May offer them to smiling eyes;
That smile would wake me from the tomb,
  That smile would win me from the skies.

CL.

Whatever England's fields display,
The fairest scenes are thine, Torbay!
Not even Liguria's sunny shore
With palm and aloe pleas'd me more.
Sorrento softer tale may tell,
Parthenope sound louder shell,
Amalfi, Ocean's proudest boast,
Show loftier hills and livelier coast,
Where Nereids hear the nightly flute,
And gather fresh such morning fruit
As hangs within their highth, and shows
Its golden gleam thro' glossy boughs.
But, with thy dark oak-woods behind,
Here stretcht against the western wind
The sails that from the Zuyderzee
Brought him who left our fathers free.
Yet (shame upon me!) I sometimes
Have sighed awhile for other climes,
Where, tho' no mariner, I too
Whistled aloft my little crew:
'Twas now to spar, 'twas now to fence,
'Twas now to fathom Shakspeare's sense,
And now to trace the hand divine
That guided Raffael's faultless line.
And then we wonder who could raise
The massy walls at which we gaze,
Where amid songs and village glee
Soars immemorial Fiesole.
At last we all in turn declare
We know not who the Cyclops were.
"But the Pelasgians! those are true?"
"I know as much of them as you."
"Pooh! nonsense! you may tell us so;
Impossible you should not know!"
Then plans, to find me out, they lay,
Which will not fail another day.
England, in all thy scenes so fair,
Thou canst not show what charm'd me there!

CLI.

With rosy hand a little girl prest down
A boss of fresh-cull'd cowslips in a rill:
Often as they sprang up again, a frown
Show'd she disliked resistance to her will:

But when they droopt their heads and shone much less,
She shook them to and fro, and threw them by,
And tript away. "Ye loathe the heaviness
Ye love to cause, my little girls!" thought I,
"And what had shone for you, by you must die."

CLII.

Very true, the linnets sing
Sweetest in the leaves of spring:
You have found in all these leaves
That which changes and deceives,
And, to pine by sun or star,
Left them, false ones as they are.
But there be who walk beside
Autumn's, till they all have died,
And who lend a patient ear
To low notes from branches sere.

CLIII.

ON HAIR FALLING OFF AFTER AN ILLNESS.

Conon was he whose piercing eyes
Saw Berenice's hair surmount the skies,
Saw Venus spring away from Mars
And twirl it round and fix it 'mid the stars.
Then every poet who had seen
The glorious sight sang to the youthful queen,
Until the many tears were dried,
Shed for that hair by that most lovely bride.
Hair far more beauteous be it mine
Not to behold amid the lights divine,
But gracing, as it graced before,
A brow serene which happier men adore.

CLIV.

First bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity Heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
His templed highths and long-drawn solitudes
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

CLV.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe (what have I not believed?)
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration . . reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption! Over all
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

CLVI.

He who sees rising from some open down
  A column, stately, beautiful, and pure,
Its rich expansive capital would crown
  With glorious statue, which might long endure,
And bring men under it to gaze and sigh
  And wish that honour'd creature they had known,
Whose name the deep inscription lets not die.
  I raise that statue and inscribe that stone.

CLVII.

There may be many reasons why,
O ancient land of Kong-Fu-Tsi!
Some fain would make the little feet
Of thy indwellers run more fleet.
But while, as now, before my eyes
The steams of thy sweet herb arise,

Amid bright vestures, faces fair,
Long eyes, and closely braided hair,
And many a bridge and many a barge,
And many a child and bird as large,
I can not wish thee wars nor woes . .
And when thy lovely single rose,
Which every morn I haste to see,
Smiles with fresh-opened flower on me,
And when I think what hand it was
Cradled the nursling in its vase,
By all thy Gods! O ancient land!
I wish thee and thy laws to stand.

CLVIII.

TO ONE WHO SAID SHE SHOULD LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

When sea-born Venus guided o'er
Her warrior to the Punic shore,
Around that radiant head she threw
In deep'ning clouds ambrosial dew:
But when the Tyrian queen drew near,
The light pour'd round him fresh and clear.
Ill-starr'd Elisa! hence arose
Her faithless joys, her stedfast woes,
Sighs, that with life alone expire,
And flames that light the funeral pyre.
O Goddess! if that peerless maid
Thou hast with every grace array'd,
Must, listening to thy gentle voice,
Fix at first view th' eternal choice . .
Suspend the cloud before her eyes
Until some godlike man arise;
One of such wisdom that he knows
How much he wins, how much he owes;
One in whose breast united lie
Calm courage and firm constancy;
Whose genius makes the world his own,
Whose glory rests in her alone.

CLIX.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

Struggling, and faint, and fainter didst thou wane,
O Moon! and round thee all thy starry train
Came forth to help thee, with half-open eyes,
And trembled every one with still surprise,
That the black Spectre should have dared assail
Their beauteous queen and seize her sacred veil.

CLX.

Reprehend, if thou wilt, the vain phantasm, O Reason!
  Of the breast we have lean'd on, the hand we have linkt,
That dream is so vivid at no other season
  As when friendship is silent and love is extinct.

CLXI.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

In poetry there is but one supreme,
Tho' there are many angels round his throne,
Mighty, and beauteous, while his face is hid.

CLXII.

There is, alas! a chill, a gloom,
About my solitary room
That will not let one flowret bloom
  Even for you:
The withering leaves appear to say,
"Shine on, shine on, O lovely May!
But we meanwhile must drop away."
  Light! life! adieu.

CLXIII.

  Ternissa! you are fled!
  I say not to the dead,
But to the happy ones who rest below:
  For, surely, surely, where
  Your voice and graces are,
Nothing of death can any feel or know.
  Girls who delight to dwell
  Where grows most asphodel,
Gather to their calm breasts each word you speak:
  The mild Persephone
  Places you on her knee,
And your cool palm smoothes down stern Pluto's cheek.

CLXIV.

PRAYER OF THE BEES TO ALCIPHRON.

There was a spinner in the days of old,
  So proud, so bold,
She thought it neither shame nor sin
To challenge Pallas to come down and spin.
The goddess won, and forced the crone to hide her
Ugly old head and shrink into a spider.

The bees were frighten'd, for they knew
Within their prudent breasts that few
Had so much skill as they;
And she who gave the olive might
Be angry, if they show'd that light
As pure and bright
Could shine on mortals any other way.

So not a syllable said they of wax,
But cover'd it with honey, lest a tax
Be laid upon it by the Powers above.
Another goddess, no less mighty
Than Pallas, men call Aphroditè,
The queen of love.

Honey she likes and all things sweet,
And, when she came among the swarms,
They said, "O thou whence love hath all its charms!
Grant him who saved us what we now entreat.
'Tis one whom we
Are used to see
Among our thyme and ivy-flowers
Throughout the matin and the vesper hours,
Fonder of silence than of talk;
Yet him we heard one morning say:
'Gardener! do not sweep away
The citron blossoms from the gravel-walk:
It might disturb or wound my bees;
So lay aside that besom, if you please.'
He for whose weal we supplicate is one
Thou haply may'st remember, Alciphron.
We know that Pallas has lookt down
Sometimes on him without a frown,
Yet must confess we're less afraid
Of you than that Hymettian maid.
Give him, O goddess, we implore,
Not honey (we can that) but more.
We are poor bees, and can not tell
If there be aught he loves as well;
But we do think we heard him say
There is, and something in your way.

Our stories tell us, when your pretty child
Who drives (they say) so many mortals wild,
Vext one of our great-aunts until she stung;
Away he flew, and wrung,

Stamping, his five loose fingers at the smart,
    You chided him, and took our part.
May the cross Year, fresh-wakened, blow sharp dust
Into their eyes who say thou art unjust."

CLXV.

You love me; but if I confess
That I in turn love you no less,
I know that you will glance aside
With real or affected pride;
And, be it true or be it feign'd,
My bosom would alike be pain'd,
So that I will not tell you now
Whether I love; and as for vow . .
You may demand it ten times over,
And never win from wary lover.
Mind! if we men would be as blest
For ever as when first carest,
We must excite a little fear,
And sometimes almost domineer.

CLXVI.

One morning in the spring I sate
Kicking my heels upon a gate,
The birds were singing all around,
And cowslips sunn'd the sheeny ground,
And next to me above the post
A certain shrub its branches tost,
Seeming to whisper in my ear,
"Have you no song for her so dear?"
Now never in my life could I
Write at command; I know not why.
I tried to write; I tried in vain;
The little birds, to mock my pain,
Sang cheerily; and every note
Seem'd rushing from a clearer throat.
I was half mad to think that they
So easily should win the day.
The slender shrub I thought held down
Its head to whisper "What a clown!"
Stung by its touch and its reproof,
And saying, "Keep your thorns aloof,"
Unconsciously I spoke the name,
And verses in full chorus came.

CLXVII.

TO LADY CALDWELL.

Sophy! before the fond adieu
  We long but shrink to say,
And while the home prepared for you
  Looks dark at your delay,
Before the graces you disclose
  By fresh ones are o'ershaded,
And duties rise more grave than those,
  To last when those are faded,
It will not weary you, I know,
  To hear again the voice
First heard where Arno's waters flow
  And Flora's realms rejoice.
Of beauty not a word have I
  (As thousands have) to say,
Of vermeil lip or azure eye
  Or cheek of blushful May.
The gentle temper blessing all,
  The smile at Envy's leer,
Are yours; and yours at Pity's call
  The heart-assuaging tear.
Many can fondle and caress . .
  No other have I known
Proud of a sister's loveliness,
  Unconscious of her own.

CLXVIII.

To write as your sweet mother does
    Is all you wish to do.
Play, sing, and smile for others, Rose!
    Let others write for you.

Or mount again your Dartmoor grey,
    And I will walk beside,
Until we reach that quiet bay
    Which only hears the tide.

Then wave at me your pencil, then
    At distance bid me stand,
Before the cavern'd cliff, again
    The creature of your hand.

And bid me then go past the nook,
    To sketch me less in size;
There are but few content to look
    So little in your eyes.

Delight us with the gifts you have,
    And wish for none beyond:
To some be gay, to some be grave,
    To one (blest youth!) be fond.

Pleasures there are how close to Pain,
    And better unpossest!
Let poetry's too throbbing vein
    Lie quiet in your breast.

CLXIX.

From leaves unopen'd yet, those eyes she lifts,
  Which never youthful eyes could safely view.
"A book or flower, such are the only gifts
  I like to take, nor like them least from you."
A voice so sweet it needs no music's aid
  Spake it, and ceast: we, offering both, reply:
These tell the dull old tale that bloom must fade,
  This the bright truth that genius can not die.

CLXX.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

Bethink we what can mean
The holly's changeless green,
    Unyielding leaves, and seeds blood-red:
These, while the smoke below
Curls slowly upward, show
    Faith how her gentle Master bled.
Those drop not at the touch
Of busy over-much,
    They shrink not at the blazing grate;
And the same green remains,
As when autumnal rains
    Nurst them with milky warmth of late.
The stedfast bough scarce bends,
But hang it over friends
    And suddenly what thoughts there spring!
Harsh voices all grow dumb,
While myriad pleasures come
    Beneath Love's ever-widening wing.

CLXXI.

In age the memory, as the eye itself,
Sees near things indistinctly, far things well,
And often that which happen'd years ago
Seems sprung from yesterday, while yesterday's
Fair birth lies half-forgotten and deform'd.

CLXXII.

Various the roads of life; in one
  All terminate, one lonely way.
We go; and "Is he gone?"
  Is all our best friends say.

CLXXIII.

Something (ah! tell me what) there is
  To cause that melting tone.
I fear a thought has gone amiss,
  Returning quite alone.

CLXXIV.

Never may storm thy peaceful bosom vex,
    Thou lovely Exe!
O'er whose pure stream that music yesternight
    Pour'd fresh delight,
And left a vision for the eye of Morn
    To laugh to scorn,
Showing too well how Love once led the Hours
    In Youth's green bowers;
Vision too blest for even Hope to see,
    Were Hope with me;
Vision my fate at once forbids to stay
    Or pass away.

CLXXV.

FOR THE ALBUM OF THE DUCHESS DE GUICHE.

Children! while childhood lasts, one day
Alone be less your gush of play.
As you ascend that cloven steep
Whence Lerici o'erlooks the deep,
And watch the hawk and plover soar,
And bow-winged curlew quit the shore,
Think not, as graver heads might do,
The same with equal ease could you;
So light your spirits and your forms,
So fearless is your race of storms.

Mild be the sunbeams, mild the gales,
Along Liguria's pendent vales.
Whether from changeful Magra sped
Or Tanaro's unquiet bed.
Let Apennine and Alpine snows
Be husht into unwaked repose,
While Italy gives back again
More charms and virtues than remain,
Which France with loftier pride shall own
Than all her brightest arms have won.

CLXXVI.

No, my own love of other years!
No, it must never be.
Much rests with you that yet endears,
Alas! but what with me?
Could those bright years o'er me revolve
So gay, o'er you so fair,
The pearl of life we would dissolve
And each the cup might share.
You show that truth can ne'er decay,
Whatever fate befals;
I, that the myrtle and the bay
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

CLXXVII.

The brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,
Becomes the gloomiest; so the stream, that ran
Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,
When wintry storm and snow and sleet descend,
Is darker than the mountain or the moor.

CLXXVIII.

Heron! of grave career! whose lordly croaks
Claim as inheritance Bodryddan's oaks,
I come no radical to question rights:
But, one word in your ear, most noble sir!
If you may croak, I sure may sing, to her
Who in my voice, as in your own, delights.
"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor!" Heron!
High as the station is you now appear on,
I see you perch upon it, nor repine:
About our voice we may perhaps dispute,
As for our seat, on that you must be mute:
Yours but a Dryad rais'd, a Grace rais'd mine.

CLXXIX.

Life (priest and poet say) is but a dream;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath a cool syringa's scented shade,
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly,
Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and filmy wing,
Who with indifference givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

CLXXX.

Thou pityest; and why hidest thou thy pity?
Let the warm springs of thy full heart gush forth
Before the surface cool: no fear that ever
The inner fountain a fresh stream deny.

CLXXXI.

Absent is she thou lovest? be it so;
Yet there is what should drive away thy woe
And make the night less gloomy than the day.
Absent she may be; yet her love appears
Close by; and through the labyrinth of the ears
Her voice's clue to the prone heart makes way.

CLXXXII.

Rightly you say you do not know
How much, my little maid, you owe
My guardian care. The veriest dunce
Beats me at reckoning. Pray, permit
My modesty to limit it,
Nor urge me to take all at once.
You are so young, I dare not say
I might demand from you each day

Of a long life a lawful kiss.
I, so much older, won't repine
If you pay *me* one, each of mine,
But be exact; begin with this.

CLXXXIII.

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
Ianthe said, and lookt into my eyes.
"A *yes*, a *yes*, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

CLXXXIV.

No charm can stay, no medicine can assuage,
The sad incurable disease of age;
Only the hand in youth more warmly prest
Makes soft the couch and calms the final rest.

CLXXXV.

Many may yet recall the hours
That saw thy lover's chosen flowers
Nodding and dancing in the shade
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:
On many a brain is pictured yet
Thy languid eye's dim violet:
But who among them all foresaw
How the sad snows which never thaw
Upon that head one day should lie,
And love but glimmer from that eye!

CLXXXVI.

Yes; I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talkt of by young men
As rather clever:

In the last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size;
Is it not time then to be wise?
Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!
While Time allows the short reprieve,
Just look at me! would you believe
'Twas once a lover?

I can not clear the five-bar gate,
But, trying first its timber's state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait
To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I can not swing
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring:
I can not say the tender thing,
Be't true or false,

And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half-divine
Whose waists yon wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,
Sedater, and no harm if colder
And panting less.

Ah! people were not half so wild
In former days, when, starchly mild,
Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
The brave Queen Bess.

CLXXXVII.

TO E. F.

No doubt thy little bosom beats
When sounds a wedding bell,
No doubt it pants to taste the sweets
That songs and stories tell.

Awhile in shade content to lie,
Prolong life's morning dream,
While others rise at the first fly
That glitters on the stream.

CLXXXVIII.

TO A SPANIEL.

No, Daisy! lift not up thy ear,
It is not she whose steps draw near.
Tuck under thee that leg, for she
Continues yet beyond the sea,
And thou may'st whimper in thy sleep
These many days, and start and weep.

CLXXXIX.

True, ah too true! the generous breast
  Lies bare to Love and Pain.
May one alone, the worthier guest,
  Be yours, and there remain.

CXC.

ON SEEING A HAIR OF LUCRETIA BORGIA.

Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
And high for adoration; now thou'rt dust.
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,
Calm hair, meandering in pellucid gold.

CXCI.

ON MIGNIONETTE.

Stranger, these little flowers are sweet
If you will leave them at your feet,
Enjoying like yourself the breeze,
And kist by butterflies and bees;
But if you snap the fragile stem
The vilest thyme outvalues them.

Nor place nor flower would I select
To make you serious and reflect.
This heaviness was always shed
Upon the drooping rose's head.
Yet now perhaps your mind surveys
Some village maid, in earlier days,
Of charms thus lost, of life thus set,
Ah bruise not then my Mignionette!

CXCII.

In his own image the Creator made,
  His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
  Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever markt with shade!

CXCIII.

WRITTEN ON THE RHINE.

Swiftly we sail along thy stream,
War-stricken Rhine! and evening's gleam
  Shows us, throughout its course,
The gaping scars (on either side,
On every cliff) of guilty pride
  And unavailing force.

Numberless castles here have frown'd,
And cities numberless, spire-crown'd,
  Have fixt their rocky throne;
Dungeons too deep and towers too high
Ever for Love to hear the sigh
  Or Law avenge the groan.

And, falser and more violent
Than fraudful War, Religion lent
  Her scourge to quell the heart;
Striking her palsy into Youth,
And telling Innocence that Truth
  Is God's, and they must part.

Hence victim crowns and iron vows,
Binding ten thousand to one spouse,
  To keep them all from sin!
Hence, for light dance and merry tale,
The cloister's deep and stifling veil,
  That shuts the world within.

Away! away! thou foulest pest
That ever broke man's inner rest,
  Pouring the poison'd lie
How to thy dragon grasp is given
The power of Earth, the price of Heaven! . .
  Go! let us live and die

Without thy curse upon our head,
Monster! with human sorrows fed,
  Lo! here thy image stands.
In Heidelberg's lone chambers, Rhine
Shows what his ancient Palatine
  Received from thy meek hands!

France! claim thy right, thy glory claim,
Surpassing Rome's immortal fame!
  For, more than she could do
In the long ages of her toils,
With all her strength and all her spoils,
  Thy heroes overthrew.

Crow, crow thy cock! thy eagle soar,
Fiercer and higher than before!
  Thy boasts though few believe,
Here faithful history shall relate
What Gallic hearts could meditate
  And Gallic hands achieve.*

* The Castle of Heidelberg, the most beautiful residence in the world, excepting the Alhambra, was demolished by Louis XIV.

Fresh blows the gale, the scenes delight,
Anear, afar, on plain, on hight;
  But all are far and vast:
Day follows day, and shows not one
The weary heart could rest upon
  To call its own at last.

No curling dell, no cranky nook,
No sylvan mead, no prattling brook,
  No little lake that stands
Afraid to lift its fringed eye
Of purest blue to its own sky,
  Or kiss its own soft sands.

O! would I were again at home
(If any such be mine) to roam
  Amid Lanthony's bowers,
Or, where beneath the alders flow
My Arrow's waters still and slow,
  Doze down the summer hours.

CXCIV.

MALVOLIO.

Thou hast been very tender to the moon,
Malvolio! and on many a daffodil
And many a daisy hast thou yearn'd, until
The nether jaw quiver'd with thy good heart.
But tell me now, Malvolio, tell me true,
Hast thou not sometimes driven from their play
The village children, when they came too near
Thy study, if hit ball rais'd shouts around,
Or if delusive trap shook off thy muse,
Pregnant with wonders for another age?
Hast thou sat still and patient (tho' sore prest
Hearthward to stoop and warm thy blue-nail'd hand)
Lest thou shouldst frighten from a frosty fare
The speckled thrush, raising his bill aloft
To swallow the red berry on the ash
By thy white window, three short paces off?
If *this* thou hast not done, and hast done *that*,
I do exile thee from the moon twelve whole
Calendar months, debarring thee from use
Of rose, bud, blossom, odour, simile,
And furthermore I do hereby pronounce
Divorce between the nightingale and thee.

CXCV.

WITH AN ALBUM.

I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd:
Therefore pray let me disengage
My verses from the motley page,
Where others far more sure to please
Pour out their choral song with ease.
And yet perhaps, if some should tire
With too much froth or too much fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine.

CXCVI.

My serious son! I see thee look
First on the picture, then the book.
I catch the wish that thou couldst paint
The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.
Give it not up, my serious son!
Wish it again, and it is done.
Seldom will any fail who tries
With patient hand and stedfast eyes,
And wooes the true with such pure sighs.

CXCVII.

WRITTEN AT MR. RAWSON'S, WAS-WATER LAKE.

Loneliest of hills! from crimes and cares removed,
  Long these old firs and quiet roofs protect!
  Deepest of waters, long these scenes reflect!
And, at your side, their lord, the well-beloved.

For modest Wisdom, shunning loud acclaim,
  Hears Nature's voice call thro' it, and retreats
  To her repose upon your mossy seats,
And in his heart finds all he wants of Fame.

CXCVIII.

I pen these lines upon that cypher'd cover
(Gift, I will answer for it, of some lover)
  Which you have open'd for me more than once,
And when you told me I must write therein
And found me somewhat tardy to begin,
  Call'd me but idler, tho' you thought me dunce.

Ah! this was very kind in you, sweet maiden,
But, sooth to say, my panniers are not laden
With half the wares they bore
In days of yore.

Beside, you will believe me when I say
That many madcap dreams and fancies,
As old dame Wisdom with her rod advances,
Scamper away.

CXCIX.

Give me the eyes that look on mine,
And, when they see them dimly shine,
Are moister than they were.
Give me the eyes that fain would find
Some relicks of a youthful mind
Amid the wrecks of care.
Give me the eyes that catch at last
A few faint glimpses of the past,
And, like the arkite dove,
Bring back a long-lost olive bough,
And can discover even now
A heart that once could love.

CC.

Loved, when my love from all but thee had flown,
Come near me; seat thee on this level stone;
And, ere thou lookest o'er the churchyard wall,
To catch, as once we did, yon waterfall,
Look a brief moment on the turf between,
And see a tomb thou never yet hast seen.
My spirit will be sooth'd to hear once more
Good-bye as gently spoken as before.

CCI.

I leave with unreverted eye the towers
Of Pisa pining o'er her desert stream.
Pleasure (they say) yet lingers in thy bowers,
Florence, thou patriot's sigh, thou poet's dream!

O could I find thee as thou once wert known,
Thoughtful and lofty, liberal and free!
But the pure Spirit from thy wreck has flown,
And only Pleasure's phantom dwells with thee.

CCII.

Summer has doft his latest green,
  And Autumn ranged the barley-mows.
So long away then have you been?
  And are you coming back to close
  The year? it sadly wants repose.

CCIII.

Where Malvern's verdant ridges gleam
  Beneath the morning ray,
Look eastward: see Sabrina's stream
  Roll rapidly away:
Not even such fair scenes detain
Those who are cited to the main.

It may not be: yet youth returns,
  Who runs (we hear) as fast,
And in my breast the fire that burns
  She promises shall last.
The lord of these domains was one
Who loved me like an only son.*

I see the garden-walks so trim,
  The house-reflecting pond,
I hear again the voice of him
  Who seldom went beyond
The Roman camp's steep-sloping side,
Or the long meadow's level ride.

And why? A little girl there was
  Who fixt his eyes on home,
Whether she roll'd along the grass,
  Or gates and hedges clomb,
Or dared defy *Alonzo's* tale
(Hold but her hand) to turn her pale.

"Where is she now?" "Not far away."
  "As brave too?" "Yes, and braver;"
She dares to hear her hair turns gray,
  And never looks the graver:
Nor will she mind *Old Tell-tale* more
Than those who sang her charms before.

* Fleetwood Parkhurst, of Ripple Court, a descendant of the Fleetwoods, the Dormers, and the Fortescues.

How many idle things were said
  On eyes that were but bright!
Their truer glory was delay'd
  To guide his steps aright
Whose purest hand and loftiest mind
Might lead the leaders of mankind.*

CCIV.

ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. ROSENHAGEN.

Ah yes! the hour is come
When thou must hasten home,
    Pure soul! to Him who calls.
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of Death,
    And nought that step appals.

Health has forsaken thee;
Hope says thou soon shalt be
    Where happier spirits dwell,
There where one loving word
Alone is never heard,
    That loving word, *farewell.*

CCV.

How many voices gaily sing,
"O happy morn, O happy spring
Of life!" Meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from Memory,
And says, "If loves and hopes have flown
With years, think too what griefs are gone!"

CCVI.

ON A VACANT TOMB AT LLANBEDR.

O parent Earth! in thy retreats
My heart with holier fervour beats,
And fearlessly, thou knowest well,
Contemplates the sepulchral cell.
Guard, parent Earth, those trees, those flowers,
Those refuges from wintry hours,
Where every plant from every clime
Renews with joy its native prime.

* Mr. Rosenhagen lost his sight by unremitted labour in the public service. He was private secretary to two prime ministers, Perceval and Vansittart.

Long may the fane o'er this lone sod
Lift its meek head toward its God,
And gather round the tomes of Truth
Its bending elds and blooming youth;
And long too may these lindens wave
O'er timely and untimely grave;
But, if the virtuous be thy pride,
Keep this one tomb unoccupied.

CCVII.

Who smites the wounded on his bed,
And only waits to strip the dead?
In that dark room I see thee lurk,
O low and lurid soul of Burke!
Begone! Shall ever Southey's head lie low
And unavenged beneath the savage blow?

No, by my soul! tho' greater men
And nearer stick the envenom'd pen
Into that breast which always rose
At all Man's wishes, all Man's woes.
Look from thy couch of sorrow, look around!
A sword of thy own temper guards the ground.

If thou hast ever done amiss,
It was, O Southey! but in this;
That, to redeem the lost estate
Of the poor Muse, a man so great
Abased his laurels where some Georges stood
Knee-deep in sludge and ordure, some in blood.

Was ever Genius but thyself
Friend or befriended of a Guelph?
Who then should hail their natal days?
What fiction weave the cobweb praise?
At last comes she whose natal day be blest,
And one more happy still, and all the rest!

But since thou liest sick at heart
And worn with years, some little part
Of thy hard office let me try,
Tho' inexpert was always I
To toss the litter of Westphalian swine
From under human to above divine.

No soil'd or selfish hand shall bless
That gentle bridal loveliness

Which promises our land increase
Of happy days in hard-earn'd peace.
Grant the unpaid-for prayer, ye heavenly Powers!
For her own sake, and greatly more for ours.

Remember him who saved from scathe
The honest front of ancient Faith;
Then when the Pontine exhalations
Breath'd pestilence thro' distant nations:
Remember that mail'd hand, that heart so true,
And with like power and will his race endue.

CCVIII.

What, of house and home bereft,
For my birthday what is left?
Not the hope that any more
Can be blest like those of yore,
Not the wish; for wishes now
Fall like flowers from aching brow,
When the jovial feast is past,
And when heaven, with clouds o'ercast,
Strikes the colours from the scene,
And no herb on earth is green.
What is left me after all?
What, beside my funeral?
Bid it wait a little while,
Just to let one thoughtful smile
Its accustom'd time abide:
There are left two boons beside . .
Health, and eyes that yet can see
Eyes not coldly turn'd from me.

CCIX.

Under the hollies of thy breezy glade,
Needwood, in youth with idle pace I rode,
Where pebbly rills their varied chirrup made,
Rills which the fawn with tottering knees bestrode.

Twilight was waning, yet I checkt my pace,
Slow as it was, and longer would remain;
Here first, here only, had I seen the face
Of Nature free from change and pure from stain.

Here in the glory of her power she lay,
Here she rejoiced in all the bloom of health;
Soon must I meet her faint and led astray,
Freckled with feverish whims and wasted wealth.

CCX.

Where three huge dogs are ramping yonder
  Before that villa with its tower,
No braver boys, no father fonder,
  Ever prolong'd the moonlight hour.

Often, to watch their sports unseen,
  Along the broad stone bench he lies,
The oleander-stems between
  And citron-boughs to shade his eyes.

The clouds now whiten far away,
  And villas glimmer thick below,
And windows catch the quivering ray,
  Obscure one minute's space ago.

Orchards and vine-knolls maple-propt
  Rise radiant round: the meads are dim,
As if the milky-way had dropt
  And fill'd Valdarno to the brim.

Unseen beneath us, on the right,
  The abbey with unfinisht front
Of checker'd marble, black and white,
  And on the left the Doccia's font.

Eastward, two ruin'd castles rise
  Beyond Maiano's mossy mill,
Winter and Time their enemies,
  Without their warder, stately still.

The heaps around them there will grow
  Higher, as years sweep by, and higher,
Till every battlement laid low
  Is seized and trampled by the briar.

That line so lucid is the weir
  Of Rovezzano: but behold
The graceful tower of Giotto there,
  And Duomo's cross of freshen'd gold.

We can not tell, so far away,
  Whether the city's tongue be mute,
We only hear some lover play
  (If sighs be play) the sighing flute.

CCXI.

My pretty Marte, my winter friend,
In these bright days ought thine to end!

When all thy kindred far away
Enjoy the genial hours of May.
How often hast thou play'd with me,
And lickt my lip to share my tea,
And run away and turn'd again
To hide my glove or crack my pen,
Until I swore, to check thy taunts,
I'd write to uncles and to aunts,
And grandmama, whom dogs pursued
But could not catch her in the wood.
Ah! I repeat the jokes we had,
Yet think me not less fond, less sad.
Julia and Charles and Walter grave
Would throw down every toy they have
To see thy joyous eyes at eve,
And feel thy feet upon the sleeve,
And tempt thy glossy teeth to bite
And almost hurt them, but not quite;
For thou didst look, and then suspend
The ivory barbs, but reprehend
With tender querulous tones, that told
Thou wert too good and we too bold.
Never was malice in thy heart,
My gentlest, dearest little Marte!
Nor grief, nor reason to repine,
As there is now in this of mine.

CCXII.

Ye little household gods, that make
  My heart leap lighter with your play,
And never let it sink or ache,
  Unless you are too far away;

Eight years have flown, and never yet
  One day has risen up between
The kisses of my earlier pet,
  And few the hours he was not seen.

How can I call to you from Rome?
  Will *mamma* teach what *babbo* said?
Have ye not heard him talk at home
  About the city of the dead?

Marvellous tales will *babbo* tell,
  If you don't clasp his throat too tight,
Tales which you, Arnold, will love well,
  Tho' Julia's cheek turns pale with fright.

How, swimming o'er the Tiber, Clelia
  Headed the rescued virgin train;
And, loftier virtue! how Cornelia
  Lived when her two brave sons were slain.

This is my birthday: may ye waltze
  Till mamma cracks her best guitar!
Yours are true pleasures; those are false
  We wise ones follow from afar.

What shall I bring you? would you like
  Urn, image, glass, red, yellow, blue,
Stricken by Time, who soon must strike
  As deep the heart that beats for you.

CCXIII.

The leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
  So have I too.
Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous, or even unjoyous, bird
  The whole wood through.
Winter may come: he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire
  Where old friends meet:
Let him; now heaven is overcast,
And spring and summer both are past,
  And all things sweet.

CCXIV.

The day returns again
Which once with bitter pain,
And only once for years, we spent apart.
Believe me, on that day
God heard me duly pray
For all his blessings on thy gentle heart:
Of late a cloud o'ercast
Its current; that is past;
But think not it hung lightly on my breast:
Then, as my hours decline,
Still let thy starlight shine
Thro' my lone casement, till at last I rest.

CCXV.

The place where soon I think to lie,
In its old creviced nook hard-by
Rears many a weed:
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop slily in a grain or two
Of wall-flower seed?

I shall not see it, and (too sure!)
I shall not ever hear that your
Light step was there;
But the rich odour some fine day
Will, what I cannot do, repay
That little care.

CCXVI.

As he who baskt in sunshine loves to go
Where in dim coolness graceful laurels grow;
In that lone narrow path whose silent sand
Hears of no footstep, while some gentle hand
Beckons, or seems to beckon, to the seat
Where ivied wall and trellised woodbine meet;
Thus I, of ear that tingles not to praise,
And feet that weary of the world's highways,
Recline on mouldering tree or jutting stone,
And (tho' at last I feel I am alone)
Think by a gentle hand mine too is prest
In kindly welcome to a calmer rest.

CCXVII.

Love is like Echo in the land of Tell,*
Who answers best the indweller of her bowers,
Silent to other voices (idly loud
Or wildly violent) letting them arouse
Eagle or cavern'd brute, but never her.

CCXVIII.

ON RECEIVING A MONTHLY ROSE.

Pæstum! thy roses long ago,
All roses far above,
Twice in the year were call'd to blow
And braid the locks of Love.

* There is said to be such an echo on the Lake of Lucerne.

He saw the city sink in dust,
Its rose's roots decay'd,
And cried in sorrow, "Find I must
Another for my braid."

First Cyprus, then the Syrian shore,
To Pharpar's lucid rill,
Did those two large dark eyes explore,
But wanted something still.

Damascus fill'd his heart with joy,
So sweet her roses were!
He cull'd them; but the wayward boy
Thought them ill worth his care.

"I want them every month," he cried,
"I want them every hour:
Perennial rose, and none beside,
Henceforth shall be my flower."

CCXIX.

Sweet was the song that Youth sang once,
And passing sweet was the response;
But there are accents sweeter far
When Love leaps down our evening star,
Holds back the blighting wings of Time,
Melts with his breath the crusty rime,
And looks into our eyes, and says,
"Come, let us talk of former days."

CCXX.

Fate! I have askt few things of thee,
And fewer have to ask.
Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be
No more: then con thy task.

If one be left on earth so late
Whose love is like the past,
Tell her in whispers, gentle Fate!
Not even love must last.

Tell her I leave the noisy feast
Of life, a little tired,
Amid its pleasures few possest
And many undesired.

Tell her with steady pace to come
  And, where my laurels lie,
To throw the freshest on the tomb,
  When it has caught her sigh.

Tell her to stand some steps apart
  From others on that day,
And check the tear (if tear should start)
  Too precious for dull clay.

CCXXI.

TO A LADY ON COMING OF AGE.

Fear not my frequent verse may raise
To your clear brow the vulgar gaze.
Another I reserve in store
For day yet happier; then no more.
Believe (youth's happy creed!) believe
That never can bright morns deceive;
That brighter must arise for you
Than ever the proud sun rode through.
It has been said, on wedlock-land
Some paths are thorny, more are sand.
I hope the coming spring may show
How little they who say it, know.
Meanwhile with tranquil breast survey
The trophies of the present day.
When twenty years their course have run,
Anxious we wait the following one.
Lo! Fortune in full pomp descends
Surrounded by her host of friends,
And Beauty moves, in passing by,
With loftier port and steadier eye.
Alas, alas! when these are flown,
Shall there be nothing quite your own?
Not Beauty from her stores can give
The mighty charm that makes us live,
Nor shieldless Fortune overcome
The shadows that besiege the tomb.
You, better guarded, may be sure
Your name for ages will endure,
While all the powerful, all the proud,
All that excite the clamorous crowd,
With truncheon or with diadem,
Shall lie one mingled mass with them.
Chide you our praises? You alone
Can doubt of glories fairly won.

Genius, altho' he seldom decks
Where beauty does the softer sex,
Approaches you with accents bland,
Attunes your voice, directs your hand,
And soon will fix upon your brow
A crown as bright as Love does now.

CCXXII.

Beauty! thou arbitress of weal or woe
To others, but how powerless of thy own,
How prone to fall on the smooth path, how prone
To place thy tender foot on the sharp flint
And bleed until the evening fade and die!
I see thee happy now, and I rejoice,
As if thou wert (*almost* as if!) for me:
But thou hast tarried with me long enough,
And now hast taken all thy gifts away.
How various and how changeful is thy mien!
Various and changeful as the neck of doves
In colour: here so meek, so stately there;
Here festive, and there sad; here, tall, erect,
Commanding; there, small, slender, bent to yield.
I have observ'd thee resolute and bold
And stepping forth to conquer, and thy brow
Rattling its laurel o'er the myrtle crown;
Beauty! I now behold thee lower thine eyes
And throw them forward on the ground, while two
Close at thy side interrogate and plead.
Others have done the same, but those were met
Calmly, and smiles were cast indifferently
Back into them; smiles that smote every heart,
But most the heart they fell into that hour.
It pleas'd me to behold it: we all love
To see a little of the cruelty
We could ill bear, and, when we read of, weep.
Beauty! thou now art with that innocent
Who seems of Love's own age, and Love's own power.
Haply ere this there are upon the earth
Some, by all hope abandoned, who ascend
The highths of Himalaya; some who fight
Where Napier's foot makes Hindus run straight on,
And Kyber quails beneath his eagle eye;
While others bear her on untiring breast
To Zembla, and with iron that often breaks
Engrave her name upon eternal ice.

CCXXIII.

A MOTHER'S TALE.

I never knew but one who died for love,
Among the maidens glorified in heaven
For this most pure, most patient martyrdom,
And most courageous. If courageous he
Who graspt and held the Persian prow until
Wielded by desperate fear the scymetar
Gleamed on the sea, and it ran red below
From the hand sever'd and the arm that still
Threaten'd, till brave men drew aside the brave;
If this be courage (and was man's e'er more?)
Sublimer, holier, doth God's breath inspire
Into the tenderer breast and frailer form,
Erect when Fortune and when Fate oppose,
Erect when Hope, its only help, is gone,
Nor yielding till Death's friendlier voice says *yield*.
  Brave Eleusinian! I must now away
From thee and Greece; away, to milder scenes,
Not milder sufferings.
  In my ear was pour'd
The piteous story from the mother's lips,
Who laid her hand on mine, and oftentimes
With idle finger moved my pliant veins
And lookt on them, nor knew on what she lookt,
As her sad tale went on; for she had found
One who hath never dared to stir from grief,
Or interrupt its utterance in its hour,
Or blusht, where child was lost, to be a child.
Abruptly she began, abruptly closed.
  "He was an ensign, and, whatever woes
He brought on me and mine, a good young man,
Modest in speech and manners, fond of books,
Such as we find in all these little towns,
And ready to be led aside by love
To any covert with a castle near,
Or cottage on the river-side or moor,
No matter which; the comfortable house
And street, with shops along it, scare off love.
I am grown bitter I do fear me, sir,
In talking thus, but I have lost my child
By such wild fancies of a wayward world,
Different from what contented us erewhile.
William (he told me I must call him so,
And christian names methinks not ill beseem

The christian, and bring kindness at the sound)
William dwelt here above, not long before
I could perceive that Lucy went away
When he came in to speak to me, and tried
To see as little of him as she might.
I askt, had he offended her: she said
He was incapable of doing wrong:
I blamed her for her rudeness; she replied
She was not rude; and yet those very words
Were nearer rudeness than she ever spake
Until that hour.
Month after month flew by,
And both seemed lonely, though they never lived
More than few steps asunder; I do think
She fled from love and he strove hard with it,
But neither own'd they did. He often came
To tell me something, and lookt round the room,
And fixt his eyes on the one vacant chair
Before the table, and the work unroll'd.
At last he found her quite alone, and then
Avow'd the tenderest, and the purest love,
Askt her consent only to speak with me
And press his suit thereafter: she declared
She never could; and tears flow'd plenteously.
I enter'd; nor did she, as many do,
Move her eyes from me nor abase them more,
Neither did he, but told what he had said
And she had answer'd. I reproved her much
For ignorance of duty, and neglect
Of such an honour: he then claspt my hand,
And swore no earthly views should ever turn
His eyes from that bright idol.
'May I hope,
Sweet Lucy! may I pause from my despair
I should say rather . . even that were bliss . .
Speak, is that bliss forbidden?' She replied,
'You think me worthy of great happiness,
But Fortune has not thought so; I am poor
And you are (or you will be) rich: 'tis thus
All marriages should be; but marriages
Alone are suitable that suit with pride,
With prejudice, with avarice; enough
If dead men's names have hallowed them, if warpt
Alliances besprinkle them with dust,
Or herald prime and furbish them anew.
Yes, they must please all in two families,

Excepting those who marry. We are both
Alike God's creatures, but the World claims one,
The other is rejected of the World.
Hated I well could be for loving *you*,
For loving *me* you must not be despised.'
'Lucy then loves me!' cried the youth, 'she loves me!'
And prest her to his heart, and seiz'd her hand,
'And ever will I hold it till her lips,
In whose one breath is all my life contain'd,
Say, *it is thine*.'
Ah! 'twere but time ill-spent
To follow them thro' love; 'twere walking o'er
A meadow in the spring, where, every step,
The grass and beauteous flowers are all the same,
And ever were and ever will be so.
But now the season was at hand when rush
Into salt water all whom smokey town
Had hardened in the skin, whom cards and dice
Had crampt, whom luxury unstrung, whom dance
From midnight into sunshine, and whom routs
(Not always do we call things by their names
So aptly) swoln with irksomeness and spite
Vomited forth . . here meet they all again,
Glum and askance, the closer the less neighbours;
And those who late were chatty, now are seen
Primly apart like hop-poles without hops,
Lank, listless, helpless, useless, and unlovely.
Here many would lay out their happiness,
And many be content to waste another's:
Of these was one whose name shall rest untold;
Young is he, and (God aiding) may be better.
With a bright riband and a horse upon it
Full-gallop . . first of orders I surmise . .
He must have done rare service to his king
Before he wore a sabre or a beard,
To win all this; but won it all he had,
And wore it too as bravely.
This young man
Was passing thro' our town toward the coast,
Heedless and ignorant (as wiser men
And better may have been) what spirit moves
Upon those waters, that unpausing sea
Which heaves with God's own image, ever pure,
And ministers in mightiness to Earth
Plenty and health and beauty and delight;
Of all created things beneath the skies

The only one that mortal may not mar.
Here met he William, whom he knew at school,
And showed him his gay lady, and desired
That William would show his.
With gravity
Did William listen, and at last confess
Ties far more holy that should soon unite
With him a lowly maid.
The captain heard
Deridingly his chapter of romance,
Such did he call it.
'Introduce me, pray,
To the fair bride elect.'
'*When* bride,' said he,
'And proudly *then;* yes, you and all my friends.'
So far I know, what follow'd I know not,
Only that William often spent the day
With these great folks; at first, when he returned
He was more fond than ever of my child;
Soon after, he came late into the house,
Then later, and one day, 'twas Saturday,
He said to me he should go home to ask
His father's approbation of the match,
And hoped, and doubted not, his full consent.
Alas! I knew not then that those who go
For this consent have given up their own.
He went . . . O sir! he went . . . My tale is told.
He wrote to me . . but I have said it all . .
He wrote . . My Lucy caught the letter up
And kist it; read it, dropt it on the floor;
Seiz'd it again, again with eye brim-full
Lookt, and again dropt it, despondingly.
O sir! did I not say my tale is told!
'Twas Sunday, and the bells had nearly done,
When Lucy called to me, and urged my haste:
I said I could not leave her; for she lookt
Paler, and spoke more feebly; then I raved
Against the false one who had caused her death.
She caught my arm. . .
'No, Lucy, no!' cried I,
'Not death; you yet are young and may live on
These many years.'
She smiled, and thus replied:
'Hope it not, mother! lest one pang the more
Befall you! wish me better things than life;
But, above all, sweet mother!' . . and she sigh'd . .

'Think not I die for William and for love.
Many have gone before their twentieth year,
Mine is half over; many, now in bliss,
Have learnt to read God's will at earlier dawn,
And crost life's threshold strown with freshest flowers
Trippingly and alert, to meet a friend,
A father, who (they knew) awaited them.
Many have had short notice to quit home,
And, when they left it, left it unprepared;
I, mother, I have been two years in dying,
And one day more: should ever he know this,
'Twould comfort him . . for he must think of me.
But am I not too proud for one so near . .'
She would not say . . I shriekt and said it: death!
She prest my hand, and her smile sank away.
She would console, I would not be consoled.
'O let me think then I may die for him,
But say no more to pain me . . let me love,
And love him, when I can not, for my sake.'
Slumber came over her; one faint sob broke it;
And then came heavier slumber; nought broke that."
She paus'd; I too sat silent: she resumed . .
For Love and Sorrow drop not at the grave
The image of the cherisht one within.
Too confident upon her strength recall'd,
She would have mounted into brighter days
For hours when youth was cool and all things calm,
Saying to me, with evener voice and look,
"Lucy, when last you saw her, was a child."
"And is, if Angel be, a child again,"
Said I.
She clasp't her hands above her head
And rusht away, leaving me all alone.
The chamber-door stood open, and her brow
Had sunk into her pillow, but no rest
Was there; she sought one at the duskier side
Of the same bed, o'er which (almost to touch)
The dim resemblance of a joyous youth
Shook gently, pendent from its light-hair'd chord.
Nor youth nor age nor virtue can avoid
Miseries that fly in darkness thro' the world,
Striking at random, irremissably,
Until our sun sinks thro' its waves, until
The golden brim melts from the brightest cloud,
And all that we have seen hath disappeared.

My guest! I have not led you thro'
  The old footpath of swamp and sedges;
But . . mind your step . . you're coming to
  Shingle and shells with sharpish edges.

Here a squash jelly-fish, and here
  An old shark's head with open jaw
We hap may hit on: never fear
  Scent rather rank and crooked saw.

Step forward: we shall pass them soon,
  And then before you will arise
A fertile scene; a placid moon
  Above, and star-besprinkled skies.

And we shall reach at last (where ends
  The field of thistles, sharp and light)
A dozen brave and honest friends,
  And there wish one and all good-night.

CCXXIV.

O'erfoaming with rage
  The foul-mouth'd judge Page
Thus question'd a thief in the dock:
  "Didst never hear read
  In the church, lump of lead!
Loose chip from the devil's own block!
  'Thou shalt not steal?'" "Yea,"
  The white chap did say,
"'*Thou* shalt not:' but *thou* was the word.
  Had he piped out 'Jem Hewitt!
  Be sure you don't do it,'
I'd ha' thought of it twice ere I did it, my lord."

CCXXV.

SENT WITH POEMS.

Little volume, warm with wishes,
  Fear not brows that never frown!
After Byron's peppery dishes
  Matho's mild skim-milk goes down.

Change she wants not, self-concenter'd,
  She whom Attic graces please,
She whose Genius never enter'd
  Literature's gin-palaces.

CCXXVI.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

Pass me: I only am the rind
To the rich fruit that you will find,
My friends, at every leaf behind.

CCXXVII.

ON ANOTHER.

Why have the Graces chosen me
To write what all they love must see?
I can not tell you for my life.
But why was Venus Vulcan's wife?
The reason must be just the same;
My verses are not much more lame.

CCXXVIII.

One leg across his wide arm-chair,
Sat Singleton, and read Voltaire;
And when (as well he might) he hit
Upon a splendid piece of wit,
He cried: "I do declare now, this
Upon the whole is not amiss."
And spent a good half-hour to show
By metaphysics why 'twas so.

CCXXIX.

TO B.

The Devil, when he made believe
The pure and simple soul of Eve,
  Was scarcely yet thy better half,
For he had only lied and smiled
And ruined whom his arts beguiled,
  Not mockt her with his hellish laugh.

CCXXX.

Youth but by help of memory can be sage:
Wiser by losing some of it is Age.

CCXXXI.

1795.

It seems, whenever we are idle,
We call for saddle and for bridle,
And girt and buckled from the throne
Let others' blood to cool our own.
Wars, where nor want nor danger calls,
Have hung with tatters half St. Paul's;
And some years hence this courtly fashion
Will hang with tatters half the nation.
The thirsty tribe that draws the sword
For water less than fills a gourd,
Is wiser in my humble mind
Than men who only fight for wind,
And merits more from sage and bard
Than Marlbro' or the Savoyard.

CCXXXII.

Whiskered Furies! boy-stuft blouses!
Fanning fires on peaceful houses!
What are all these oaths and yells
Belcht from thirty million hells?
Swagger, scream, and *peste* away!
Courage now, anon dismay!
Louis-Philip! rear your walls
Round these madmen and their brawls.
Well you know the fiery rout,
And what rain can put it out.

CCXXXIII.

I rais'd my eyes to Pallas, and she laught.
"Goddess!" said I, "pray tell me why?"
"Look at my olive with a sloe ingraft!
Where stood your Pericles, five scoundrels set ye
(O father Zeus!) on Otho and Coletti."
Then said she, and her scornful voice grew meek,
"Return thou homeward and forget thou Greek."

CCXXXIV.

QUARREL.

Man. Work on marble shall not be,
Lady fair! the work for me:
For which reason you and I
May together say *good-bye.*

Lady. Say of marble what you will,
Work on sand is vainer still:
For which reason I and you
Very wisely say *adieu.*

CCXXXV.

Go on, go on, and love away!
Mine was, another's is, the day.
Go on, go on, thou false one! now
Upon his shoulder rest thy brow,
And look into his eyes until
Thy own, to find them colder, fill.

CCXXXVI.

Egg strikes on egg and breaks it; true;
But, striking, is not broken too.
Thus while one smitten heart, a-fire,
Gives way, the other is entire.

CCXXXVII.

Ten thousand flakes about my windows blow,
Some falling and some rising, but all snow.
Scribblers and statesmen! are ye not just so?

CCXXXVIII.

LADY TO LADY.

Tell me, proud though lovely maiden!
He who heaves from heart o'erladen
Verse on verse for only you,
What is it he hopes to do?

REPLY.

What he hopes is but to please.
If I give his hand a squeeze,
Silent, at the closing strain,
Tell me, does it write in vain.

CCXXXIX.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ON AN OMISSION IN HIS "FEAST OF THE POETS."

Leigh Hunt! thou stingy man, Leigh Hunt!
May Charon swamp thee in his punt,

For having, in thy list, forgotten
So many poets scarce half rotten,
Who did expect of thee at least
A few cheese-parings from thy *Feast*.
Hast thou no pity on the men
Who suck (as babes their tongues) the pen,
Until it leaves no traces where
It lighted, and seems dipt in air.
At last be generous, Hunt! and prythee
Refresh (and gratis too) in Lethe
Yonder sick Muse, surcharged with poppies
And heavier presentation-copies.
She *must* grow livelier, and the river
More potent in effect than ever.

CCXL.

OLD STYLE.

Aurelius, Sire of Hungrinesses!
Thee thy old friend Catullus blesses,
And sends thee six fine watercresses.
There are who would not think me quite
(Unless we were old friends) polite
To mention whom you should invite.
Look at them well; and turn it o'er
In your own mind . . I'd have but four . .
Lucullus, Cæsar, and two more.

CCXLI.

NEW STYLE.

I very much indeed approve
Of maidens moderating love
  Until they've twenty pounds;
Then Prudence, with a poet's praise,
May loose the laces of their stays,
  And let them quest like hounds.

Peggy, my theme, twelve years ago
(Or better) did precisely so:
  She lived at farmer Spence's;
She scour'd the pantry, milk'd the cows,
And answer'd every would-be spouse.
  "D'ye think I've lost my senses?"

Until the twenty pounds were safe,
She tiff'd at Tim, she ran from Ralph,
  Squire nodded . . deuce a curtsy!
Sam thought her mopish, Silas proud,
And Jedediah cried aloud,
  "Pray who the devil hurts ye?"

But now the twenty pounds were got,
She knew the fire to boil the pot,
  She knew the man to trust to.
I'm glad I gave this tidy lass
(Under my roof) a cheerful glass
  (Of water) and a crust too.

Although the seventeenth of May,
It was a raw and misty day
  When Ebenezer Smart,
(The miller's lad of Boxholm-mill)
Having obtained her right good-will
  And prudent virgin heart,

Led her to church: and Joseph Stead
(The curate of said Boxholm) read
  The service; and Will Sands
(The clerk) repeated the response
(They after him) which utter'd once
  Holds fast two plighted hands.

And now they live aside the weir,
And (on my conscience) I declare
  As merrily as larks.
This I can vouch for: I went in
One day and sat upon the bin
  While Peggy hemm'd two sarks.

I do not say two sarks entire,
Collar and wristband; these require
  (I reckon) some time more;
But mainly two stout sarks, the tail
And fore-flap, stiff as coat of mail
  On knight in days of yore.

I told my sister and our maid
(Anne Waddlewell) how long I stayed
  With Peggy: 'twas until her
Dinner-time: we expect, before
Eight or (at most) nine months are o'er,
  Another little miller.

CCXLII.

SUGGESTED BY HORACE.

Never, my boy, so blush and blink,
Or care a straw what people think,
If you by chance are seen to dally
With that sweet little creature Sally.
Lest by degrees you sidle from her,
I'll quote you Ovid, Horace, Homer.
If the two first are loose, there still is
Authority in proud Achilles;
And never, night or day, could be his
Dignity hurt by dear Briseis.
Altho' I take an interest
In having you and Sally blest,
I know those ancles small and round
Are standing on forbidden ground,
So fear no rivalry to you
In gentlemen of thirty-two.

CCXLIII.

You may or you may not believe
That soldiers have been known to thieve:
The question is not settled well
By what I am about to tell.
Frederick the Great was reigning, when
One of the bravest of his men
Before his majesty was call'd
By two grave priests, and sore appall'd;
For, in despite of every care, he
Took jewels from the Virgin Mary;
And on his person stow'd the same
Where she would never look, for shame.
So thought he; but each wily priest
Would search the wicked knave undrest.
Down dropt the jewels. When they both
Told the same tale, the king, tho' loth
To hang him, very justly said,
"To-morrow, I am much afraid,
The soldier, thus accused, must bleed . .
Without your pardon."
"No indeed,"
Said they.
"My fathers!" said the king,
"Let me suggest another thing.

You, as true Catholics, will own
Mary can favour anyone."
" Beyond a doubt."
" And sometimes does it
Where no man ever could suppose it.
The Virgin may have bow'd from heaven,
And what he took she may have given:
For ladies always love the brave,
And Mary is the maid to save.
I can but order that no suitor
Accept from her such gifts in future."

CCXLIV.

An English boy, whose travels lay
In Italy, had slept at night
Sound as a bishop all the way,
Till suddenly . . the strangest sight!

Above the upper of the two
Near ridges of old Appennine,
(Seemingly scarce a good stone-throw)
A lighted globe began to shine.

" O father! father!" cried the lad,
" What wicked boys are hereabout!
How wild! how mischievous! how mad!
Look yonder! let us put it out.

I never saw such a balloon
So near . . that olive now takes fire!
The corn there crackles!"
" 'Tis the Moon,"
Patting his head, replied the sire.

CCXLV.

Metellus is a lover: one whose ear
(I have been told) is duller than his sight.
The day of his departure had drawn near;
And (meeting her beloved over-night)
Softly and tenderly Corinna sigh'd:
" Won't you be quite as happy now without me?"
Metellus, in his innocence replied,
" Corinna! oh Corinna! can you doubt me?"

CCXLVI.

The blackest of grapes, with a footpath hard by,
Should scarcely be watcht with so watchful an eye
As that kid of a girl whom old Egon has made
His partner for life, nor ashamed, nor afraid.

CCXLVII.

If hatred of the calm and good,
And quenchless thirst of human blood,
Should rouse a restless race again,
And new Napoleons scour the plain,
Ye arbiters of nations, spare
The land of Rabelais and Molière,
But swing those panthers by the ears
Across the grating of Algiers.

CCXLVIII.

Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him? who bid him off?
Invidious or morose! Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much unless 'tis mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed,
While the broad chump leans back against the stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till night.

CCXLIX.

COTTAGE LEFT FOR LONDON.

The covert walk, the mossy apple-trees,
  And the long grass that darkens underneath,
I leave for narrow streets and gnats and fleas,
  Water unfit to drink and air to breathe.

CCL.

Come, Sleep! but mind ye! if you come without
The little girl that struck me at the rout,
By Jove! I would not give you half-a-crown
For all your poppy-heads and all your down.

CCLI.

Deep forests hide the stoutest oaks;
Hazels make sticks for market-folks;
He who comes soon to his estate
Dies poor; the rich heir is the late.
Sere ivy shaded Shakespeare's brow;
But Matho is a poet now.

CCLII.

PIEVANO ARLOTTO.

"I will invite that merry priest
Arlotto for to-morrow's feast,"
Another, quite as merry, said,
"And you shall see his fun repaid.
When dinner's on the board, we'll draw
(Each of the company) a straw:
The shortest straw shall tap the wine
In cellar, while the others dine:
And now I'll show how we'll contrive
He draws the shortest of the five."
They learn their lesson: there are few
Good priests (where eating goes) but do,
From Helgabalus ending with
Humour's pink primate Sydney Smith.
Such food more suits them, truth to speak,
Than heavy joints of tough-grain'd Greek.
Well; all are seated.
"Where's our Chianti?"
Cries one: "without it feasts are scanty.
We will draw lots then who shall go
And fill the bottles from below."
They drew. Arlotto saw their glee,
And nought discomfited was he.
Down-stairs he went: he brought up two,
And saw his friends (as friends should do)
Enjoying their repast, and then
For the three others went again.
Although there was no long delay,
Dish after dish had waned away.
Minestra, liver fried, and raw
Delicious ham, had plumpt the maw.
Polpetti, roll'd in anise, here
Show their fat sides and disappear.

Salame, too, half mule's half pig's,
Moisten'd with black and yellow figs;
And maccaroni by the ell
From high-uplifted fingers fell.
Garlic and oil and cheese unite
Their concert on the appetite,
Breathing an odour which alone
The laic world might dine upon.
  But never think that nought remains
To recompense Arlotto's pains.
There surely was the nicest pie
That ever met Pievano's eye.
Full fifty toes of ducks and geese,
Heads, gizzards, windpipes, soakt in grease,
Were in that pie, and thereupon
Sugar and salt and cinnamon;
Kid which, while living, any goat
Might look at twice and never know't
A quarter of grill'd turkey, scored
And lean as a backgammon board,
And dark as Saint Bartholomew,
And quite as perfectly done through.
Birds that, two minutes since, were quails,
And a stupendous stew of snails.
  "Brother Arlotto!" said the host,
"Here's yet a little of our roast.
Brother Arlotto! never spare."
Arlotto gaily took his chair
And readily fell to: but soon
He struck the table with a spoon,
Exclaiming, "Brother! let us now
Draw straws again. Who runs below
To stop the casks? for very soon
Little is there within, or none."
Far flies the napkin, and our host
Is down the cellar-stairs.
"All lost!
Santa Maria! The Devil's own trick!
Scoffer! blasphemer! heretick!
Broaching (by all the Saints) five casks
Only to fill as many flasks!
Methinks the trouble had been small
To have replaced the plugs in all."
Arlotto heard and answer'd. "You
Forgot to tell me what to do.

But let us say no more, because
We should not quarrel about *straws*.
If you must play your pranks, at least
Don't play 'em with a brother priest."

CCLIII.

God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.
Upon my honour! Melville cries;
He swears, and lies;
Does Melville then break God's commandment? No.

CCLIV.

Does your voice never fail you in singing a song
So false and so spiteful on us who are young?
When, lady, as surely as you are alive
We are seldom inconstant till seventy-five,
And altho' I have question'd a hundred such men,
They never would say why we should be so then.
In another six years I shall know all about it;
But some knowledge is vain, and we do best without it.

CCLV.

Clap, clap the double nightcap on!
Gifford will read you his amours,
Lazy as Scheld and cold as Don;
Kneel, and thank Heaven they are not yours.

CCLVI.

FLOWERS SENT IN BAY-LEAVES.

I leave for you to disunite
Frail flowers and lasting bays:
One, let me hope, you'll wear to-night
The other all your days.

CCLVII.

"I'm half in love," he who with smiles hath said,
In love will never be.
Whoe'er, "I'm not in love," and shakes his head,
In love too sure is he.

CCLVIII.

SEVERE WINTER.

Such rapid jerks, such rude grimaces,
Such lengthened eyes, such crumpled faces,
Grinning with such a stress and wrench,
One fancies all the world is French.

CCLIX.

I remember the time ere his temples were grey,
And I frown'd at the things he'd the boldness to say,
But now he's grown old he may say what he will,
I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.

Indeed I must say he's a little improved,
For he watches no longer the slily beloved,
No longer as once he awakens my fears,
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears.

If he heard one of late, it has never transpired,
For his only delight is to see me admired;
And now pray what better return can I make
Than to flirt and be always admired . . for his sake.

CCLX.

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Heavily is Tsing-Ti laden
With one love, and three-score woes.
Sweeter than the herb Yu-lu,
Or the flowering Lan, are you . .
What long eyes! and what small nose!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sands that your short feet have stray'd on
Turn to musk or ambergrise:
Every other girl's seem longer,
Ay, and darker, than a conger,
And they only make me sneeze.

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
All the verses ever laid on
Beauty's tea-tray, would fall short
Of your manifold perfection . .
And alas my recollection
Can perform but little for't!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sadly do I want your aid in
Summing up amount so rich:
But if any little thing
Should escape your sigh-sore Tsing
Call him back, and show him which.

CCLXI.

"Fear God!" says Percival: and when you hear
Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear:
If in such awful accents he should say,
"Fear lovely Innocence!" you'd run away.

CCLXII.

Yesterday, at the sessions held in Buckingham,
The Reverend Simon Shutwood, famed for tucking ham
And capon into his appointed maw,
Gravely discust a dreadful breach of law,
And then committed to the county jail
(After a patient hearing) William Flail:
For that he, Flail, one day last week,
Was seen maliciously to sneak
And bend his body by the fence
Of his own garden, and from thence
Abstract, out of a noose, a hare,
Which he unlawfully found there;
Against the peace (as may be seen
In Burn and Blackstone) of the queen.
He, question'd thereupon, in short
Could give no better reason for't,
Than that his little boys and he
Did often in the morning see
Said hare and sundry other hares
Nibbling on certain herbs of theirs.
Teddy, the seventh of the boys,
Counted twelve rows, fine young savoys,
Bit to the ground by them, and out
Of ne'er a plant a leaf to sprout:
And Sam, the youngest lad, did think
He saw a couple at a pink.
"Come!" cried the reverend, "come, confess!"
Flail answered "I will do no less.
Puss we did catch; puss we did eat;
It was her turn to give the treat.

Nor overmuch was there for eight o' us
With a half-gallon o' potatoes:
Eight; for our Sue lay sick abed,
And poor dear Bessy with the dead."
"We can not listen to such idle words,"
The reverend said, "The hares are all my lord's.
Have you no more, my honest friend, to say
Why we should not commit you, and straightway?"
Whereat Will Flail
Grew deadly pale,
And cried, "If you are so severe on me,
An ignorant man, and poor as poor can be,
O Mister Shutwood! what would you have done
If you had caught God's blessed only Son,
When he broke off (in land not his, they say)
That ear of barley on the Sabbath-day?
Sweet Jesus! in the prison he had died,
And never for our sins been crucified."
With the least gouty of two doe-skin feet
The reverend stampt, then cried in righteous heat,
"Constable! take that man down-stairs,
He quotes the Scripture and eats hares."

CCLXIII.

Two cackling mothers hatch two separate broods
Of patriots; neither shall infest my house.
I shun the noisier, but I loathe far more
Patriots with tags about their carcases
Bedolled with bits of ribbon and rag-lace,
Or dangling, dainty, jewel'd crucifix
The puft heart's pride, and not its purifier.
Limbs, lives, and fortunes, all before the king,
Until he ask the hazard of the same;
Then the two broods unite, one step, one voice,
For their dear country in its sad estate.

CCLXIV.

TO THE RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD HENRY LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

Baronial apostolic sir!
If our poor limping church must stir,
I who am zealous for your order
From the cope-point to bottom border,
And lower my eyes before the surplice,
But bear most reverence where most purple is,

Ready my very soul to pawn
Where I have pinn'd my faith, on lawn.
I supplicate you to advise
Your children, changing their disguise,
They put on one that does not show
So very much of dirt below.

CCLXV.

One tooth has Mummius; but in sooth
No man has such another tooth:
Such a prodigious tooth would do
To moor the bark of Charon to,
Or, better than the Sinai stone,
To grave the Ten Commandments on.

CCLXVI.

A little cornet of dragoons,
Immerst in gilded pantaloons,
  To kiss consenting Helen aim'd:
He rais'd his head, but 'twas so low,
She cried, (and pusht away her beau,)
  "Go, creature! are you not ashamed?"

CCLXVII.

Does it become a girl so wise,
So exquisite in harmonies,
To ask me when do I intend
To write a sonnet? What? my friend!
A sonnet? Never. Rhyme o'erflows
Italian, which hath scarcely prose;
And I have larded full three-score
With *sorte, morte, cuor, amor.*
But why should we, altho' we have
Enough for all things, gay or grave,
Say, on your conscience, why should we
Who draw deep seans along the sea,
Cut them in pieces to beset
The shallows with a cabbage-net?
Now if you ever ask again
A thing so troublesome and vain,
By all your charms! before the morn,
To show my anger and my scorn,
First I will write your name a-top,
Then from this very ink shall drop

A score of sonnets; every one
Shall call you star, or moon, or sun,
Till, swallowing such warm-water verse,
Even sonnet-sippers sicken worse.

CCLXVIII.

TO H.

Snappish and captious, ever prowling
For something to excite thy growling;
He who can bear thee must be one
Gentle to beasts as Waterton.

CCLXIX.

To Rose and to Sophy
A column and trophy
Ascend at the summons of viols and flutes,
For adding to-day,
On the coast of Torbay,
To the Army of Martyrs a hundred recruits.

CCLXX.

Sighs must be grown less plentiful,
Or else my senses are more dull.
Where are they all? These many years
Only my own have reacht my ears.

CCLXXI.

Plants the most beauteous love the water's brink,
Opening their bosoms at young Zephyr's sighs.
Maidens, come hither: see with your own eyes
How many are trod down, how many sink.

CCLXXII.

Time past I thought it worth my while
To hunt all day to catch a smile:
Now ladies do not smile, but laugh,
I like it not so much by half;
And yet perhaps it might be shown
A laugh is but a smile full-blown.

CCLXXIII.

Each year bears something from us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our sighs.

CCLXXIV.

Idle and light are many things you see
In these my closing pages: blame not me.
However rich and plenteous the repast,
Nuts, almonds, biscuits, wafers, come at last.

CCLXXV.

In wrath a youth was heard to say,
"From girl so false I turn away.
By all that's sacred ice shall burn
And sun shall freeze ere I return."
But as he went, at least one finger
Within her hand was found to linger;
One foot, that should outstrip the wind,
(But only one) drew loads behind.

CCLXXVI.

SIDDONS AND HER MAID.

Siddons. I leave, and unreluctant, the repast:
The herb of China is its crown at last.
Maiden! hast thou a thimble in thy gear?
Maid. Yes, missus, yes.
Siddons. Then, maiden, place it here,
With penetrated penetrating eyes.
Maid. Mine? missus! are they?
Siddons. Child! thou art unwise.
Of needles', not of woman's, eyes I spake.
Maid. O dear me! missus! what a sad mistake!
Siddons. Now canst thou tell me what was that which led
Athenian Theseus into labyrinth dread?
Maid. He never told me: I can't say, not I,
Unless, mayhap, 'twas curiosity.
Siddons. Fond maiden!
Maid. No, upon my conscience, madam!
If I was fond of 'em I might have had 'em.
Siddons. Avoid! avaunt! beshrew me! 'tis in vain
That Shakespeare's language germinates again.

CCLXXVII.

LETTER-LAND.

Slaves-merchants, scalpers, cannibals, agree . .
In *Letter-land* no brotherhood must be,
If there were living upon earth but twain,
One would be Abel and the other Cain.

CCLXXVIII.

I've never seen a book of late
But there is in it *palmy state.*
To realm or city you apply
The palm, and think it raised thereby.
Yet always does the palmy crown
On every side hang loosely down,
And its lank shade falls chiefly on
Robber or reptile, sand or stone.
Compare it with the Titan groves
Where, east or west, the savage roves,
Its highth and girth before them dwindle
Into the measure of a spindle.
But often you would make it bend
To some young poet, if your friend.
Look at it first, or you may fit
Your poet-friend too well with it.
The head of palm-tree is *so-so,*
And bare or ragged all below.
If it suits anything, I wist
It suits the archæologist.
To him apply the palmy state
Whose fruit is nothing but a *date.*

CCLXXIX.

A MASK ON A RING.

Forster! you who never wore
Any kind of mask before;
Yet, by holy friendship! take
This, and wear it for my sake.

CCLXXX.

I would give something, O Apollo!
Thy radiant course o'er earth to follow,
And fill it up with light and song,
But rather would be always young.
Since that perhaps thou canst not give,
By me let those who love me live.

CCLXXXI.

ON A PORTRAIT.

Dauber! if thou shouldst ever stray
Along Idalia's mossy way,
Heedless what deities are there,
And whom they view with fondest care,
At thee for this shall Venus pout,
And all three Graces push thee out.

CCLXXXII.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!

CCLXXXIII.

Is it not better at an early hour
  In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,
  Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to bed?

CCLXXXIV.

TO JULIUS HARE, WITH "PERICLES AND ASPASIA."

Julius, of three rare brothers, my fast friends,
The latest known to me! Aspasia comes
With him, high-helmeted and trumpet-tongued,
Who loved her. Well thou knowest all his worth,
Valuing him most for trophies reared to Peace,
For generous friendships, like thy own, for Arts
Ennobled by protection, not debased.
Hence, worthless ones! throne-cushions, puft, inert,
Verminous, who degrade with patronage
Bargain'd for, ere dealt out! The stone that flew
In splinters from the chisel when the hand
Of Phidias wielded it, the chips of stone
Weigh with me more than they do. To thy house
Comes Pericles. Receive the friend of him
Whose horses started from the Parthenon

To traverse seas and neigh upon our strand.
From pleasant Italy my varied page,
Where many men and many ages meet,
Julius! thy friendly hand long since received.
Accept my last of labours and of thanks.
He who held mute the joyous and the wise
With wit and eloquence, whose tomb (afar
From all his friends and all his countrymen)
Saddens the light Palermo, to thy care
Consign'd it; knowing that whate'er is great
Needs not the looming of a darker age,
Nor knightly mail nor scymetar begemm'd.
Stepping o'er all this lumber, where the steel
Is shell'd with rust, and the thin gold worm'd out
From its meandering waves, he took the scroll,
And read aloud what sage and poet spake
In sunnier climes; thou heardest it well pleased;
For Truth from conflict rises more elate
And lifts a brighter torch, beheld by more.
Call'd to befriend me by fraternal love,
Thou pausedst in thy vigorous march amid
The German forests of wide-branching thought,
Deep, intricate, whence voices shook all France,
Whence Blucher's soldiers heard the trumpet-tongue
And knew the footstep of Tyrtæan Arndt.

CCLXXXV.

TO SOUTHEY.

There are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulph the poet; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey! mount
Up to these teachers; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
Yet mortals see his stedfast stately course
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
He knows the swineherd; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous's cypresses;
He covers with his aged black-vein'd hand
The plumy crest that frighten'd and made cling
To its fond-mother the ill-fated child;
He walks along Olympus with the Gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simöis glides into the sea.

They who step high and swing their arms, soon tire.
The glorious Theban then?
The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paus'd, deserves more praise
Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak,
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up
And with the dust and straws are swept away;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light-bodied Fancy, Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs
Where none but insects find their nutriment;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.
Great is that poet, great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggle hard with Poverty,
He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

CCLXXXVI.

Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,
Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
In every utterance of that purest soul!
Few are the spirits of the glorified
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven.

CCLXXXVII.

TO ANDREW JACKSON.

Happy may be the land
Where mortals with their eyes uplifted stand
While Eloquence her thunder rolls:
Happier, where no deceptive light
Bursts upon Passion's stormy night,
Guiding to rocks and shoals.

Happiest of all, where Man shall lay
  His limbs at their full length, nor overcast
The sky above his head, but the pure ray
  Shines brighter on the future than the past.
    Look, look into the east afar,
    Refulgent western Star!

And where the fane of Pallas stands,
Rear'd to her glory by his hands,
Thou, altho' nowhere else, shalt see
A statesman and a chief like thee.
    How rare the sight, how grand!
    Behold the golden scales of Justice stand
    Well balanced in a mailed hand!
Following the calm Deliverer of Mankind,
    In thee again we find
    This spectacle renew'd.
    Glory altho' there be
    To leave thy country free,
Glory had reacht not there her plenitude.

    Up, every son of Afric soil,
    Ye worn and weary hoist the sail,
    For your own glebes and garners toil
    With easy plough and lightsome flail:
    A father's home ye never knew,
A father's home your sons shall have from you.*
Enjoy your palmy groves, your cloudless day,
    Your world that demons tore away.
    Look up! look up! the flaming sword
Hath vanisht! and behold your Paradise restored.
    Never was word more bold
      Than through thy cities ran,
    Let gold be weighed for gold,
      Let man be weighed for man.
Thou spakest it; and therefore praise
Shall crown thy later as thy earlier days,
And braid more lovely this last wreath shall bind.
    Where purest is the heart's atmosphere
        Atlantic Ruler! there
Shall men discern at last the loftiest mind.
    Rise, and assert thy trust!
    Enforcing to be just,
    The race to whom alone
Of Europe's sons was never known

* This prophecy was unfulfilled.

(In mart or glade)
The image of the heavenly maid
Astræa; she hath called thee; go
Right onward, and with tranchant prow
The hissing foam of Gallic faith cut thro'.

CCLXXXVIII.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Those who have laid the harp aside
  And turn'd to idler things,
From very restlessness have tried
  The loose and dusty strings,
And, catching back some favourite strain,
Run with it o'er the chords again.

But Memory is not a Muse,
  O Wordsworth! though 'tis said
They all descend from her, and use
  To haunt her fountain-head:
That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of Poesie,

Pleases me better than the toil
  Of smoothing under hardened hand,
With attic emery and oil,
  The shining point for Wisdom's wand,
Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.

Without his governance, in vain
  Manhood is strong, and Youth is bold.
If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain
  Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold
Beneath his pinions deep and frore,
And swells and melts and flows no more,
That is because the heat beneath
  Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch of Death,
  Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the dead;
Unturn'd then let the mass remain,
Intractable to sun or rain.

A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,
And showing but the broken sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the day,

Where youthful Fancy pouts alone
And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.

He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say, "I'll do what I have plann'd,"
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polisht pillar's base.
With skilful eye and fit device
Thou raisest every edifice,
Whether in sheltered vale it stand
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid the cypresses that mourn
Laodameia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the space
Listed for mortal's earthly race;
We both have crost life's fervid line,
And other stars before us shine:
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for us!
Our course by Milton's light was sped,
And Shakespeare shining overhead:
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever crost our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he;
Tho' never tender nor sublime;
He wrestles with and conquers Time.
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I left much prouder company;
Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one: and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
When 'mid their light thy light appears.

CCLXXXIX.

TO THE COMTESSE DE MOLANDE, ABOUT TO MARRY THE DUC DE LUXEMBOURG.

Say ye that years roll on and ne'er return?
Say ye the Sun who leaves them all behind,

Their great creator, can not bring one back
With all his force, tho' he draw worlds around?
Witness me, little streams that meet before
My happy dwelling; witness Africo
And Mensola! that ye have seen at once
Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright
As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,
When the tall cypress o'er the Doccia
Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.
  Go, and go happy, light of my past days,
Consoler of my present! thou whom Fate
Alone could sever from me! One step higher
Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:
Friendship with faltering accent says "Depart,
And take the highest seat below the crown'd."

CCXC.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Since in the terrace-bower we sate
  While Arno gleam'd below,
And over sylvan Massa late
  Hung Cynthia's slender bow,
Years after years have past away
  Less light and gladsome; why
Do those we most implore to stay
  Run ever swiftest by!

CCXCI.

Unjust are they who argue me unjust
To thee, O France! Did ever man delight
More cordially in him who held the hearts
Of beasts to his, and searcht into them all,
And took their wisdom, giving it profuse
To man, who gave them little in return,
And only kept their furs and teeth and claws.
What comic scenes are graceful, saving thine?
Where is philosophy like thy Montaigne's?
Religion, like thy Fenelon's? Sublime
In valour's self-devotion were thy men,
Thy women far sublimer: but foul stains
At last thou bearest on thy plume; thy steps
Follow false honour, deviating from true.
A broken word bears on it worse disgrace
Than broken sword; erewhile thou knewest this.

Thou huggest thy enslaver: on his tomb
What scrolls! what laurels! Are there any bound
About the braver Corday's? Is one hymn
Chaunted in prayers or praises to the Maid
To whom all maidens upon earth should bend,
Who at the gate of Orleans broke thy chain?

CCXCII.

TO LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK.

No, Teresita, never say
That uncle Landor's worthless lay
    Shall find its place among your treasures.
Altho' his heart is not grown old,
Yet are his verses far too cold
    For bridal bowers or festive measures.

He knows you lovely, thinks you wise,
And still shall think so if your eyes
    Seek not in noisier paths to roam;
But rest upon your forest-green,
And find that life runs best between
    A tender love and tranquil home.

CCXCIII.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

By that dejected city Arno runs
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons;
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes
Return'd as bright a blue to vernal skies;
And thence, sweet infant wanderer! when the Spring
Advanced, the Hours brought thee on silent wing,
Brought (while anemones were quivéring round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground)
Where stands fair Florence: there thy voice first blest
My ears, and sank like balm into my breast.
For many griefs had wounded it, and more
Thy little hands could lighten, were in store.
But why revert to griefs? thy sculptur'd brow
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.
What then the bliss to see again thy face
And all that rumour has announced of grace!
I urge with fevered breast the coming day . .
O could I sleep and wake again in May!

CCXCIV.

TO THEODOSIA GARROW.

Unworthy are these poems of the lights
That now run over them; nor brief the doubt
In my own breast, if such should interrupt
(Or follow so irreverently) the voice
Of Attic men, of women such as thou,
Of sages no less sage than heretofore,
Of pleaders no less eloquent, of souls
Tender no less, or tuneful, or devout.
Unvalued, even by myself, are they,
Myself who rear'd them; but a high command
Marshall'd them in their station: here they are;
Look round; see what supports these parasites.
Stinted in growth and destitute of odour,
They grow where young Ternissa held her guide,
Where Solon awed the ruler; there they grow,
Weak as they are, on cliffs that few can climb.
None to thy steps are inaccessible,
Theodosia! wakening Italy with song
Deeper than Filicaia's, or than his
The triple deity of plastic art.
Mindful of Italy and thee, crown'd maid!
I lay this sere frail garland at thy feet . .

CCXCV.

TO ANDREW CROSSE.

Altho' with Earth and Heaven you deal
As equal, and without appeal,
And bring beneath your ancient roof
Records of all they do, and proof,
No right have you, sequester'd Crosse,
To make the Muses weep your loss.
A poet were you long before
Gems from the struggling air you tore,
And bade the far-off flashes play
About your woods, and light your way.
With languour and disease oppress,
And years, that crush the tuneful breast,
Southey, the pure of soul is mute!
Hoarse whistles Wordsworth's watery flute,

Which mourn'd with loud indignant strains
The famisht Black* in Corsic chains:
Nor longer do the girls for Moore
Jilt Horace as they did before.
He sits contented to have won
The rose-wreath from Anacreon,
And bears to see the orbs grow dim
That shone with blandest light on him.
Others there are whose future day
No slender glories shall display;
But you would think me worse than tame
To find me stringing name on name,
And I would rather call aloud
On Andrew Crosse than stem the crowd.
Now chiefly female voices rise
(And sweet are they) to cheer our skies.
Suppose you warm these chilly days
With samples from your fervid lays.
Come! courage! man! and don't pretend
That every verse cuts off a friend,
And that in simple truth you fain
Would rather not give poets pain.
The lame excuse will never do . .
Philosophers can envy too.

* Among the noblest of Wordsworth's Sonnets (the finest in any language, excepting a few of Milton's) is that on Toussaint L'Ouverture. He has exposed in other works the unmanly artifices and unprofitable cruelties of the murderer who consummated his crime by famine, when the dampness of a subterranean prison was too slow in its operation. Nothing is so inexplicable as that any honest and intelligent man should imagine the heroic or the sagacious in Buonaparte. He was the only great gambler unaware that the player of *double or quits*, unless he discontinues, must be loser. In Spain he held more by peace than he could seize by war; yet he went to war. Haiti he might have united inseparably to France, on terms the most advantageous and the most honorable, but he was indignant that a black should exercise the functions of a white, that a deliverer should be his representative, and that a delegate should possess the affections of a people, although trustworthy beyond suspicion. What appears to others his greatest crime appears to me among the least, the death of D'Enghien. Whoever was plotting to subvert his government might justly be seized and slain by means as occult. Beside, what are all the Bourbons that ever existed in comparison with Toussaint L'Ouverture? His assassin was conscious of the *mistake;* he committed none so fatal to his reputation, though many more pernicious to his power. If he failed so utterly with such enormous means as never were wielded by any man before, how would he have encountered the difficulties that were surmounted by Frederick of Prussia and by Hyder Ali? These are the Hannibal and Sertorius of modern times. They were not perhaps much better men than Buonaparte, but politically and militarily they were much wiser; for they calculated how to win what they wanted, and they contrived how to keep what they won.

CCXCVI.

TO A LADY.

Sweet are the siren songs on eastern shores,
To songs as sweet are pulled our English oars:
And farther upon ocean venture forth
The lofty sails that leave the wizard north.
Altho' by fits so dense a cloud of smoke
Puffs from his sappy and ill-season'd oak,
Yet, as the *Spirit of the Dream* draws near,
Remembered loves make Byron's self sincere.
The puny heart within him swells to view,
The man grows loftier and the poet too.
When War sweeps nations down with iron wings,
Alcæus never sang as Campbell sings;
And, caught by playful wit and graceful lore,
The Muse invoked by Horace bends to Moore.
Theirs, not *my* verses, come I to repeat,
So draw the footstool nearer to your feet.

CCXCVII.

Onward, right onward, gallant James, nor heed
The plunging prancers of a grease-heel'd breed.
Onward, our leader thro' the tower-lit scenes
Of genial Froissart and of grave Commines.
Minisht by death, by sickness, and by pain,
Poictiers sends forth her glorious few again:
Again o'er pennons gay and hawberks bright
The sable armour shines in morning light:
And cries of triumph from the brave and true,
And those who best reward them, swell for you.

CCXCVIII.

TO CZARTORYSKI, ATTENDING ON FOOT THE FUNERAL OF THE POET MENINCIVICZ.

In Czartoryski I commend
The patriot's guide, the poet's friend.
King, sprung of kings, yet great and good
As any pure from royal blood;
O'er genius not ashamed to bear
The pall, or shed at home the tear.

Thou, who hast shown us how the great
Are greater in their fallen state,
Another rare example give . .
That kings, uncurst by men, may live,
And Poland by thy light shall see
One nation in wide Europe free.

CCXCIX.

TO MY DAUGHTER IN ITALY, AT CHRISTMAS.

Where is, ah where! the citron bloom
That threw its fragrance o'er my room?
Where, white magnolia-cup entwined
With pliant myrtle's ruddy rind?
Julia, with you the flowers are gay,
And cluster round the shortest day.
Little at Fiesole ye know
Of holly, less of mistleto;
Such as the Druid priest of yore
To grim god-monsters grimly bore.
Run: from her pouting infants call
The musk-rose at our chapel-wall;
Run, bring the violets up, that blow
Along the banks of Africo;
And tell them, every soul, they must
Bend their coy heads and kiss my bust.
Christmas is come: on such a day
Give the best thoughts fair room for play,
And all the Sabbath dance and sing
In honour of your new-born king.

CCC.

TO MISS ISABELLA PERCY.

If that old hermit laid to rest
  Beneath your chapel-floor,
Could leave the regions of the blest
  And visit earth once more:
If human sympathies could warm
  His tranquil breast again,
Your innocence that breast could charm,
  Perhaps your beauty pain.

CCCI.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Go then to Italy; but mind
To leave the pale low France behind;
Pass through that country, nor ascend
The Rhine, nor over Tyrol wend:
Thus all at once shall rise more grand
The glories of the ancient land.
  Dickens! how often when the air
Breath'd genially, I've thought me there,
And rais'd to heaven my thankful eyes
To see three spans of deep blue skies.
  In Genoa now I hear a stir,
A shout . . *Here comes the Minister!*
Yes, thou art he, although not sent
By cabinet or parliament:
Yes, thou art he. Since Milton's youth
Bloom'd in the Eden of the South,
Spirit so pure and lofty none
Hath heavenly Genius from his throne
Deputed on the banks of Thames
To speak his voice and urge his claims.
Let every nation know from thee
How less than lovely Italy
Is the whole world beside; let all
Into their grateful breasts recall
How Prospero and Miranda dwelt
In Italy: the griefs that melt
The stoniest heart, each sacred tear
One lacrymatory gathered here;
All Desdemona's, all that fell
In playful Juliet's bridal cell.
  Ah! could my steps in life's decline
Accompany or follow thine!
But my own vines are not for me
To prune, or from afar to see.
I miss the tales I used to tell
With cordial Hare and joyous Gell,
And that good old Archbishop whose
Cool library, at evening's close
(Soon as from Ischia swept the gale
And heav'd and left the dark'ning sail)
Its lofty portal opened wide
To me, and very few beside:

Yet large his kindness. Still the poor
Flock round Taranto's palace-door,
And find no other to replace
The noblest of a noble race.
Amid our converse you would see
Each with white cat upon his knee,
And flattering that grand company:
For Persian kings might proudly own
Such glorious cats to share the throne.
Write me few letters: I'm content
With what for all the world is meant;
Write then for all: but, since my breast
Is far more faithful than the rest,
Never shall any other share
With little Nelly nestling there.

CCCII.

ON SEEING A LADY SIT FOR HER PORTRAIT.

The basket upon which thy fingers bend,
Thou mayst remember in my Tuscan hall,
When the glad children, gazing on a friend,
From heedless arm let high-piled peaches fall
On the white marble, splashing to the wall.

Oh, were they present at this later hour!
Could they behold the form whole realms admire,
Lean with such grace o'er cane and leaf and flower,
Happy once more would they salute their sire,
Nor wonder that her name still rests upon his lyre.

CCCIII.

TO MISS POWER.

I can not very plainly tell
What hair the nearest yours may dwell,
When with the sweetest blossoms Love
Shall decorate the blest alcove,
Which he alone hath skill to raise
And shelter from all stormy days.

But, lady fair, the reason why
Its colour hath escaped the eye,
Is, that your laurel quite obscures
The hair that ventures nearest yours.*

* Irish country-girls believe that, when they first hear the cuckoo, if they n up the nearest stone, they will find a hair under it of the same colour as ir future husband's.

CCCIV.

TO SOUTHEY, 1833.

Indweller of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged erewhile by white-hair'd Dane;
Rare architect of many a wondrous tale,
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,
And see methinks the lake below
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair
And radiant than the purest waters are,
Even when gurgling in their joy among
The bright and blessed throng
Whom, on her arm recline,*
The beauteous Proserpine
With tenderest regretful gaze,
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

Alas! that snows are shed
Upon thy laurel'd head,
Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!
Malignity lets none
Approach the Delphic throne;
A hundred lane-fed curs bark down Fame's hundred tongues.
But this is in the night, when men are slow
To raise their eyes, when high and low,
The scarlet and the colourless, are one:
Soon Sleep unbars his noiseless prison,
And active minds again are risen;
Where are the curs? dream-bound, and whimpering in the sun.

At fife's or lyre's or tabor's sound
The dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round,
But closes at the bottom of the room
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
Where the weary sit them down,
And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends;
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends!

* So Milton: *Par. Lost*, B. iv., v. 333,

"sideling as they sat, *recline*
On the soft downy bank, damaskt with flowers."

When we are come to it, the stream
Is not so dreary as they deem
Who look on it from haunts too dear;
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
To poet, sage, or hero given:
No heart more tender, none more just
To that He largely placed in trust:
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the Eternal throne,
And hear, in God's own voice, "Well done."

Not, were that submarine
Gem-lighted city mine,
Wherein my name, engraven by thy hand,
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand;
Not, were all Syracuse
Pour'd forth before my Muse,
With Hiero's cars and steeds, and Pindar's lyre
Brightening the path with more than solar fire,
Could I, as would beseem, requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from thy most lofty lays.

CCCV.

TO BARRY CORNWALL.

Barry! your spirit long ago
Has haunted me; at last I know
The heart it sprung from: one more sound
Ne'er rested on poetic ground.
But, Barry Cornwall! by what right
Wring you my breast and dim my sight,
And make me wish at every touch
My poor old hand could do as much?
No other in these later times
Has bound me in so potent rhymes.
I have observed the curious dress
And jewelry of brave Queen Bess,
But always found some o'ercharged thing,
Some flaw in even the brightest ring,
Admiring in her men of war,
A rich but too argute guitar.
Our foremost now are more prolix,
And scrape with three-fell fiddlesticks,

And, whether bound for griefs or smiles,
Are slow to turn as crocodiles.
Once, every court and country bevy
Chose the gallant of loins less heavy,
And would have laid upon the shelf
Him who could talk but of himself.
Reason is stout, but even Reason
May walk too long in Rhyme's hot season.
I have heard many folks aver
They have caught horrid colds with her.
Imagination's paper kite,
Unless the string is held in tight,
Whatever fits and starts it takes,
Soon bounces on the ground, and breaks.
You, placed afar from each extreme,
Nor dully drowse nor wildly dream,
But, ever flowing with good-humour,
Are bright as spring and warm as summer.
Mid your Penates not a word
Of scorn or ill-report is heard;
Nor is there any need to pull
A sheaf or truss from cart too full,
Lest it overload the horse, no doubt,
Or clog the road by falling out.
We, who surround a common table,
And imitate the fashionable,
Wear each two eye-glasses: *this* lens
Shows us our faults, *that* other men's.
We do not care how dim may be
This by whose aid our own we see,
But, ever anxiously alert
That all may have their whole desert,
We would melt down the stars and sun
In our heart's furnace, to make one
Thro' which the enlighten'd world might spy
A mote upon a brother's eye.

CCCVI.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL W. NAPIER.

Napier! take up anew thy pen,
To mark the deeds of mighty men.
And whose more glorious canst thou trace
Than heroes of thy name and race?
No other house hath ever borne
So many of them to adorn

The annals of our native land
In virtue, wisdom, and command.
But foremost, and to thee most near,
Is he who vanquisht the Ameer.
And when before his feet was laid
By fallen power the thirteenth blade,
With every hilt more rich in gems
Than Europe's kingly diadems,
Then, and then only did he stoop
To take the spoils of victory up,
That he might render each again
To hands which wielded them in vain.
"Is this the race of Clive?" cried they:
"Did Hastings exercise such sway?"
They since have seen him rais'd not more
In pride or splendour than before,
And studious but to leave behind
The blessing of just laws to Scinde.
Therefore do thou, if health permit,
Add one page more to Holy Writ.
Such is the page wherein are shown
The fragments of a bloody throne,
And peace and happiness restor'd
By their old enemy the sword.
Hasten, my friend, the work begun,
For daily dimmer grows our sun,
And age, if farther off from thee,
Creeps on, though imperceptibly.
Some call him slow, some find him fast,
But all he overtakes at last,
Unless they run and will not wait,
But overleap life's flower-twined gate.
We may not leave the lighted town
Again to tread our turfy down,
Thence tracing Avon's misty white,
The latest object seiz'd by Night,
Nor part at Claverton when Jove
Is the sole star we see above;
Yet friends for evermore. If War
Had rear'd me a triumphal car,
Imperfect would have been my pride
Unless he plac'd thee close beside,
And shouts like these the skies might rend,
"See the brave man he chose for friend!"

CCCVII.

TO MATHEW AND WOLFF.

Who are those men that pass us? men well-girt
For voyaging; of aspect meek, of breath
Ardent, of eyes that only look to heaven.
I must perforce abase before them mine,
Unworthy to behold them; I must check
Praise, which they would not from men's lip receive,
But that men call for it, throughout all lands,
Throughout all ages.
Hail, deliverers
From sin, from every other thraldom! Hail
Theobald! his true servant. Nor do thou
Suspend thy step, urged by God's voice, to press
Past Taurus, past the Caspian, past the groves
Of Samarcand, thrilling with Persian song,
To where Bokhara's noisome prisons hold
Indomitable hearts, to perish there
Unless thou save them: but thine too may rot
Beside them, whether timely or too late
Thou plungest into that deep well of woe.
Wolff! there was one who bore thy glorious name
Before thee; one who rais'd from foul disgrace
The British flag, and won the western world:
Brave man! and happy in his death! but thou
In life art happier nor less brave than he.
I will believe that Christianity
(Merciful God! forgive the manifold
Adulteries with her valets and her grooms,
Rank gardeners and wheezing manciples!)
Is now of service to the earth she curst
With frauds perpetual, intermittent fires,
And streams of blood that intersect the globe:
I will believe it: none shall kill my faith
While men like thee are with us. Kings conspire
Against their God, and raise up images
Arrayed in purple all befringed with gold,
For blindfold men to worship, and ordain
That flocks and herds and corn, nay, common grass,
Nay, what the rivers and the seas throw up,
Be laid before them for their revelry.
The twisted columns are grand ornaments;
Yet all their foliage, all their fruitage, lends
Support but feeble to the dome above.
Ye pass bareheaded under open heaven,

Under the torrid and the frozen sky,
To preach the word of truth, to snatch the soul
From death, the captive from his double chain:
Therefore be glory to you both on high,
On earth (what none so deeply sigh for) peace!

CCCVIII.

TO MICHELET ON HIS "PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES."

Michelet! Time urges me down life's descent,
Yet suffers me to breathe and look abroad
And view one object, grand and luminous,
In the clear south: 'tis thou; apart, alone,
Brave combatant, above all bravery
Of proudest battle-field! No eloquence
In thy own land, altho' that land pour'd forth
From Paschal and from Bossuet such as Rome
And Athens never heard, is warm as thine.
To raise the feeble, to abase the proud,
To strike the mask from frockt Hypocrisy,
Is worthy of thy genius. Deign to hear
One more applauder. If unfit to judge
How far above all others of our day
Thou standest, how much higher every hour
Will come to raise thee, deign to hear a voice
That faulters with thy own, while that large heart
Swells o'er a mother's dust. Albeit too poor
Wert thou to bury her, the glorious son
Hath now erected over her a tomb
Such as, with all his wealth, no king to king,
No grateful nation to protector rais'd.

CCCIX.

TO MICHELET ON HIS "PEOPLE."

I praise thee, Michelet, whom I saw
At Reason's Feast, by Right and Law.
Must then, when Discord's voice hath ceast,
And when the faggot fails the priest,
All present Frenchmen, like all past,
Cry for a lap of blood at last?

CCCX.

TO MACAULAY.

The dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;

And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of woman-kind,
Who win their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead.
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns,
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

CCCXI.

TO JOHN KENYON.

So, Kenyon, thou lover of frolic and laughter,
  We meet in a place where we never were sad.
But who knows what destiny waits us hereafter,
  How little or much of the pleasures we had!

The leaves of perhaps our last autumn are falling;
  Half-spent is the fire that may soon cease to burn;
How many are absent who heed not our calling!
  Alas, and how many who can not return!

Now, ere you are one of them, puff from before you
  The sighs and entreaties that sadden Torquay:
A score may cling round you, and one may adore you;
  If so, the more reason to hurry away.

CCCXII.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze

Of Alpine highths thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

CCCXIII.

TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

CCCXIV.

TO JOSEPH ABLETT.

Lord of the Celtic dells,
Where Clwyd listens as his minstrel tells
Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance
The plumes of flashy France,
Or, in dark region far across the main,
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,
Until their steel-clad spirits reappear;
How happy were the hours that held
Thy friend (long absent from his native home)
Amid thy scenes with thee! how wide a-field
From all past cares and all to come!

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp, what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope;
What Genius, that should cope
With the heart-whispers in that path
Winding so idly, where the idler stream
Flings at the white-hair'd poplars gleam for gleam?

Ablett, of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,
Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together. Wisely spent
Are they alone that leave the soul content.

Together we have visited the men
Whom Pictish pirates vainly would have drown'd;
Ah, shall we ever clasp the hand again
That gave the British harp its truest sound?
Live, Derwent's guest! and thou by Grasmere springs!
Serene creators of immortal things.

And live too thou for happier days
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's fays
Have heart and soul possest:
Growl in grim London he who will,
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,
And swell with pride his sun-burnt breast.

Old Redi in his easy chair
With varied chant awaits thee there,
And here are voices in the grove
Aside my house, that make me think
Bacchus is coming down to drink
To Ariadne's love.

But whither am I borne away
From thee, to whom began my lay?
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;
I stept aside to greet my friends;
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,
I know but three or four at most.

Deem not that Time hath borne too hard
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,
Leaving me only three or four:
'Tis my old number; dost thou start
At such a tale? in what man's heart
Is there fireside for more?

I never courted friends or Fame;
She pouted at me long, at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck and said,
"Take what hath been for years delay'd,
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand
I waved away the offer'd seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted great,
The rulers of our land;
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten Pleasure's purer cup.

Thou knowest how, and why, are dear to me
My citron groves of Fiesole,
My chirping Affrico,* my beechwood nook,
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their faces,
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

'Tis not Pelasgian wall,
By him made sacred whom alone
'Twere not profane to call
The bard divine, nor (thrown
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Vallombrosa in the crimson east.

Here can I sit or roam at will;
Few trouble me, few wish me ill,
Few come across me, few too near;
Here all my wishes make their stand;
Here ask I no one's voice or hand;
Scornful of favour, ignorant of fear.

Yon vine upon the maple bough
Flouts at the hearty wheat below;
Away her venal wines the wise man sends,
While those of lower stem he brings
From inmost treasure vault, and sings
Their worth and age among his chosen friends.

* Affrico. A little stream celebrated by Boccaccio, in his Ninfale, &c. To is place his Bella Brigáta retired, to relate the last stories of the Decameron. he Author's villa (formerly Count Gherardesca's, the representative of the ıhappy Count Ugolino) stands directly above what was anciently the lake scribed there.

Behold our Earth,* most nigh the sun
Her zone least opens to the genial heat,
But farther off her veins more freely run:
'Tis thus with those who whirl about the great;
The nearest shrink and shiver, we remote
May open-breasted blow the pastoral oat.

CCCXV.

TO AN AGED POET.

Why, O true poet of the country! why
With goat-skin glove an ancient friend defy?
Think timely (for our coming years are few)
Their worst diseases mortals may subdue;
Which, if they grow around the loftier mind,
Death, when ourselves are smitten, leaves behind.
Our frowardness, our malice, our distrust,
Cling to our name and sink not with our dust.
Like peer's and pauper's are our flesh and blood,
Perish like them we can not, if we would.
Is not our sofa softer when one end
Sinks to the welcome pressure of a friend?
If he hath rais'd us from our low estate,
Are we not happier when they call him great?
Some who sat round us while the grass was green
Fear the chill air and quit the duller scene;
Some, unreturning, through our doors have past,
And haply we may live to see the last.

CCCXVI.

TO A PAINTER.

Conceal not Time's misdeeds, but on my brow
Retrace his mark:
Let the retiring hair be silvery now
That once was dark:
Eyes that reflected images too bright
Let clouds o'ercast,
And from the tablet be abolisht quite
The cheerful past.
Yet Care's deep lines should one from waken'd Mirth
Steal softly o'er,
Perhaps on me the fairest of the Earth,
May glance once more.

* It is calculated that the Earth is *two million seven hundred and fifty-four housand miles* nearer to the sun in the shortest day than in the longest.

CCCXVII.

TO A BRIDE, FEB. 17, 1846.

A still, serene, soft day; enough of sun
To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-tree snow,
Whiter than those white flowers the bride-maids wore;
Upon the silent boughs the lissom air
Rested; and, only when it went, they moved,
Nor more than under linnet springing off.
Such was the wedding-morn: the joyous Year
Lept over March and April up to May.
  Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,
Thyself borne on in cool serenity,
All heaven around and bending over thee,
All earth below and watchful of thy course!
Well hast thou chosen, after long demur
To aspirations from more realms than one.
Peace be with those thou leavest! peace with thee!
Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,
But very much: for Love himself feels pain,
While brighter plumage shoots, to shed last year's;
And one at home (how dear that one!) recalls
Thy name, and thou recallest one at home.
Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour of tears
Is over; nor believe thou that Romance
Closes against pure Faith her rich domain.
Shall only blossoms flourish there? Arise,
Far-sighted bride! look forward! clearer views
And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.
Fortune in vain call'd out to thee; in vain
Rays from high regions darted; Wit pour'd out
His sparkling treasures; Wisdom laid his crown
Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet.
Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the words,
Adding as true ones, not untold before,
That incense must have fire for its ascent,
Else 'tis inert and can not reach the idol.
Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.
Enjoy it while it lasts; and last it will;
Love can prolong it in despite of Years.

CCCXVIII.

TO JOHN FORSTER.

Forster! whose zeal hath seiz'd each written page
That fell from me, and over many lands

Hath clear'd for me a broad and solid way,
Whence one more age, aye, haply more than one,
May be arrived at (all through thee), accept
No false or faint or perishable thanks.
From better men, and greater, friendship turn'd
Thy willing steps to me. From Eliot's cell
Death-dark, from Hampden's sadder battle-field,
From steadfast Cromwell's tribunitian throne,
Loftier than kings' supported knees could mount,
Hast thou departed with me, and hast climbed
Cecropian highths, and ploughed Ægean waves.
Therefore it never grieved me when I saw
That she who guards those regions and those seas
Hath lookt with eyes more gracious upon thee.
There are no few like that conspirator
Who, under prètext of power-worship, fell
At Cæsar's feet, only to hold him down
While others stabb'd him with repeated blows:
And there are more who fling light jibes, immerst
In gutter-filth, against the car that mounts
Weighty with triumph up the Sacred Way.
Protect in every place my stranger guests,
Born in the lucid land of free pure song,
Now first appearing on repulsive shores,
Bleak, and where safely none but natives move,
Red-poll'd, red-handed, siller-grasping men.
Ah! lead them far away, for they are used
To genial climes and gentle speech; but most
Cymodameia: warn the Tritons off
While she ascends, while through the opening plain
Of the green sea (brighten'd by bearing it)
Gushes redundantly her golden hair.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

FROM

"THE LAST FRUIT OFF AN OLD TREE," 1853.

THE LAST FRUIT OFF AN OLD TREE.

EPIGRAMS.

Under the title of *Epigrams* some will be found here which the general reader may hardly recognise in that character. It will also easily be believed, from the subjects if not from the execution, that several of the lighter pieces were written in early youth. My thanks are now returned to those amiable friends who have thought them worthy of preservation so long. At the close of my seventy-ninth year I am amused in recollecting the occasions. W. S. L.

I.

TO ONE WHO QUOTES AND DETRACTS.

Rob me and maim me! Why, man, take such pains
On your bare heath to hang yourself in chains?

II.

Who never borrow and who never lend,
Whate'er their losses, will not lose their friend.

III.

Poet! I like not mealy fruit; give me
Freshness and crispness and solidity;
Apples are none the better over-ripe,
And prime buck-venison I prefer to tripe.

IV.

The Rector of Saint Peter's, I know where,
Of erring ignorance takes special care;
Preaching, "It much behoves us that we pray
For these, our flock; none want it more than they.
For such benighted creatures all must feel . .
Scarce can they tell a lamprey from an eel!"

V.

Seeing Loreto's holy house descend,
  Two robbers were converted. Into what?
Into more robbers; robbers without end,
  Who grind men's bones and feed upon men's fat.

VI.

ON CATULLUS.

Tell me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio . .
    Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are . . as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
    With nectar, and runs on.

VII.

There falls with every wedding chime
A feather from the wing of Time.
You pick it up, and say "How fair
To look upon its colours are!"
Another drops day after day
Unheeded; not one word you say.
When bright and dusky are blown past,
Upon the hearse there nods the last.

VIII.

Across, up, down, our fortunes go,
Like particles of feathery snow,
Never so certain or so sound
As when they're fallen to the ground.

IX.

Erewhile exulting in its power
  Rose thy bright form o'er worlds of sighs;
Graceful as then, at this late hour
  Upon the scatter'd flowers it lies.

X.

Early I thought the worst of lies
In poets was, that beauty dies;
I thought not only it must stay,
But glow the brighter every day:
Some who then bloom'd on earth are gone,
In some the bloom is overblown.

XI.

Winter has changed his mind and fixt to come.
Now two or three snow-feathers at a time
Drop heavily, in doubt if they should drop
Or wait for others to support their fall.

XII.

I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have too a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Tho' 'tis only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within.
And as sure as I'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is one
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?

XIII.

Smithfield! thy festival prepare
And drive the cattle from the fair;
Another drove is coming fast . .
Tie, tie the faggot to the mast:
And purify the nation's crimes
Again as in the good old times.
"*Huzza!*" the children cry, "*huzza!*
Now then for one more holiday!"

XIV.

Joy is the blossom, sorrow is the fruit,
Of human life; and worms are at the root.

XV.

"*Why do I smile?*" To hear you say
"*One month, and then the shortest day!*"
The shortest, whate'er month it be,
Is the bright day you pass with me.

XVI.

COWLEY'S STYLE.

Dispenser of wide-wasting woe,
Creation's laws you overthrow.

Mankind in your fierce flames you burn
And drown in their own tears by turn.
Deluged had been the world in vain,
Your fire soon dried its clothes again.

XVII.

Ye who adore God's Vicar while he saith,
Blessed be every lie that props the faith,
Draw ye from Peter's fish no purer oil
To feed your *Lamp?* In vain then do ye toil.

XVIII.

Thought fights with thought: out springs a spark of truth
From the collision of the sword and shield.

XIX.

Where are the sounds that swam along
The buoyant air when I was young?
The last vibration now is o'er,
And they who listen'd are no more;
Ah! let me close my eyes and dream,
I see one imaged on the Leam.

XX.

Fair Love! and fairer Hope! we play'd together,
When ye were little ones, for many a day,
Sometimes in fine, sometimes in gloomier weather:
Is it not hard to part so soon in May?

XXI.

Alas! 'tis very sad to hear,
Your and your Muse's end draws near:
I only wish, if this be true,
To lie a little way from you.
The grave is cold enough for me
Without you and your poetry.

XXII.

E. ARUNDELL.

Nature! thou mayest fume and fret,
There's but one white violet;
Scatter o'er the vernal ground
Faint resemblances around,
Nature! I will tell thee yet
There's but one white violet.

XXIII.

Known as thou art to ancient Fame
My praise, Ristormel, shall be scant:
The Muses gave thy sounding name,
The Graces thy inhabitant.

XXIV.

Mild is Euphemius, mild as summer dew
Or Belgic lion poked to Waterloo.

XXV.

A friendship never bears uncanker'd fruit
Where one of ancient growth has been blown down.

XXVI.

Pentheus, by maddening Furies driven,
Saw, it is said, two suns in heaven,
And I believe it true;
I also see a double sun
Where calmer mortals see but one . .
My sun, my heaven . . in you.

XXVII.

Graceful Acacia! slender, brittle,
I think I know the like of thee;
But thou art tall and she is little . .
What God shall call her his own tree?
Some God must be the last to change her;
From him alone she will not flee;
O may he fix to earth the ranger,
And may he lend her shade to me!

XXVIII.

Whether the Furies lash the criminal
Or weaker Passions lead him powerless on,
I see the slave and scorn him equally.

XXIX.

Unkindness can be but where kindness was;
Thence, and thence only, fly her certain shafts
And carry fire and venom on the point.

XXX.

TO POETS.

My children! speak not ill of one another;
I do not ask you not to hate;
Cadets must envy every elder brother,
The little poet must the great.

XXXI.

Cahills! do what you will at home,
Order'd, or order'd not, by Rome.
Teach Innocence the deeds of Shame,
Question her, what each act, each name?
Hear patiently, where, how, how often,
Ere ghostly commination soften.
Brawl, bidding civil discord cease;
Murder, to please the Prince of Peace.
For Him who sees thro' worlds set spies,
And guard the throne of Truth with lies.
Only, where Treason tempts you, pause,
And leave us house and home and laws.

XXXII.

Love flies with bow unstrung when Time appears,
And trembles at the assault of heavy years;
A few bright feathers bear him on his flight
Quite beyond call, but not forgotten quite.

XXXIII.

Matthias, Gifford, men like those,
Find in great poets but great foes;
In Wordsworth but a husky wheeze,
Or Byron but a foul disease,
In Southey one who softly bleats,
And one of thinnest air in Keats.
Yet will these live for years and years,
When those have felt the fatal shears.

XXXIV.

To his young Rose an old man said,
"You will be sweet when I am dead:
Where skies are brightest we shall meet,
And there will you be yet more sweet,
Leaving your winged company
To waste an idle thought on me."

XXXV.

AMERICAN CHRISTMAS GAMES.

When eating and drinking and spitting and smoking
And romping and roaring and slapping and joking
Have each had fair play, the last toast of the night
Is "Success to the brave who have fought the good fight."
Then America whistles, and Hungary sings,
"The cards in the pack are not all knaves and kings.
There are rogues at Vienna, and worse at Berlin,
Who chuckle at cheating so long as they win;
For us yet remains a prime duty to do,
Tho' we dirty the kennel by dragging them thro'."

XXXVI.

I, near the back of Life's dim stage
Feel thro' the slips the drafts of age.
Fifty good years are gone: with youth
The wind is always in the south.

XXXVII.

In the odour of sanctity Miriam abounds,
Her husband's is nearer the odour of hounds,
With a dash of the cess-pool, a dash of the sty,
And the water of cabbages running hard-by.

XXXVIII.

The crysolites and rubies Bacchus brings
To crown the feast where swells the broad-vein'd brow,
Where maidens blush at what the minstrel sings,
They who have coveted may covet now.

Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape uncrusht,
The peach of pulpy cheek and down mature,
Where every voice (but bird's or child's) is husht,
And every thought, like the brook nigh, runs pure.

XXXIX.

"Among the few sure truths we know"
A poet, deep in thought and woe,
Says "Flowers, *when they have lived*, must die,"
And so, sweet maid! must you and I.

XL.

I remember the time ere his temples were grey,
And I frown'd at the things he'd the boldness to say;
But now he grows old he may say what he will,
I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.
Indeed I must say he's a little improved,
For he watches no longer the slily beloved;
No longer, as once, he awakens my fears,
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears;
If ever he heard one, it never transpired,
For his only delight is to see me admired;
And now, pray, what better return can I make
Than flirt, and be always admired . . for his sake.

XLI.

DIALOGUE.

M.

Why! who now in the world is this?
It cannot be the same . . I miss
The gift he always brought . . a kiss.
Yet still I know my eyes are bright
And not a single hair turn'd white.

L.

O idol of my youth! upon
That joyous head grey hair there's none,
Nor may there ever be! grey hair
Is the unthrifty growth of Care,
Which she has planted . . you see where.

XLII.

We know a poet rich in thought, profuse
In bounty; but his grain wants winnowing;
There hangs much chaff about it, barndoor dust,
Cobwebs, small insects: it might make a loaf,
A good large loaf, of household bread; but flour
Must be well bolted for a dainty roll.

XLIII.

What garden but glows
With at least its one rose
Whether sunny or showery be June?
What heart so unblest
That it never possest
One treasure, tho' perishing soon?

XLIV.

Be not in too great haste to dry
The tear that springs from sympathy.

XLV.

We have survived three months of rain,
O come and bring the sun again;
Your *Rosebud*, tho' she treads on air,
Is only yet the morning star;
Old January's nineteenth day
To me is like the first of May.
I drink your health . . but Time, alas!
Holds over mine another glass,
In which no liquid rubies shine,
But whose dry sand drains all the wine:
Fain would I turn it upside down,
It will not do . . I fear his frown;
Tho' on the whole (now come and see)
He has been somewhat mild with me.

XLVI.

I will not, dare not, look behind,
On days when you were true and kind,
Oh that I now could grow as blind.
Why did you ever tempt the sea
And the sea-breeze, if *there* must be
A lesson of inconstancy?

XLVII.

No easy thing to hit the mind
That wavers with each gust of wind,
Nor worth the while, unless to show
What a good blade and skill can do.
Damascus sabres at one stroke
Cut lightest plume or hardest oak.
I let your feathers sweep the plain
And sheath my scymeter again.

XLVIII.

Thou needst not pitch upon my hat,
Thou wither'd leaf! to show how near
Is now the winter of my year;
Alas! I want no hint of that.

Prythee, ah prythee get along!
Whisper as gently in the ear,
I once could whisper in, to fear
No change, but live for dance and song.

XLIX.

Too mindful of the fault in Eve,
You ladies never will believe,
Else I would venture now to say
I love you quite as well this day
As when fire ran along my veins
From your bright eyes, and joys and pains
Each other's swelling waves pursued,
And when the wooer too was wooed.

L.

Neither in idleness consume thy days,
Nor bend thy back to mow the weeds of praise.

LI.

While thou wert by
With laughing eye,
I felt the glow and song of spring:
Now thou art gone
I sit alone,
Nor heed who smile nor hear who sing.

LII.

How many ages did the planets roll
O'er sapient heads that nightly watcht their course,
Ere the most sapient betwixt pole and pole
Believed them fleeter than the dustman's horse!

LIII.

In quadruped or winged game
Gourmands there are who like the *high*:
'Tis in society the same . .
A touch of taint is spicery.

LIV.

Our days are number'd, O Eliza! mine
On the left hand have many numerals,
Few on the right; but while those days decline
May her's shine bright who graced these lonely halls!

LV.

Cypress and Cedar! gracefullest of trees,
Friends of my boyhood! ye, before the breeze,
As lofty lords before an eastern throne,
Bend the whole body, not the head alone.

LVI.

Love thou thy neighbour as thyself
Lies an old sawe upon the shelf.
With intercourse and accent bland
Dogs . . smooth Maltese, rough Newfoundland,
And spirited and faithful Spitz . .
Accost me: let them teach the wits.
The greater have come up and done
All honour, the minuter none.
Singling me from amidst the crowd
My next-door neighbour barks most loud.

LVII.

Stop, stop, friend Cogan! would you throw
That tooth away? You little know
Its future: that which now you see
A sinner's, an old saint's may be,
And popes may bless it in a ring
To charm the conscience of some king.

LVIII.

Yes, I will come to Oxford now
Juicy and green is every bough,
Unfit as yet to roast a Froude:
Exeter cries, "To what a pass
Are we reduced! alas! alas!"
And Church and College wail aloud.

LIX.

People may think the work of sleep
That deep-indented frown;
Its post of honour let it keep,
Nor draw the nightcap down.
Acknowledge that at every wheeze,
At every grunt and groan,
You hear his verses; do not these
Proclaim them for his own?

LX.

Years, many parti-colour'd years,
  Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
  I never could see fall alone.
Years, not so many, are to come,
  Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
  I see it not, nor hear *adieu*.

LXI.

Death, in approaching, brings me sleep so sound
I scarcely hear the dreams that hover round;
One cruel thing, one only, he can do . . .
Break the bright image (Life's best gift) of you.

LXII.

Here stands a civil man, John Hickes,
Waiting, he says, to cross the Styx.
Check that dog's treble-bass, O Charon!
Take him, and lay the lightest fare on.

LXIII.

YOUNG.

Thou dreariest droll of puffy short-breath'd writers!
All thy *night-thoughts* and day-thoughts hung on mitres.

LXIV.

A QUARRELSOME BISHOP.

To hide her ordure, claws the cat;
You claw, but not to cover that.
Be decenter, and learn at least
One lesson from the cleanlier beast.

LXV.

"Instead of idling half my hours,
I might have learnt the names of flowers
  In gardens, groves, and fields."
Where then had been the sweet surprise
That sparkles from those dark-blue eyes?
  Less pleasure knowledge yields.

LXVI.

Here lies our honest friend Sam Parr,
A better man than most men are.
So learned, he could well dispense
Sometimes with merely common sense:
So voluble, so eloquent,
You little heeded what he meant:
So generous, he could spare a word
To throw at Warburton or Hurd:
So loving, every village-maid
Sought his caresses, tho' afraid.

LXVII.

Jack Campbell! if few are
So stealthy as you are,
Few steal with so honest a face:
But recollect, when
You pluck a fresh pen,
That where the soil's richest is deepest the trace.
Beware lest Macaulay,
Hard-fisted, should maul ye
When he catches you sucking his Bacon.
At Lister's church-yard
There is station'd no guard;
Creep over; *his* spoils may be taken.

LXVIII.

Blythe bell, that calls to bridal halls,
Tolls deep a darker day;
The very shower that feeds the flower
Weeps also its decay.

LXIX.

TO AN OLD MULBERRY-TREE.

Old mulberry! with all thy moss around,
Thy arms are shatter'd, but thy heart is sound:
So then remember one for whom of yore
Thy tenderest boughs the crimson berry bore;
Remember one who, trusting in thy strength,
Lay on the low and level branch full length.
No strength has he, alas! to climb it now,
Nor strength to bear him, if he had, hast thou.

LXX.

Hasten, O hasten, poet mine!
To give the hoarsest of the Nine
Her usual syrop; let her go
To sleep, as she lets others do.

LXXI.

Weak minds return men hatred for contempt,
Strong ones contempt for hatred. Which is best?

LXXII.

In port, beyond the swell of winds and tides,
My little skiff the *Independence* rides.
Scanty, tho' strong and hearty is her crew,
So, come aboard; she can find room for *you*.

LXXIII.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S STATUE.

Enduring is the bust of bronze,
And thine, O flower of George's sons,
Stands high above all laws and duns.

As honest men as ever cart
Convey'd to Tyburn took thy part
And raised thee up to where thou art.

LXXIV.

Why do the Graces now desert the Muse?
They hate bright ribbons tying wooden shoes.

LXXV.

When a man truly loves he is at best
A frail thermometer to the beloved:
His spirits rise and fall but at her breath,
And shower and sunshine are divined from her.

LXXVI.

Better to praise too largely small deserts,
Than censure too severely great defects.

LXXVII.

Hungarians! raise your laurel'd brows again,
Ye who can raise them from amid the slain,
And swear we hear but fables, and the youth
Who sways o'er Austria never "swerv'd from truth."

LXXVIII.

Bidden by Hope the sorrowful and fond
Look o'er the present hour for hours beyond.
Some press, some saunter on, until at last
They reach that chasm which none who breathe hath past.
Before them Death starts up, and opens wide
His wings, and wafts them to the farther side.

LXXIX.

Ireland never was contented . .
Say you so? you are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the sword and pen,
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried Angels robed in green,
Wearing, by St. Patrick's bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.

LXXX.

LADY HAMILTON.

Long have the Syrens left their sunny coast,
The Muse's voice, heard later, soon was lost:
Of all the Graces one remains alone,
Gods call her Emma; mortals, Hamilton.

LXXXI.

There is a time when the romance of life
Should be shut up, and closed with double clasp:
Better that this be done before the dust
That none can blow away falls into it.

LXXXII.

Nay, thank me not again for those
Camelias, that untimely rose;

But if, whence you might please the more
And win the few unwon before,
I sought the flowers you loved to wear,
O'erjoy'd to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave, I pray you, set
One primrose or one violet.
. . . Stay . . . I can wait a little yet.

LXXXIII.

Expect no grape, no fig, no wholesome fruit
From Gaul engrafted upon Corsican.

LXXXIV.

AN IRISHMAN TO FATHER MATHEW.

O Father Mathew!
Whatever path you
In life pursue,
God grant your Reverence
May brush off never hence
Our mountain dew!

LXXXV.

"*A Paraphrase on Job*" we see
By Young: it loads the shelf:
He who can read one half must be
Patient as Job himself.

LXXXVI.

Meyrick! surrounded by Silurian boors,
Against that rabble shut your castle-doors;
I mean that coarser rabble which aspires
To square its shoulders in the squad of squires;
Which holds the scholar under heavy ban,
And, drunk or sober, spurns the gentleman.
Meyrick! how wide your difference! hardly wider
Your mellow claret and their musty cider.

LXXXVII.

It often happens a bad pun
Goes farther than a better one.
A miss is often not a bit
Less startling than the fairest hit:
This (under high-raised eyebrows seen)
Poor Goldsmith proved on *Turnham-green.*

LXXXVIII.

The ancient Faith brings recreant Gauls
In guise of friends to scale the walls
Of manful Rome: as false their word
As ever, and more foul the sword.

LXXXIX.

"What is my faith?" I do believe
That ladies never would deceive,
And that the little fault of Eve
Is very easy to retrieve.

"*She lost us immortality!*"
"Well, so she might; and what care I?
Eden and Paradise are nigh
As ever: should we pass them by?"

XC.

TO JOHN FORSTER.

Censured by her who stands above
The Sapphic Muse in song and love,
"*For minding what such people do,*"
I turn in confidence to you.
Now, Forster, did you never stop
At orange-peel or turnip-top,
To kick them from your path, and then
Complacently walk on again?

XCI.

In summer when the sun's mad horses pass
Thro' more than half the heavens, we sink to rest
In Italy, nor tread the crackling grass,
But wait until they plunge into the west:
And could not you, Mazzini! wait awhile?
The grass is wither'd, but shall spring again;
The Gods, who frown on Italy, will smile
As in old times, and men once more be men.

XCII.

God scatters beauty as he scatters flowers
O'er the wide earth, and tells us all are ours.
A hundred lights in every temple burn,
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.

XCIII.

THE DEATH OF MADAME ROLAND.

Genius and Virtue! dismal was the dearth
  Ye saw throughout all France when ye lookt down.
In the wide waste of blood-besprinkled earth,
  There was but one great soul, and that had flown.

XCIV.

There are certain blue eyes
  Which insist on your sighs,
And the readiest to give them is far the most wise;
  An obstinate lout
  Resolved to stand out
Cries at last like a criminal under the knout.

XCV.

Death stands above me, whispering low
  I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
  Is, there is not a word of fear.

XCVI.

ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY HER SISTER.

Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquisht death!
  Upon my heart's high altar shall ye lie,
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,
  Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.

XCVII.

Deserted in our utmost need
Was Peel, and what poor fags succeed!
Lie dead, ye bees! come forth, ye drones!
Malmsburies, Maidstones, Pakingtons!
Hum in the sunshine while ye may,
Tomorrow comes a rainy day.

XCVIII.

A flirt was Belinda! the more she reproved
  Her lover for changing his mind.
"Say who," cried the youth, "O my dearly beloved!
  Can be steady that polks with the wind?"

XCIX.

THE ONE GRAVE.

Though other friends have died in other days,
One grave there is where memory sinks and stays.

C.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Thou murderous man! a time there comes, we trust,
When, king's or peasant's, dust springs forth from dust:
Then, when the spirit its own form shall see,
Beauteous or hideous, woe then, wretch, to thee!

CI.

Wearers of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.

CII.

Come forth, old lion, from thy den,
Come, be the gaze of idle men,
Old lion, shake thy mane and growl,
Or they will take thee for an owl.

CIII.

Threaten the wretch who rashly comes
To violate these tranquil tombs,
Eglantine! sweet protectress! you
Can threaten him and punish too.

CIV.

Envy ne'er thrust into my hand her torch,
The robe of those who mount up higher to scorch.
On old Greek idols I may fix my eyes
Oftener, and bring them larger sacrifice,
Yet on the altar where are worshipt ours
I light my taper and lay down my flowers.

CV.

Strike with Thor's hammer, strike again
The skulking heads of half-form'd men,
And every northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aim'd blow, Carlyle!

CVI.

By learned men was England led,
  When England follow'd men like these;
His father's speeches One had read, . . .
  One, Ovid's Metamorphoses.

CVII.

OLD MAN.

  What wouldst thou say,
  Autumnal day,
Clothed in a mist akin to rain?

DARK DAY.

  Thus I appear,
  Because next year,
Perhaps we may not meet again.

CVIII.

Changeful! how little do you know
Of Byron when you call him so!
True as the magnet is to iron
Byron hath ever been to Byron.
His color'd prints, in gilded frames,
Whatever the designs and names,
One image set before the rest,
In shirt with falling collar drest,
And keeping up a rolling fire at
Patriot, conspirator, and pirate.

CIX.

Love, flying out of sight, o'ershadows me,
And leaves me cold as cold can be;
Farewell *alasses!* and *no-mores!* and you,
Sweetest and saddest word, *adieu!*

CX.

1853.

Sit quiet at your hearthstones while ye may;
Look to your arms; place them within your reach;
Keep dry the powder; throw none on the grate
In idle sport; it might blow up both roof
And door: and then the Bear that growls bursts in.

CXI.

Blind to the future, to what lies before
The future, what our feet now stand upon,
We see not, look not for, nor think about.

CXII.

Ye throw your crumbs of bread into the stream,
And there are fish that rise and swallow them;
Fish too there are that lie along the mud,
And never rise, content to feed on worms.
Thus do we poets; thus the people do.
What sparkles is caught up; what sparkles not
Falls to the bottom mingled with the sludge,
And perishes by its solidity.
The minnows twinkle round and let it pass,
Pursuing some minuter particle,
More practicable for the slender gill.

CXIII.

My yarn in verse is short: I sit among
Our few old women who ne'er learnt to spin.

CXIV.

Treasures of greek has . . ? In vain I seek 'em,
Is all the greek he has worth *album græcum?*

CXV.

One lovely name adorns my song,
And, dwelling in the heart,
For ever falters at the tongue,
And trembles to depart.

CXVI.

ON SOUTHEY'S BIRTHDAY, NOV. 4.

No Angel borne on whiter wing
  Hath visited the sons of men,
Teaching the song they ought to sing
  And guiding right the unsteady pen.
Recorded not on earth alone,
  O Southey! is thy natal day,
But there where stands the choral throne
  Show us thy light and point the way.

CXVII.

Altho' my soberer ear disdains
The irksome din of tinkling chains,
I pat two steers more sleek than strong
And yoke them to the car of Song.

CXVIII.

O wretched despicable slaves,
Accomplices and dupes of knaves!
The cut-throat uncle laid ye low,
The cut-purse nephew gags ye now.
Behold at last due vengeance come
For the brave men ye slew at Rome.

CXIX.

Penthesileia, bright and bold,
Led forth her Amazons of old,
And every man was fain to yield
Who met her on the Attic field
Save Theseus; by that bosom bare
Undazzled, or that golden hair;
He, without shuddering, dared to twist
Its rings around his stubborn fist.
  The times are alter'd: now again
Our Attic virgins scour the plain,
And Pallas is observed to rear
O'er those her Ægis and her spear.

CXX.

There are some tears that only brave men shed,
  The rest are common to the human race.
The cause of Hungary when Kossuth pled
  Such tears as his roll'd down the sternest face.

Girls wonder'd, by the side of youths who loved,
Why they had never wept until that hour;
Tender they knew those hearts, but never moved
As then. Love own'd there was one greater power.

CXXI.

The fault is not mine if I love you too much,
I loved you too little too long,
Such ever your graces, your tenderness such,
And the music the heart gave the tongue.

A time is now coming when Love must be gone,
Tho' he never abandon'd me yet.
Acknowledge our friendship, our passion disown,
Our follies (ah can you?) forget.

CXXII.

If, when a man has thrown himself on flowers,
He feels a sharp flint under him and springs
Upon his legs, he feels the flint again
Tomorrow, not the flowers: they drifted down
The stream of Lethe imperceptibly.
Heavier and sooner to be now engulpht
For every surface-drop which they imbibed.
I have so much of leisure that I hate
To lose a particle; as hate the rich
To lose the dross they know not to employ;
Else would I moralize a good half-hour
On pleasure and its sequences, and speak
As ill of them as men whom they have left
Usually do . . ungrateful, like the rest.

CXXIII.

Leaf after leaf drops off, flower after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour:
Alike they flourish and alike they fall,
And Earth who nourisht them receives them all.
Should we, her wiser sons, be less content
To sink into her lap when life is spent?

CXXIV.

TO A CHILD.

Pout not, my little Rose, but take
With dimpled fingers, cool and soft,
This posy, when thou art awake . .
Mama has worn my posies oft:

This is the first I offer thee,
  Sweet baby! many more shall rise
From trembling hand, from bended knee,
  Mid hopes and fears, mid doubts and sighs.

Before that hour my eyes will close;
  But grant me, Heaven, this one desire . .
In mercy! may my little Rose
  Never be grafted on a briar.

CXXV.

Rest of my heart! no verse can tell
  My blissful pride, beloved by you;
Yet could I love you half so well
  Unless you once had grieved me too?

CXXVI.

Let Youth, who never rests, run by;
  But should each Grace desert the Muse?
Should all that once hath charmed us, fly
  At heavy Age's creaking shoes?
The titter of light Days I hear
  To see so strange a figure come;
Laugh on, light Days, and never fear;
  He passes you; he seeks the tomb.

CXXVII.

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies
  And love to hear 'em told.
Doubt not that Solomon
Listen'd to many a one,
Some in his youth and more when he grew old.

I never was among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
  But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king,
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot
  When one pert lady said
"O Walter! I am quite
Bewilder'd with affright!
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on your head."

Another more benign
Snipt it away from mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended it was found . . .
She lept, and twirl'd it round . .
Fair as she was, she never was *so* fair.

CXXVIII.

Ulysses-like had Myrrha known,
Aye, many a man in many a town:
At last she swore that she would be
Constant to one alone, to me.
She fails a trifle: I reprove:
Myrrha no longer swears her love;
One falsehood honest Myrrha spares,
And argues better than she swears.
"Look now," says she, "o'er these fair plains,
What find you there that long remains?
The rocks upon yon ugly hill
Are hard and cold and changeless still."

CXXIX.

TO AN INNOCENT GIRL.

Maid! who canst hardly yet believe
The Tempter could have tempted Eve,
And wonderest with religious doubt
What the good angels were about
To let that horrid creature in
And try to teach her what is sin . .
Trust me, my little girl, altho'
Strange is the story, it was so.
Her whom the hollow world applauds
Where'er she moves, whate'er the gauds
Of wit and beauty she may wear,
One evil action strips her bare;
One groveling and seductive vice
Tempts her . . and farewell Paradise!

CXXX.

The Wine is murmuring in the gloom,
Because he feels that Spring is come
To gladden everything outside . .
To wing the dove to meet his bride,
And not disdainfully to pass
Even the snail along the grass;

Because he feels that on the slope
Of his own hill the vine-flowers ope;
Because he feels that never more
Will earth or heaven *his* past restore.
He beats against the ribs of iron
Which him and all his strength environ;
He murmurs, swells, and beats again,
But murmurs, swells, and beats in vain.
"*Why think about it?*" Need I say,
Remembering one sweet hour last May?
We think and feel ('twas *your* remark)
Then most when all around is dark.

CXXXI.

No insect smells so fulsome as that hard
Unseemly beetle which corrodes the rose.
Bring forth your microscope; about the bard
One very like it (only less) it shows.

CXXXII.

A sentimental lady sate
Lamenting thus a rose's fate,
As thirty of them, nay threescore,
Bard-bitten all, have done before.
"My sweet and lovely one! ah why
Must you so soon decay and die?"
"I know not," with soft accents said,
And balmy breath the Rose, "kind maid!
I only know they call me fair,
And fragrant in this summer air.
If youths should push their faces down
On mine, I smile, but never frown,
And never ('twere affected) say
So much as '*wanton! go away.*'
I would not wish to stop behind
And perish in the wint'ry wind.
I have had sisters; all are gone
Before me, and without a moan.
Be thou as sweet and calm as they,
And never mind the future day."

CXXXIII.

SEPARATION.

There is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us

Morning and noon and even-tide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross, alas! alas!

CXXXIV.

If wits and poets, two or three,
Four at the most, speak well of me,
It is because my lonely path
Lies hidden by the hills of Bath.
Neighbours who stir one step from prose
Become inevitable foes.
Poetic steamers rarely fail
Somehow to clash upon the rail.

CXXXV.

IRISH THANKS FOR ROMISH MIRACLES.

Sure from thee, most Holy Father,
Miracles in heaps we gather:
We have one before us that's
Very like the Kerry cats,
Which our history by Moore
Tells us were just twenty-four.
Others show the very house, and
Swear there were eleven thousand,
Keeping up a glorious fight
All the day and all the night,
Not a knuckle, not a rib,
Left at morn by Tab or Tib,
But one only tail to tell
What the Kerry cats befell.
Blessings on thee, Holy Father,
And thy miracles! We'd rather
See as many Frenchmen slain
Than those Kerry cats again,
Tho', as sure as you are born,
Few we want to watch our corn,
Since the Union-guardians eat
Most of that, and all the meat.
Hear those Frenchmen yonder cry
Freedom and fraternity!
See those pebble-loads of carts
Rumbling from their joyous hearts,
See those sabres hicking hacking,
And those rifles clicking clacking!

We may learn one lesson by 't . .
Never go afield to fight.
Botheration! botheration!
Nation striving against nation!
When a single one can do
All the work as well as two.

CXXXVI.

LIGHT AND DARK.

As trees that grow along the waterside,
However stiff and stately be their kind,
Forego their nature, put away all pride
And bend their lofty heads before the wind
Of spring, erect thro' winter's; while a voice
From the mild ripples charms their branches down,
Branches and ripples each in each rejoice,
And these forget to swell and those to frown;
So does that grave stern man before you now
Lose all his harshness while you sing or speak.
Methinks I see shot upward on his brow,
The tender radiance of your virgin cheek.

CXXXVII.

MY LIZARD IN TUSCANY.

You pant like one in love, my Ramorino!
Can it be fear? Come Walter! come Carlino!
But not too nigh; just nigh enough to see
My lizard, greener than your rosemary.

CXXXVIII.

Know ye the land where from its acrid root
The sweet nepenthè rears her ripen'd fruit,
Which whoso tastes forgets his house and home?
Ye know it not: come on then; come to Rome.
Behold upon their knees with cord and scourge
Men, full-grown men, pale puffy phantasts urge:
Holiness lies with them in fish and frogs,
Mid squealing eunuchs and mid sculptured logs,
Mid gaudy dresses changed for every scene,
And mumbled prayers in unknown tongue between.
These wrongs imposed on them they call their rights!
For these the poor man toils, the brave man fights!

Exclaiming "Saints above! your triumphs o'er,
Shall roasted Ridleys crown the feast no more?
Shall all our candles gutter into gloom,
And faith sit still, or only sweep the room?"

CXXXIX.

BRIGHTON, 1807.

You ask what he's doing
Who lately was wooing,
And fear'd but those frowns
That came dark o'er the downs:
When night is returning
He sighs for the morning,
And ere the first light
Sighs again for the night.

CXL.

If you no longer love me,
  To friendship why pretend?
Unworthy was the lover,
  Unworthy be the friend.
I know there is another
  Of late prefer'd to me:
Recover'd is my freedom,
  And you again are free.
I've seen the bird that summer
  Deluded from her spray
Return again in winter
  And grieve she flew away.

CXLI.

PRIMROSE TO BE DRIED IN A BOOK.

Humble flower! the gift of Rose!
If to-day thy life must close,
Yet for ever shalt thou be
Just as fair and fresh to me;
And when I am underground
Shalt among these leaves be found,
And the finder shall exclaim
"Up! arise! awake to fame!
He who gave thee length of days
Held her flower above his bays."

CXLII.

Your last request no fond false hope deceives;
  Your's shall be, Rose! when all your days are o'er,
"The sighs of Zephyrs 'mid the nestling leaves;"
  "And many more!
Many shall mourn around you, lovely Rose!
  But there must one be absent; there is one
Who griev'd with you in all your little woes . .
  He will be gone."

CXLIII.

NIL ADMIRARI, &c.

Horace and Creech!
Thus do ye teach?
What idle speech!

Pope! and could you
Sanction it too?
'Twill never do.

One idle pen
Writes it, and ten
Write it again.

Sages require
Much to admire,
Nought to desire.

God! grant thou me
Nature to see
Admiringly.

Lo! how the wise
Read in her eyes
Thy mysteries!

CXLIV.

When the mad wolf hath bit the scatter'd sheep,
The madden'd flock their penfold overleap,
And, rushing blind with fury, trample down
The kindest master with the coarest clown.

CXLV.

ROME.

At Rome may everything be bought
But honesty, there vainly sought:
For other kinds of costly ware
The pontif opens a bazaar.
If you have lost your soul, you may
Procure a better . . only pay.
If you have any favourite sin,
The price is ticketed . . walk in.
For a few thousand golden pieces
Uncles may marry here their nieces;
The pontif slips the maiden sash,
And winks, and walks away the cash.

Naples, so scant of blushes, sees
And blushes at such tricks as these,
Until a ghostly father saith
Behold, my sons! the ancient faith.
This ancient faith brought faithful Gauls,
In guise of friends to scale the walls
Of manfull Rome; and Louis' word
Unsheath'd Christina's tarnisht sword.

CXLVI.

Our youth was happy: why repine
That, like the Year's, Life's days decline?
'Tis well to mingle with the mould
When we ourselves alike are cold,
And when the only tears we shed
Are of the dying on the dead.

CXLVII.

MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

'Tis not Lucilla that you see
  Amid the cloud and storm:
'Tis Anger . . What a shame that he
  Assumes Lucilla's form!

CXLVIII.

GARDEN AT HEIDELBERG.

    Fill me the beaker!
    Now, Rhine and Nekkar,
  Health to ye both, ye noble streams!
    Yours is a power,
    To wing the hour
  High above Wisdom's heavy dreams.
    Germans! beer-drinking,
    Tobacco-stinking,
  Gladly, how gladly! I resign
    All you are worth,
    From south to north
  For this fresh air and fragrant wine.

CXLIX.

ON A HEAVY EPITAPH.

He who hath piled these verses o'er thy head
Resolved, it seems, to bury thee in lead.

CL.

Easy I thought it to descry
In your heart's depths its purity.
It seem'd pellucid; but alas
Pellucid too is fragile glass!
What we see smooth we trust is sound,
Nor fear to slip on even ground:
I rise and rub my broken knee,
And so will they who follow me.

CLI.

JUNE '51.

Versailles! Versailles! thou shalt not keep
Her whom this heart yet holds most dear:
In her own country she shall sleep;
Her epitaph be graven here.

CLII.

TO THE COUNTESS DE MOLANDÈ.

I wonder not that Youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies:
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

CLIII.

There are few on whom Fortune in one form or other,
So various and numberless, never hath smiled;
One fountain the sands of the desert may cover,
Another shall rise in the rocks of the wild.

We leave the bright lotus that floats on our river
And the narrow green margin where youth hath reposed.
Fate drives us; we sigh, but sigh vainly, that ever
Our eyes in a slumber less sweet should be closed:

Ah! while it comes over us let us assemble
What once were not visions, but visions are now,
Now love shall not torture, now hope shall not tremble,
And the last leaf of myrtle still clings to the brow.

CLIV.

In early spring, ere roses took
A matronly unblushing look,
Or lilies had begun to fear
A stain upon their character,

I thought the cuckoo more remote
Than ever, and more hoarse his note.
The nightingale had dropt one half
Of her large gamut, and the laugh
Of upright nodding woodpecker
Less petulantly struck my ear.
Why have the birds forgot to sing,
Is this as in a former spring?
Can it be that the days are cold.
Or (surely no) that I am old.
Strange fancy! how could I forget
That I have not seen eighty yet!

CLV.

Why do our joys depart
For cares to seize the heart?
I know not. Nature says,
Obey; and man obeys.
I see, and know not why
Thorns live and roses die.

CLVI.

All is not over while the shade
  Of parting life, if now aslant,
Rests on the scene whereon it play'd
  And taught a docile heart to pant.
Autumn is passing by; his day
  Shines mildly yet on gather'd sheaves,
And, tho' the grape be pluckt away,
  Its colour glows amid the leaves.

CLVII.

TWO ROSES.

Can ye not love more sisterly,
  Ye roses, but must *you* keep down
The latest-born? *you* under, try
  To push aside your sister's crown?

O shame upon you, envious pair!
  Well may *you* blush; and well may *you*
Hide your young face. Look! one comes near
  Who by her smile shall shame the two.

CLVIII.

YOUTH.

The days of our youth are not over while sadness
  Chills never, and seldom o'ershadows, the heart;
While Friendship is crowning the banquet of Gladness
  And bids us be seated and offers us part;
While the swift-spoken *when?* and the slowly-breath'd *hush!*
  Make us half-love the maiden and half-hate the lover,
And feel too what is or what should be a blush . .
  Believe me, the days of our youth are not over.

CLIX.

AGE.

Death, tho' I see him not, is near
And grudges me my eightieth year.
Now, I would give him all these last
For one that fifty have run past.
Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,
But bargains: those he will not strike.

VARIOUS.

I.

A BIRD was seen aloft in air; the sun
Shone brightly round him, yet few eyes could see
His colour, few could scan his size; his form
Appear'd to some like a huge bow unbent,
To others like a shapeless stake hurl'd by,
With a stiff breeze against it in its flight.
It was an eagle all the while: he swoopt
Steadily onward, careless of the gang
Below him, talkative, disquisitive,
But all agreeing 'twas a bird on wing,
Some said nine inches, some said ten across.
There were old people who could recollect
That market-day, that crowd, that questioning,
Those outcries to drive off the fearless bird.
One of them I accosted; he replied,
"Yea, I have seen him, and must say for him
Now he is dead (and well it is for us)
He liked a coney or a lamb too much,
But never settled on dead carcases
To pluck out eye or tug at putrid tongue.
They who reviled him while he swept the air
Are glad enough to wear a feather now
Of that strong wing, and boast to have observ'd
Its sunny soaring on that market-day."

II.

Why do I praise a peach
Not on my wall, no, nor within my reach?
Because I see the bloom
And scent the fragrance many steps from home.
Permit me still to praise
The higher Genius of departed days.

Some are there yet who, nurst
In the same clime, are vigorous as the first,
And never waste their hours
(Ardent for action) among meadow flowers.
Greece with calm eyes I see
Her pure white marbles have not blinded me,
But breathe on me the love
Of earthly things as bright as things above:
There is (where is there not?)
In her fair regions many a desert spot;
Neither is Dircè clear,
Nor is Ilissus full throughout the year.

III.

TO A LADY ARCHER.

Two Goddesses, not always friends,
Are friends alike to you:
To you her bow for trial lends
The statelier of the two.

"Let Cupid have it," Venus cries,
Diana says "No! no!
Until your Cupid grows more wise
He shall not have my bow."

Her boy was sitting at her side,
His bow across his knee.
"Use thou thy own, use this," she cried:
"I did, in vain!" cried he.

"Mother! we may as well be gone;
No shaft of mine can strike
That figure there, so like thy own,
That heart there, so unlike.

IV.

It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)
In which I wander'd thro' a boundless space
Peopled by those that peopled earth erewhile.
But who conducted me? That gentle Power,
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On his brow
Some have seen poppies; and perhaps among
The many flowers about his wavy curls
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.

Lightly I thought I lept across a grave
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it smelt.
I would, but must not linger; I must on,
To tell my dream before forgetfulness
Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.
I was among the Shades (if Shades they were)
And lookt around me for some friendly hand
To guide me on my way, and tell me all
That compast me around. I wisht to find
One no less firm or ready than the guide
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,
Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven and whatso lies between.
He stood before me . . Southey.
"Thou art he,"
Said I, "whom I was wishing."
"That I know,"
Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.
"We may be question'd, question we may not;
For that might cause to bubble forth again
Some bitter spring which crost the pleasantest
And shadiest of our paths."
"I do not ask,"
Said I, "about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walkt
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-tide,
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,
Thro' the crisp waves I urged my sideling bark,
Amid sweet salutation off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames."
"Landor! I well remember it," said he,
"I had just lost my first-born only boy,
And then the heart is tender; lightest things
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."
The words were not yet spoken when the air
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck
An Angel threw his arms: it was that son.
"Father! I felt you wisht me," said the boy,
"Behold me here!"
Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's friend!"
He gazed into my face, then meekly said
"He whom my father loves hath his reward
On earth; a richer one awaits him here."

V.

ON MOORE'S DEATH.

Idol of youths and virgins, Moore!
Thy days, the bright, the calm, are o'er!
No gentler mortal ever prest
His parent Earth's benignant breast.
What of the powerful can be said
They did for thee? They *edited*.
What of that royal gourd? Thy verse
Excites our scorn and spares our curse.
Each truant wife, each trusting maid,
All loves, all friendships, he betrayed.
Despised in life by those he fed,
By his last mistress left ere dead,
Hearing her only wrench the locks
Of every latent jewel-box.
There spouse and husband strove alike,
Fearing lest Death too soon should strike,
But fixt no plunder to forego
Till the gross spirit sank below.
  Thy closing days I envied most,
When all worth losing had been lost.
Alone I spent my earlier hour
While thou wert in the roseate bower,
And raised to thee was every eye,
And every song won every sigh.
One servant and one chest of books
Follow'd me into mountain nooks,
Where shelter'd from the sun and breeze
Lay Pindar and Thucydides.
There ancient days came back again,
And British kings renew'd their reign;
There Arthur and his knights sat round
Cups far too busy to be crown'd;
There Alfred's glorious shade appear'd,
Of higher mien than Greece e'er rear'd.
I never sought in prime or age
The smile of Fortune to engage,
Nor rais'd nor lower'd the telescope
Erected on the tower of Hope.
From Pindus and Parnassus far
Blinks cold and dim the Georgian star.

VI.

TO VERONA.

Verona! thy tall gardens stand erect
Beckoning me upward. Let me rest awhile
Where the birds whistle hidden in the boughs,
Or fly away when idlers take their place,
Mated as well, conceal'd as willingly;
Idlers whose nest must not swing there, but rise
Beneath a gleamy canopy of gold,
Amid the flight of Cupids, and the smiles
Of Venus ever radiant o'er their couch.
Here would I stay, here wander, slumber here,
Nor pass into that theatre below
Crowded with their faint memories, shades of joy.
But ancient song arouses me: I hear
Cœlius and Aufilena; I behold
Lesbia, and Lesbia's linnet at her lip
Pecking the fruit that ripens and swells out
For him whose song the Graces loved the most,
Whatever land, east, west, they visited.
Even he must not detain me: one there is
Greater than he, of broader wing, of swoop
Sublimer. Open now that humid arch
Where Juliet sleeps the quiet sleep of death,
And Romeo sinks aside her.
Fare ye well,
Lovers! Ye have not loved in vain: the hearts
Of millions throb around ye. This lone tomb
One greater than yon walls have ever seen,
Greater than Manto's prophet eye foresaw
In her own child or Rome's, hath hallowed;
And the last sod or stone a pilgrim knee
Shall press (Love swears it, and swears true) is here.

VII.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

Memory! thou hidest from me far,
Hidest behind some twinkling star
Which peers o'er Pindus, or whose beam
Crosses that broad and rapid stream
Where Zeus in wily whiteness shone
And Leda left her virgin zone.
Often I catch thy glimpses still
By that clear river, that lone hill,

But seldom dost thou softly glide
To take thy station at my side,
When later friends and forms are near;
From these thy traces disappear,
And scarce a name can I recall
Of those I value most of all.
At times thou hurriest me away,
And, pointing out an earlier day,
Biddest me listen to a song
I ought to have forgotten long:
Then, looking up, I see above
The plumage of departing Love,
And when I cry, *Art thou too gone?*
He laughs at me and passes on.
Some images (alas how few!)
Still sparkle in the evening dew
Along my path: and must they quite
Vanish before a deeper night?
Keep one, O Memory! yet awhile
And let me think I see it smile.

VIII.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

Askest thou if in my youth I have mounted, as others have mounted,
Galloping Hexameter, Pentameter cantering after,
English by dam and by sire; bit, bridle, and saddlery, English;
English the girths and the shoes; all English from snaffle to crupper;
Everything English about, excepting the tune of the jockey?
Latin and Greek, it is true, I have often attach'd to my phaeton
Early in life, and sometimes have I order'd them out in its evening.
Dusting the linings, and pleas'd to have found them unworn and untarnisht.
Idle! but Idleness looks never better than close upon sunset.
Seldom my goosequill, of goose from Germany, fatted in England,
(Frolicksome though I have been) have I tried on Hexameter, knowing
Latin and Greek are alone its languages. We have a measure
Fashion'd by Milton's own hand, a fuller, a deeper, a louder.
Germans may flounder at will over consonant, vowel, and liquid,
Liquid and vowel but one to a dozen of consonants, ending
Each with a verb at the tail, tail heavy as African ram's tail.
Spenser and Shakespeare had each his own harmony; each an enchanter

Wanting no aid from without. *Chevy Chase* had delighted their fathers,
Though of a different strain from the song on the *Wrath of Achilles.*
Southey was fain to pour forth his exuberant stream over regions
Near and remote: his command was absolute; every subject,
Little or great, he controll'd; in language, variety, fancy,
Richer than all his compeers, and wanton but once in dominion;
'Twas when he left the full well that for ages had run by his homestead,
Pushing the brambles aside which encumber'd another up higher,
Letting his bucket go down, and hearing it bump in descending,
Grating against the loose stones till it came but half-full from the bottom.
Others abstain'd from the task. Scott wander'd at large over Scotland;
Reckless of Roman and Greek, he chaunted the *Lay of the Minstrel*
Better than ever before any minstrel in chamber had chaunted.
Marmion mounted his horse with a shout such as rose under Ilion:
Venus, who sprang from the sea, had envied the *Lake and its Lady.*
Never on mountain or wild hath echo so cheerily sounded,
Never did monarch bestow such glorious meed upon knighthood,
Never had monarch the power, liberality, justice, discretion.
Byron liked new-paper'd rooms, and pull'd down old wainscoat of cedar;
Bright-color'd prints he preferr'd to the graver cartoons of a Raphael,
Sailor and Turk (with a sack) to Eginate and Parthenon marbles.
Splendid the palace he rais'd, the gin-palace in Poesy's purlieus;
Soft the divan on the sides, with spittoons for the qualmish and queesy.
Wordsworth, well pleas'd with himself, cared little for modern or ancient.
His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the mountain, the woodland
Scatter'd with trees far and wide, trees never too solemn or lofty,
Never entangled with plants overrunning the villager's foot-path.
Equable was he and plain, but wand'ring a little in wisdom,
Sometimes flying from blood and sometimes pouring it freely:
Yet he was English at heart. If his words were too many; if Fancy's
Furniture lookt rather scant in a whitewasht and homely apartment;
If in his rural designs there is sameness and tameness; if often
Feebleness is there for breadth; if his pencil wants rounding and pointing;
Few of this age or the last stand out on the like elevation.

There is a sheepfold he rais'd which my memory loves to revisit,
Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a stone of the palace.
Keats, the most Grecian of all, rejected the metre of Grecians;
Poesy breath'd over *him*, breath'd constantly, tenderly, freshly;
Wordsworth she left now and then, outstretcht in a slumberous languor,
Slightly displeased . . but return'd, as Aurora return'd to Tithonus.
Still there are walking on earth many poets whom ages hereafter
Will be more willing to praise than we now are to praise one another:
Some do I know; but I fear, as is meet, to recount or report them,
For, be whatever the name that is foremost, the next will run over,
Trampling and rolling in dust his excellent friend the precursor.
Peace be with all! but afar be ambition to follow the Roman,
Led by the German uncomb'd and jigging in dactyl and spondee,
Lumbering shapeless jackboots which nothing can polish or supple.
Much as old metres delight me, 't is only where first they were nurtured,
In their own clime, their own speech: than pamper them here, I would rather
Tie up my Pegasus tight to the scanty-fed rack of a sonnet.

IX.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Gale of the night our fathers call'd thee, bird!
  Surely not rude were they who call'd thee so,
Whether mid spring-tide mirth thy song they heard
  Or whether its soft gurgle melted woe.

They knew not, heeded not, that every clime
  Hath been attemper'd by thy minstrelsy;
They knew not, heeded not, from earliest time
  How every poet's nest was warm'd by thee.

In Paradise's unpolluted bowers
  Did Milton listen to thy freshest strain;
In his own night didst thou assuage the hours
  When Crime and Tyranny were crown'd again.

Melodious Shelley caught thy softest song,
  And they who heard his music heard not thine;
Gentle and joyous, delicate and strong,
  From the far tomb his voice shall silence mine.

X.

ROLAND.

When she whose glory casts in shade
France and her best and bravest, was convey'd
Thither where all worth praise had bled,
An aged man in the same car was led
To the same end. The only way,
Roland! to soothe his fear didst thou essay.
"O sir! indeed you must not see
The blood that is about to flow from me.
Mount first these steps. A mother torn
From her one child worse pangs each day hath borne."
He trembled . . but obey'd the word . .
Then sprang she up and met the reeking sword.

XI.

CORDAY.

Hearts must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;
No, Corday, no;
Else Justice had not crown'd in heaven thy head
Profaned below.

Three women France hath borne, each greater far
Than all her men,
And greater many were than any are
At sword or pen.

Corneille, the first among Gaul's rhymer race
Whose soul was free,
Descends from his high station, proud to trace
His line in thee.

XII.

JANE OF ARC.

O Maid of *Arc!* why dare I not to say
Of *Orleans?* There thro' flames thy glory shone.
Accursed, thrice accursed, be the day
When English tongues could mock thy parting groan.

With Saints and Angels art thou seated now,
And with true-hearted patriots, host more rare!
To thine is bent in love a Milton's brow,
With many a Demon under . . and Voltaire.

XIII.

ON THE STATUE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT BY NEVILLE BURNARD,

ORDERED BY THE WORKING MEN OF SHEFFIELD.

Glory to those who give it! who erect
The bronze and marble, not where frothy tongue
Or bloody hand points out, no, but where God
Ordains the humble to walk forth before
The humble, and mount higher than the high.
Wisely, O Sheffield, wisely hast thou done
To place thy Elliott on the plinth of fame,
Wisely hast chosen for that solemn deed
One like himself, born where no mother's love
Wrapt purple round him, nor rang golden bells,
Pendent from Libyan coral, in his ear,
To catch a smile or calm a petulance,
Nor tickled downy scalp with Belgic lace;
But whom strong Genius took from Poverty
And said *Rise, mother, and behold thy child!*
She rose, and Pride rose with her, but was mute.
Three Elliotts there have been, three glorious men
Each in his generation. One was doom'd
By Despotism and Prelaty to pine
In the damp dungeon, and to die for Law,
Rackt by slow tortures ere he reacht the grave.*
A second hurl'd his thunderbolt and flame
When Gaul and Spaniard moor'd their pinnaces,
Screaming defiance at Gibraltar's frown,
Until one moment more, and other screams
And other writhings rose above the wave,
From sails afire and hissing where they fell,
And men half burnt along the buoyant mast.
A third came calmly on, and askt the rich
To give laborious hunger daily bread,
As they in childhood had been taught to pray
By God's own Son, and sometimes have prayed since.
God heard; but they heard not: God sent down bread;
They took it, kept it all, and cried for more,
Hollowing both hands to catch and clutch the crumbs.
I may not live to hear another voice,
Elliott, of power to penetrate, as thine,
Dense multitudes; another none may see
Leading the Muses from unthrifty shades
To fields where corn gladdens the heart of Man,
And where the trumpet with defiant blast

* See Forster's "Life of Eliot."

Blows in the face of War, and yields to Peace.
Therefore take thou these leaves . . fresh, firm, tho' scant
To crown the City that crowns thee her son.
She must decay; Toledo hath decayed;
Ebro hath half-forgotten what bright arms
Flasht on his waters, what high dames adorn'd
The baldric, what torn flags o'erhung the aisle,
What parting gift the ransom'd knight exchanged.
But louder than the anvil rings the lyre;
And thine hath raised another city's wall
In solid strength to a proud eminence,
Which neither conqueror, crushing braver men,
Nor time, o'ercoming conqueror, can destroy.
So now, ennobled by thy birth, to thee
She lifts, with pious love, the thoughtful stone.
Genius is tired in search of Gratitude;
Here they have met; may neither say farewell!

XIV.

GERMAN HEXAMETERS.

Germany! thou art indeed to the bard his Hercynian forest;
Puffy with tufts of coarse grass; much of stunted (no high-growing) timber;
Keeping your own, and content with the measure your sires have bequeath'd you,
Germans! let Latium rest, and leave the old pipe where ye found it;
Leave ye the thirtyfold farrow so quietly sucking their mother
On the warm sands; they will starve or run wild in the brakes and the brambles,
Swampy, intangled, and dark, and without any passable road through:
Yet there are many who wander so far from the pleasanter places,
Airy and sunny and sound and adorn'd with the garden and fountain,
Garden where Artemis stands, and fountain where Venus is bathing,
All the three Graces close by: at a distance, and somewhat above her,
(Only the sky overhead) is Apollo the slayer of Python:
Opposite, minding him not, but intent upon bending his own bow,
Stands other archer, less tall, whom the slayer of Python had knelt to
Often, when Daphne was coy, and who laught at his handful of laurel.
Flounder in mud, honest men, then smoke to the end of the journey,
Only let me undisturb'd enjoy the lone scenes ye relinquish:
Strike we a bargain at once: give me these; and to you I abandon

Carpenter, cordwainer, tapster, host, pedlar, itinerant actor,
Tinker and tailor and baker and mender of saddles and bellows,
With whomsoever ye list of *Odd Fellows*, of *Old Free-And-Easy*.
Never shall enter my lips your tobacco-pipe, never your bevrage,
Bevrage that Bacchus abhors: let it fuddle the beast of Silenus.
Frere is contented to smile, but loud is the laughter of Canning.

XV.

FABLE FOR POETS.

A flea had nestled to a dove
Closely as Innocence or Love.
Loth was the dove to take offence
As Love would be, or Innocence.
When on a sudden said the flea
"I wonder what you think of me."
Timidly, as becomes the young,
The dove thus answer'd.
"You are strong
And active, and our house's friend."
"No doubt! and here my merits end?"
Cried the pert flea. A moth flew by.
"Which pleases most, that moth or I?"
The dove said, "Should not I love best,
The constant partner of my nest?"
"Come! that won't do: I wish to hear
Which is most handsome, not most dear."
Innocence in advance of Love
Prompted, and thus replied the dove.
"He may have richer colors" . . .
"He?
What! and do you too speak of me
Disparaging?" Off bounced the flea.

XVI.

There are some words in every tongue
That come betimes and linger long:
In every land those words men hear
When Youth with rosebud crown draws near;
Men hear those words when life's full stream
Is rushing to disturb their dream;
When slowly swings life's vesper bell
Between its throbs they hear it well,
Fainter the sound, but still the same,
Recalling one beloved name;
And graven on ice that name they find
When Age hath struck them almost blind.

XVII.

CONVERTERS.

All trifle life away; the light and grave
Trifle it equally. If 'twere at home
'Twere well; but they are busy too abroad.
They loudly cry, "Take not God's name in vain,"
And call God down to punish all he hates:
The fools are fewer than the hypocrites;
And yet the fools are Legion.
Viper brood!
Denounced by Him, the gentle and the pure,
Whom your trangressions persecute, look up
And read the tables of eternal law.
Idlers, and worse than idlers, ye collect
Pebbles and shells along the Red Sea coast,
Horeb and Sinai standing close before,
And you not looking from above the sands!

XVIII.

TO ANTINÖE IN PARIS, 1802.

I value not the proud and stern
Who ruled of old o'er bleak Auvergne,
Whose images you fear'd to pass
Recumbent under arching brass,
Nor thought how fondly they had smiled
Could they have seen their future child.
And yet, Antinöe, I would pray
Saint after saint to see the day
When undejected you once more
Might pass along that chappel-floor;
When, standing at its altar crown'd
With wild flowers from the ruin round,
Your village priest might hear and bless
A love that never shall be less.

XIX.

Cistus! whose fragile flower
Waits but the vesper hour
To droop and fall,
Smoothen thy petals now
The Floral Fates allow . .
And why so ruffled in fresh youth are all?

Thou breathest on my breast,
"We are but like the rest
Of our whole family;
Ruffled we are, 'tis true,
Thro' life; but are not *you?* . .
Without our privilege so soon to die."

XX.

FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS.

There lived a diver once whose boast
Was that he brought up treasures lost,
However deep, beneath the sea
Of glossy-hair'd Parthenope.
To try him, people oft threw in
A silver cross or gold zecchin.
Down went the diver "fathoms nine,"
And you might see the metal shine
Between his lips or on his head,
While lazy Tethys lay abed,
And not a Nereid round her heard
The green pearl-spangled curtain stir'd.
One day a tempting fiend threw down,
Where whirl'd the waves, a tinsel crown,
And said, "O diver, you who dive
Deeper than any man alive,
And see, where other folks are blind,
And, what all others miss, can find,
You saw the splendid crown I threw
Into the whirlpool: now can you
Recover it? thus won, you may
Wear it . . not once, but every day,
So may your sons." Down, down he sprang . .
A hundred Nereids heard the clang,
And closed him round and held him fast . .
The diver there had dived his last.

XXI.

ODE TO SICILY.

I.

No mortal hand hath struck the heroick string
Since Milton's lay in death across his breast.
But shall the lyre then rest
Along tired Cupid's wing
With vilest dust upon it? This of late
Hath been its fate.

II.

But thou, O Sicily! art born again.
Far over chariots and Olympic steeds
I see the heads and the stout arms of men,
And will record (God give me power!) their deeds.

III.

Hail to thee first, Palermo! hail to thee
Who callest with loud voice, "*Arise! be free;*
Weak is the hand and rusty is the chain."
Thou callest; nor in vain.

IV.

Not only from the mountain rushes forth
The knighthood of the North,
In whom my soul elate
Owns now a race cognate,
But even the couch of Sloth 'mid painted walls
Swells up, and men start forth from it, where calls
The voice of Honour, long, too long, unheard.

V.

Not that the wretch was fear'd
Who fear'd the meanest as he fear'd the best,
(A reed could break his rest)
But that around all kings
For ever springs
A wasting vapour that absorbs the fire
Of all that would rise higher.

VI.

Even free nations will not let there be
More nations free.
Witness (O shame!) our own . .
Of late years viler none.
The second Charles found many and made more
Base as himself: his reign is not yet o'er.

VII.

To gratify a brood
Swamp-fed amid the Suabian wood,
The sons of Lusitania were cajoled
And bound and sold,
And sent in chains where we unchain the slave
We die with thirst to save.

VIII.

Ye too, Sicilians, ye too gave we up
To drain the bitter cup

Ye now dash from ye in the despot's face . .
O glorious race,

IX.

Which Hiero, Gelon, Pindar, sat among
And prais'd for weaker deeds in deathless song;
One is yet left to laud ye. Years have mar'd
My voice, my prelude for some better bard,
When such shall rise, and such your deeds create.

X.

In the lone woods, and late,
Murmurs swell loud and louder, till at last
So strong the blast
That the whole forest, earth, and sea, and sky,
To the loud surge reply.

XI.

Show, in the circle of six hundred years,
Show me a Bourbon on whose brow appears
No brand of traitor. Prune the tree . .
From the same stock for ever will there be
The same foul canker, the same bitter fruit.
Strike, Sicily, uproot
The cursed upas. Never trust
That race again; down with it, dust to dust.

XXII.

Men will be slaves; let them; but force them not;
To force them into freedom is still worse;
In one they follow their prone nature's bent,
But in the other stagger all awry,
Blind, clamorous, and with violence overthrow
The chairs and tables of the untasted feast.
Bastiles are reconstructed soon enough,
Temples are long in rising, once cast down,
And ever, when men want them, there are those
Who tell them they shall have them, but premise
That they shall rule within them and without.
Their voices, and theirs only, reach to heaven,
Their sprinkler cleanses souls from inborn sin
With its sow-bristles shaken in the face,
Their surplice sanctifies the marriage-bed,
Their bell and candle drive the devil off
The deathbed, and their purchast prayers cut short
All pains that would await them after death.

O plains of Tours that rang with Martel's arms
Victorious! these are then the fruits ye bear
From Saracenic blood! one only God
Had else been worshipt . . but that one perhaps
Had seen less fraud, less cruelty, below.

XXIII.

AN OLD MAN TO A YOUNG GIRL.

I saw the arrow quit the bow
To lay thy soaring spirits low,
And warn'd thee long ere now;
For this thou shunnest me, for this
No more the leap to catch the kiss
Upon thy calm clear brow.

I pitied thee, well knowing why
The broken song, the book thrown by,
And Fido's foot put down,
Who looks so sorrowing all the while,
To hear no name, to hope no smile,
To fear almost a frown.

Lovers who see thy drooping head
In lover's phrase have often said,
"The lily drives the rose
In shame away from that sweet face,
Yet shall she soon regain her place
And fresher bloom disclose."

Show them, show one above the rest,
A lily's petals idly prest
Are firm as they are pure;
Those which but once have given way
Stand up erect no second day,
No gentlest touch endure.

XXIV.

GONFALIONIERI.

I.

The purest breast that breathes Ausonian air,
Utter'd these words. Hear them, all lands! repeat
All ages! on thy heart the record bear
Till the last tyrant gasp beneath thy feet,
Thou who hast seen in quiet death lie down
The skulking recreant of the changeling crown.

II.

"I am an old man now; and yet my soul
By fifteen years is younger than its frame:
Fifteen I lived (if life it was) in one
Dark dungeon, ten feet square: alone I dwelt
Six; then another enter'd: by his voice
I knew it was a man: I could not see
Feature or figure in that dismal place.
One year we talkt together of the past,
Of joys for ever gone . . ay, worse than gone,
Remember'd, prest into our hearts, that swell'd
And sorely soften'd under them: the next,
We exchanged what thoughts we found: the third, no thought
Was left us; memory alone remain'd.
The fourth, we askt each other, if indeed
The world had life within it, life and joy
As when we left it.
Now the fifth had come,
And we sat silent: all our store was spent.
When the sixth enter'd, he had disappear'd,
Either for death or doom less merciful:
And I repined not! all things were less sad
Than that dim vision, that unshapen form.
A year or two years after (indistinct
Was time, as light was, in that cell) the door
Crept open, and these sounds came slowly through:
His Majesty the Emperor and King
Informs you that twelve months ago your wife
Quitted the living . .
I did hear the words,
All, ere I fell, then heard not bolt nor bar."

III.

And shall those live who help with armed hand
The weak oppressor? Shall those live who clear
The path before him with their golden wand?
Tremble, vile slaves! your final hour draws near!
Purveyors of a panther's feast are ye,
Degenerate children of brave Maccabee!

IV.

And dare ye claim to sit where Hampden sate,
Where Pym and Eliot warn'd the men of blood;
Where on the wall Charles red his written fate,
And Cromwell sign'd what Milton saw was good?
Away, ye panders of assassin lust,
Nor ever hope to lick that holy dust.

XXV.

TO FRANCIS HARE,

BURIED AT PALERMO, ON THE INSURRECTION OF SICILY AND NAPLES.

Hare! thou art sleeping where the sun strikes hot
On the gold letters that inscribe thy tomb,
And what there passeth round thee knowest not,
Nor pierce those eyes (so joyous once) the gloom;

Else would the brightest vision of thy youth
Rise up before thee, not by Fancy led,
But moving stately at the side of Truth,
Nor higher than the living stand the dead.

XXVI.

TO SAINT CHARLES BORROMEO,

ON THE MASSACRE AT MILAN.

I.

Saint, beyond all in glory who surround
The throne above!
Thy placid brow no thorn blood-dropping crown'd,
No grief came o'er thy love,

II.

Save what they suffer'd whom the Plague's dull fire
Wasted away,
Or those whom Heaven at last let worse Desire
Sweep with soft swoop away.

III.

If thou art standing high above the place
Where Verban gleams,
Where Art and Nature give thee form and space
As best beseems,

IV.

Look down on thy fair country, and most fair
The sister isles!
Whence gratitude eternal mounts with prayer,
Where spring eternal smiles;

V.

Watch over that brave youth who bears thy name,
And bears it well,
Unmindful never of the sacred flame
With which his temples swell

VI.

When praise from thousands breathes beneath thy shrine,
And incense steeps
Thy calm brow bending over them, for thine
Is bent on him who weeps;

VII.

And, O most holy one! what tears are shed
Thro' all thy town!
Thou wilt with pity on the brave and dead,
God will with wrath, look down.

XXVII.

Sleep, tho' to Age so needful, shuns my eyes,
And visions, brighter than Sleep brings, arise.
I hear the Norman arms before me ring,
I see them flash upon a prostrate king.
They conquer'd Britain as they conquer'd France . .
Far over Sicily was hurl'd the lance . .
The barking heads by Scylla all croucht low,
And fierce Charybdis wail'd beneath the blow.
Now Sparta-sprung Taranto hail'd again
More daring Spartans on his fertile plain;
Now Croton saw fresh Milos rise around;
And Sybaris, with recent roses crown'd,
Yielded to Valour her consenting charms
And felt the flush that Beauty feels from arms.

XXVIII.

DANTE.

Ere blasts from northern lands
Had cover'd Italy with barren sands,
Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was heard no more.
Twelve centuries had past
And crusht Etruria rais'd her head at last.
A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three worlds the law.
When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes;
Religion, sick to death,
Lookt doubtful up, and drew in pain her breath.
Both to one grave are gone;
Altars still smoke, still is the God unknown.
Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger love,
Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And leadest from the *Garden* and the *Porch*,
Where gales breathe fresh and free,
And where a Grace is call'd a Charity,
To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his household cease . .

Bids it, and bids again,*
But to the purple-vested speaks in vain.
Crying, 'Can this be borne?'
The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn;
While, leaving tumult there,
To quiet idols young and old repair,
In places where is light
To lighten day . . and dark to darken night.

XXIX.

I.

I told ye, since the prophet Milton's day
Heroic song hath never swept the earth
To soar in flaming chariot up to Heaven.
Taunt, little children! taunt ye while ye may.
Natural your wonder, natural is your mirth,
Natural your weakness. Ye are all forgiven.

II.

One man above all other men is great,
Even on this globe, where dust obscures the sign.
God closed his eyes to pour into his heart
His own pure wisdom. In chill house he sate,
Fed only on those fruits the hand divine
Disdain'd not, thro' his angels, to impart.

III.

He was despised of those he would have spilt
His blood to ransom. How much happier we,
Altho' so small and feeble! We are taught
There may be national, not royal guilt,
And, if there has been, then there ought to be,
But 'tis the illusion of a mind distraught.

IV.

This with a tiny hand of ductile lead
Shows me the way; this takes me down his slate,
Draws me a line and teaches me to write;
Another pats me kindly on the head,
But finds one letter here and there too great,
One passable, one pretty well, one quite.

V.

No wonder I am proud. At such award
The Muse most virginal would raise her chin
Forth from her collar-bone. What inward fire
Must swell the bosom of that favor'd bard
And wake to vigorous life the germ within,
On whom such judges look with such regard!

XXX.

TO VERONA.

To violate the sanctitude of song,
Of love, of sepulture, have I abstain'd,
Verona! nor would let just wrath approach
Garden or theatre: but wrongs are heapt
On thy fair head: my pen must help the sword
To sweep them off.
Shall Austria hatch beneath
Thy sunny citadel her mealworm brood?
Shall Austria pluck thy olives, press thy grapes,
Garner thy corn, thy flocks and herds consume?
Enough 'tis surely that Parthenopè
Bends under the false Bourbon. Foreign force
Crushes, and let it crush, the unmanly race,
Degenerate even from Sybarites; but thine
The warlike Gaul and Rome's austerer son
Rear'd up to manhood and begirt in arms.
Rise then, Verona! Lift the wave of war,
As Nature lifts Benacus at thy side,
Tempestuous in its surges, while the banks
Are blithe around, and heaven above serene.
The toad's flat claws hold not the dolphin down,
Nor sinks and sewers pollute the Adrian wave.

XXXI.

I.

Few poets beckon to the calmly good,
Few lay a hallowing hand upon the head
Which lowers its barbarous for our Delphick crown:
But loose strings rattle on unseason'd wood
And weak words whiffle round where Virtue's meed
Shrines in a smile or shrivels in a frown.

II.

He shall not give it, shall not touch it, he
Who crawls into the gold-mine, bending low
And bringing from its dripples with much mire
One shining atom. Could it ever be,
O God of light and song? The breast must glow
Not with thine only, but with Virtue's fire.

XXXII.

SAPPHO'S EXPOSTULATION.

Forget thee? when? *Thou* biddest me? dost *thou*
Bid me, what men alone can, break my vow?

O my too well beloved! is there aught
I ever have forgot which thou hast taught?
And shall the lesson first by thee imprest
Drop, chapter after chapter, from my breast?
Since love's last flickering flame from thine is gone,
Leave me, O leave me still, at least my own.
Let it burn on, if only to consume,
And light me, tho' it light me to the tomb.
False are our dreams or there are fields below
To which the weariest feet the swiftest go;
And there are bitter streams the wretched bless,
Before whose thirst they lose their bitterness.
'Tis hard to love! to unlove harder yet!
Not so to die . . and then . . perhaps . . forget.

XXXIII.

What slender youth perfused with fresh macassar
Wooes thee, O England, in St. Stephen's bower?
For whom unlockest thou the chest that holds thy dower?

Simple as ever! Is there a deluder
Thou hast not listen'd to, thou hast not changed,
Laughing at one and all o'er whom thy fancy ranged?

The last that won thee was not overhappy,
And people found him wavering like thyself:
The little man looks less now laid upon the shelf.

While the big waves against the rocks are breaking,
And small ones toss and tumble, fume and fret,
Along the sunny wall I have hung up my net.

XXXIV.

THE HALL AND THE COTTAGE.

A man there sate, not old, but weak and worn
Worse than age wears and weakens, near a wall
Where dogs inside were playing round the court,
While, conscious of his station in the house,
Deep-sided, ebon-footed, and ring-tail'd,
Stalkt the gray cat, and all about gave way.
Yet, fearless of her talon, pigeons dropt,
First one, and then another, from the roof,
To pick up crumbs, shaken from snow-white cloth.
Winter had now set in, and genial fires
Drew families around them; near the grate
The small round table left the large behind;

And filberts bristled up, and medlars oped
Their uncouth lids, and chesnuts were reveal'd
Beneath the folded napkin, moist and hot.
Scant had the bounty been if all this store,
Supervacaneous, had gone forth bestow'd
On the poor wretch outside: he never rais'd
His hopes, he never rais'd his thoughts, so high.
Dinner was over in that pleasant home,
And worthy were its inmates to enjoy
In peace its plenteous yet uncostly fare.
Little they thought that while the dogs within
The court were playing, some of them erect
Against their adversary, couchant some
And panting to spring forward, while the doves
Cooed hoarse with crop replenisht, and walkt round
Each his own mate, trailing along the tiles
His wing, his bosom purpling with content;
Little thought they how near them loiter'd one
Who might have envied the least happy cur
Or cat or pigeon. To his cottage bent
His fancy, from his own sad cares repel'd.
Fancies are fond of lying upon down,
Tho' they are often bred and born elsewhere;
His was a strange one. But men's minds are warpt
By fortune or misfortune, weal or woe,
By heat and cold alike. The hungry man
Thought of his children's hunger; the sharp blast
Blew from them only. When he rais'd his eyes
And saw the smoke ascending o'er the hall,
He said . . his words are written . . God knows where . .
"O! could I only catch that smoke which wreathes
And riots round the rich man's chimney-vane,
And bring it down among my ice-cold brats,
They would not look and turn away from me,
And rather press the damp brick floor again
With their blue faces, than see him they call'd
Father! dear father! when they woke ere dawn."

XXXV.

ON THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BROTHERS BANDIERI, BETRAYED TO THE KING OF NAPLES.

Borne on white horses, which the God of Thrace
Rein'd not for wanton Glory in the race
Of Elis, when from far
Ran forth the regal car,

Even from Syracuse, across the sea,
To roll its thunder thro' that fruitless lea;
No; but on steeds whose foam
Flew o'er the helm of Rome,
Came Castor and his brother; at which sight
A shout of victory drown'd the din of fight.
O Rome! O Italy!
Doom'd are ye, doom'd to see
Nor guides divine nor high-aspiring men,
Nor proudly tread the battle-field again?
Lo! who are they who land
Upon that southern strand?
Ingenuous are their faces, firm their gait . .
Ah! but what darkness follows them? . . 'tis Fate!
They turn their heads . . and blood
Alone shows where they stood!
Sons of Bandiera! heroes! by your name
Evoked shall inextinguishable flame
Rise, and o'er-run yon coast,
And animate the host
As did those Twins . . the murderers to pursue
Till the same sands their viler blood imbue.

XXXVI.

PROPER LESSON FOR CHARLES'S MARTYRDOM.

TO DIXWELL,
Who sate in judgment on Charles I., and whose descendant is erecting a monument to him in Boston, U. S.

There are whose hand can hurl the shafts of song
Athwart wide oceans; barb'd with burning light
Do they dispell all mists Time throws around,
And where they fall men build the beacon-tower
And watch the cresset, age succeeding age.
Dixwell! whose name sounds highest toward heaven
Of all but one* the fresher earth hath seen,
Honour to thee! and everlasting praise!
Thou shrankest not at smiting Perjury
Under the crown: thou shrankest not at rocks
And shoals and ice-tower'd firths, and solitudes
And caverns where the hunter hunted man,
Remote from birthplace, kindred, comrade, friend.
Of seed like thine sprang Freedom strong and arm'd,
Whose empire shall extend beyond the shore
Where Montezuma's plumed head lies low,
(A shore whose waters waft the name of Peace)

* Washington.

To realms more ancient than all realms beside,
Where the sun rises over far Cathay.
Blest be thy country! blest in sons like thine!
If lust of gold forbids it . . if the slave
Raises his manacle and pleads to God
And they who see and hear it mock the prayer,
At least shall thousands in my words exclaim
"Honour to *thee!* and everlasting praise!
Happy beyond all glory's happiness,
Look down on thy young nation; there alone
The weak and the distorted from the womb
Never are dandled into frowardness,
Never may seize and fracture what they list,
Striking at random stern and mild alike;
Nor floats the chaff above, nor sinks the grain."

XXXVII.

Tenderest of tender hearts, of spirits pure
The purest! such, O Cowper! such wert thou,
But such are not the happiest: thou wert not,
Till borne where all those hearts and spirits rest.
Young was I, when from Latin lore and Greek
I played the truant for thy sweeter Task,
Nor since that hour hath aught our Muses held
Before me seem'd so precious; in one hour,
I saw the poet and the sage unite,
More grave than man, more versatile than boy!
Spenser shed over me his sunny dreams;
Chaucer far more enchanted me; the force
Of Milton was for boyhood too austere,
Yet often did I steal a glance at Eve:
Fitter for after-years was Shakespeare's world,
Its distant light had not come down to mine.
Thy milder beams with wholesome temperate warmth
Fill'd the small chamber of my quiet breast.
I would become as like thee as I could;
First rose the wish and then the half-belief,
Founded like other half and whole beliefs
On sand and chaff! "We must be like," said I,
"I loved my hare before I heard of his."
'Twas very true; I loved him, though he stampt
Sometimes in anger, often moodily.
I am the better for it: still I love
God's unperverted creatures, one and all,
I dare not call them brute, lest they retort.

And here is one who looks into my face,
Waving his curly plumes upon his back,
And bids me promise faithfully, no hare
Of thine need fear him when they meet above.

XXXVIII.

TO YOUTH.

Where art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it; I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befell it, Love was by
And roll'd it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once prest invite;
But sleep hath given a silent sign,
And both, alas! take flight.

XXXIX.

TO AGE.

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocil at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
  One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
  I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
  My notice shall engage . .
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
  Dreads not the frost of Age.

XL.

Now yellow hazels fringe the greener plain
And mountains show their unchain'd necks again,
And little rivulets beneath them creep
And gleam and glitter in each cloven steep;
Now, when supplanted by insidious snow
The huge stone rolls into the lake below,
What can detain my lovely friend from home,
Fond in these scenes, her earlier scenes, to roam?
'Tis that mid fogs and smoke she hears the claim
And feels the love of freedom and of fame:
Before those two she bends serenely meek . .
They also bend, and kiss her paler cheek.

XLI.

ON MUSIC.

Many love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone.

XLII.

TYRANNICIDE.

Danger is not in action, but in sloth;
  By sloth alone we lose
Our strength, our substance, and, far more than both,
  The guerdon of the Muse.

Men kill without compunction hawk and kite;
    To save the folded flock
They chase the wily plunderer of the night
    O'er thicket, marsh, and rock.
Sacred no longer is Our Lord the wolf
    Nor crown'd is crocodile:
And shall ye worship on the Baltick Gulph
    The refuse of the Nile?
Among the myriad men of murder'd sires
    Is there not one still left
Whom wrongs and vengeance urge, whom virtue fires?
    One conscious how bereft
Of all is he . . of country, kindred, home . .
    He, doom'd to drag along
The dray of serfdom, or thro' lands to roam
    That mock an unknown tongue?
A better faith was theirs than pulpits preach
    Who struck the tyrant down,
Who taught the brave how patriot brands can reach
    And crush the proudest crown.
No law for him who stands above the law,
    Trampling on truth and trust;
But hangman's hook or courtier's "privy paw"
    Shall drag him thro' the dust.
Most dear of all the Virtues to her Sire
    Is Justice; and most dear
To Justice is Tyrannicide; the fire
    That guides her flashes near.
See o'er the desert God's red pillar tower!
    Follow, ye Nations! raise
The hymn to God! To God alone be power
    And majesty and praise! *

XLIII.

APPEAL TO SLEEP.

Soon to waken, may my Rose
Early sink in soft repose!
Mine? ah! mine she must not be,
But, O gentle Sleep, to thee
One as dear do I resign
As if Heaven had made her mine.

* Sciebat homo sapiens, jus semper hoc fuisse ut quæ tyranni eripuissent, ea *tyrannis interfectis*, ii, quibus erepta essent, recuperarent. Ille vir fuit, nos quidem contemnendi. CICERO, PHILIP. 2.

Gentle Sleep! O let her rest
Upon thy more quiet breast!
When pale Morn returns again,
She returns to gloom and pain,
For how many friends will say,
As their pride is torn away,
"Sweetest Rose! adieu! adieu!"
I may bear to say it too,
But afar from her and you.

XLIV.

A RAILROAD ECLOGUE.

Father. What brought thee back, lad?
Son. Father! the same feet
As took me brought me back, I warrant ye.
Father. Couldst thou not find the rail?
Son. The deuce himself,
Who can find most things, could not find the rail.
Father. Plain as a pike-staff miles and miles it lies.
Son. So they all told me. Pike-staffs in your day
Must have been hugely plainer than just now.
Father. What didst thou ask for?
Son. Ask for? Tewkesbury,
Thro' Defford opposite to Breedon-hill.
Father. Right: and they set ye wrong?
Son. Me wrong? not they;
The best among 'em should not set me wrong,
Nor right, nor anything; I'd tell 'em that.
Father. Herefordshire's short horns and shorter wits
Are known in every quarter of the land,
Those blunt, these blunter. Well! no help for it!
Each might do harm if each had more of each . .
Yet even in Herefordshire there are some
Not downright dolts . . before the cider's broacht,
When all are much alike . . yet most could tell
A railroad from a parish or a pike.
How thou couldst miss that railroad puzzles me,
Seeing there lies none other round about.
Son. I found the rails along the whole brook-side
Left of that old stone bridge across yon Avon.
Father. That is the place.
Son. There was a house hard-by,
And past it ran a furnace upon wheels,
Like a mad bull, tail up in air, and horns
So low ye might not see 'em. On it bumpt,

Roaring, as straight as any arrow flits,
As straight, as fast too, ay, and faster went it,
And, could it keep its wind up and not crack,
Then woe betide the eggs at Tewkesbury
This market-day, and lambs, and sheep! a score
Of pigs might be made flitches in a trice,
Before they well could knuckle.
Father! father!
If they were ourn, thou wouldst not chuckle so,
And shake thy sides, and wipe thy eyes, and rub
Thy breeches-knees, like Sunday shoes, at that rate.
Hows'ever . . . .
Father. 'Twas the train, lad, 'twas the train.
Son. May-be: I had no business with a train.
"*Go thee by rail,*" you told me; "*by the rail*
At Defford" . . and didst make a fool of me.
Father. Ay, lad, I did indeed: it was methinks
Some twenty years agone last Martinmas.

XLV.

When closes overhead the warmer ray,
And love has lived his little life away,
How dull and lingering comes the ancient tale,
How sorrowful the song of nightingale!
At last by weariness, not pain, opprest,
We pant for sleep, and find but broken rest;
A rest unbroken in due order comes,
And friends awake us in their happier homes.

XLVI.

ON THE APPROACH OF A SISTER'S DEATH.

Spirit who risest to eternal day,
O hear me in thy flight!
Detain thee longer on that opening way
I would not if I might.

Methinks a thousand come between us two
Whom thou wouldst rather hear:
Fraternal love thou smilest on; but who
Are they that press more near?

The sorrowful and innocent and wrong'd,
Yes, these are more thy own,
For these wilt thou be pleading seraph-tongued
(How soon!) before the Throne.

XLVII.

ON THE DEATH OF M. D'OSSOLI AND HIS WIFE MARGARET FULLER.

Over his millions Death has lawful power,
But over thee, brave D'Ossoli! none, none.
After a longer struggle, in a fight
Worthy of Italy to youth restored,
Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
Of the Atlantick; on its shore; in reach
Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all
Precious on earth to thee . . a child, a wife!
Proud as thou wert of her, America
Is prouder, showing to her sons how high
Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.
She would not leave behind her those she loved:
Such solitary safety might become
Others; not her; not her who stood beside
The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
Of France and Perfidy assail'd the walls
Of unsuspicious Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
Renown'd for strength of genius, Margaret!
Rest with the twain too dear! My words are few,
And shortly none will hear my failing voice,
But the same language with more full appeal
Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains
Worthy to sing of thee: the hour is come;
Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

XLVIII.

Avon that never thirsts, nor toils along,
Nor looks in anger, listen'd to my song,
So that I envied not the passing names
Whose gilded barges burnisht prouder Thames,
Remembering well a better man than I,
Whom in those meads the giddy herd ran by,
What time the generous Raleigh bled to death,
And Lust and Craft play'd for Elizabeth.
While Murder in imperial robe sat by
To watch the twinkling of that sharp stern eye,
Till when a sister-queen was call'd to bleed,
Her fingers cased in jewels sign'd the deed!

XLIX.

There was a lovely tree, I knew
And well remember where it grew,
And very often felt inclined
To hear its whispers in the wind.
One evening of a summer day
I went, without a thought, that way,
And, sitting down, I seem'd to hear
The tree's soft voice, and some one's near.
Yes, sure enough I saw a maid
With wakeful ear against it laid.
Silent was everything around
While thus the tree in quivering sound:
"They pant to cull our fruit, and take
A leaf, they tell us, for our sake,
On the most faithful breast to wear
And keep it, till both perish, there.
Sad pity such kind hearts should pant
So hard! We give them all they want.
They come soon after and just taste
The fruit, and throw it on the waste.
Again they come, and then pluck off
What poets call our hair, and scoff;
And long ere winter you may see
These leaves fall fluttering round the tree.
They come once more: then, then you find
The root cut round and undermined:
Chains are clencht round it: that fine head,
On which still finer words were said,
Serves only to assist the blow,
And lend them aid to lay it low."
Methinks I hear a gentle sigh,
And fain would guess the reason why;
It may have been for what was said
Of fruit and leaves, of root and head.

L.

TO THE WORM.

First-born of all creation! yet unsung!
I call thee not to listen to my lay,
For well I know thou turnest a deaf ear,
Indifferent to the sweetest of complaints,
Sweetest and most importunate. The voice
Which would awaken, and which almost can,

The sleeping dead, thou rearest up against
And no more heedest than the wreck below.
Yet art thou gentle; and for due reward,
Because thou art so humble in thy ways,
Thou hast survived the giants of waste worlds,
Giants whom chaos left unborn behind,
And Earth with fierce abhorrence at first sight
Shook from her bosom, some on burning sands,
Others on icy mountains, far apart;
Mammoth, and mammoth's architype, and coil
Of serpent cable-long, and ponderous mail
Of lizard, to whom crocodile was dwarf.
Wrong too hath oft been done thee: I have watcht
The nightingale, that most inquisitive
Of plumed powers, send forth a sidelong glance
From the low hazel on the smooth footpath,
Attracted by a glimmering tortuous thread
Of silver left there when the dew had dried,
And dart on one of thine, that one of hers
Might play with it. Alas! the young will play,
Reckless of leaving pain and death behind.
I too (but early from such sin forbore)
Have fasten'd on my hook, aside the stream
Of shady Arrowe or the broad mill-pond,
Thy writhing race. Thou wilt more patiently
Await my hour, more quietly pursue
Thy destined prey legitimate.
First-born,
I call'd thee at the opening of my song;
Last of creation I will call thee now.
What fiery meteors have we seen transcend
Our firmament! and mighty was their power,
To leave a solitude and stench behind.
The vulture may have revell'd upon men;
Upon the vulture's self thou revellest:
Princes may hold high festival; for thee
Chiefly they hold it. Every dish removed,
Thou comest in the silence of the night,
Takest thy place, thy train insinuatest
Into the breast, lappest that wrinkled heart
Stone-cold within, and with fresh appetite
Again art ready for a like carouse.
Behold before thee the first minstrel known
To turn from them and laud unbidden guest!
He, who hath never bent his brow to king,
Perforce must bend it, mightier lord, to thee.

LI.

ON SWIFT JOINING AVON NEAR RUGBY.

Silent and modest Brook! who dippest here
Thy foot in Avon as if childish fear
Witheld thee for a moment, wend along;
Go, follow'd by my song,
Sung in such easy numbers as they use
Who turn in fondness to the Tuscan Muse,
And such as often have flow'd down on me
From my own Fiesole.
I watch thy placid smile, nor need to say
That Tasso wove one looser lay,
And Milton took it up to dry the tear
Dropping on Lycidas's bier.
In youth how often at thy side I wander'd!
What golden hours, hours numberless, were squander'd
Among thy sedges, while sometimes
I meditated native rhymes,
And sometimes stumbled upon Latian feet;
Then, where soft mole-built seat
Invited me, I noted down
What must full surely win the crown,
But first impatiently vain efforts made
On broken pencil with a broken blade.
Anon, of lighter heart, I threw
My hat where circling plover flew,
And once I shouted till, instead of plover,
There sprang up half a damsel, half a lover.
I would not twice be barbarous; on I went . .
And two heads sank amid the pillowing bent.
Pardon me, gentle Stream, if rhyme
Holds up these records in the face of Time:
Among the falling leaves some birds yet sing,
And Autumn hath his butterflies like Spring.
Thou canst not turn thee back, thou canst not see
Reflected what hath ceast to be:
Haply thou little knowest why
I check this levity, and sigh.
Thou never knewest her whose radiant morn
Lighted my path to Love; she bore thy name,
She whom no Grace was tardy to adorn,
Whom one low voice pleas'd more than louder fame:
She now is past my praises: from her urn
To thine, with reverence due, I turn.

O silver-braided Swift! no victim ever
Was sacrificed to thee,
Nor hast thou carried to that sacred River
Vases of myrrh, nor hast thou run to see
A band of Mænads toss their timbrels high
Mid *io-evohes* to their Deity.
But holy ashes have bestrewn thy stream
Under the mingled gleam
Of swords and torches, and the chaunt of Rome,
When Wiclif's lowly tomb
Thro' its thick briars was burst
By frantic priests accurst;
For he had enter'd and laid bare the lies
That pave the labyrinth of their mysteries.
We part . . but one more look!
Silent and modest Brook!

LII.

A voice in sleep hung over me, and said
"Seest thou him yonder?" At that voice I raised
My eyes: it was an Angel's: but he veil'd
His face from me with both his hands, then held
One finger forth, and sternly said again,
"Seest thou him yonder?"
On a grassy slope
Slippery with flowers, above a precipice,
A slumbering man I saw: methought I knew
A visage not unlike it; whence the more
It troubled and perplext me.
"Can it be
My own?" said I.
Scarce had the word escaped
When there arose two other forms, each fair,
And each spake fondest words, and blamed me not,
But blest me, for the tears they shed with me
Upon that only world where tears are shed,
That world which they (why without me?) had left.
Another now came forth, with eye askance:
That she was of the earth too well I knew,
And that she hated those for loving me
(Had she not told me) I had soon divined.
Of earth was yet another; but more like
The heavenly twain in gentleness and love:
She from afar brought pity; and her eyes
Fill'd with the tears she fear'd must swell from mine:
Humanest thoughts with strongest impulses

Heav'd her fair bosom ; and her hand was raised
To shelter me from that sad blight which fell
Damp on my heart ; it could not ; but a blast,
Sweeping the southern sky, blew from beyond
And threw me on the ice-bergs of the north.

LIII.

From leaves unopen'd yet, those eyes she lifts
Which never youthful eyes could safely view.
"A book, a flower, such are the only gifts
I like to take . . nor like them least from you."

A voice so sweet it needs no Muse's aid
Spake it, and ceast. We, offering both, reply
"*These* tell the dull old tale that youth must fade,
This, the bright truth that genius shall not die."

LIV.

ITALY IN JANUARY 1853.

O nation of Alfieri ! thou
Before the cope and cowl must bow,
And Gallick herds from Tiber drink
Until the stagnant water sink,
And nothing be there left but mud
Dark with long streaks of civic blood.
Mark, Galileo, with what glee,
From sorcery's fragile thraldom free,
The sun spins round thy worlds and thee !
Above, to keep them in, is bent
A solid marble firmament,
Which saints and confessors hold down
Surmounted with a triple crown.
Torture had made thee (never mind !)
A little lame, a little blind :
God's own right-hand restores thy sight,
And from his own he gives thee light;
His arm supports thy mangled feet,
Now firm, and plants near His thy seat.
Savonarola ! look below,
And see how fresh those embers glow
Which once were faggots round the stake
Of him who died for Jesu's sake,
Who walkt where his apostles led,
And from God's wrath, not mortal's, fled.
Come, Dante! virtuous, sage, and bold,
Come, look into that miry fold ;

Foxes and wolves lie there asleep,
O'ergorged; and men but wake to weep:
Come, Saints and Virgins! whose one tomb
Is Rome's parental catacomb;
Above where once ye bled, there now
Foul breath blows blushes from the brow
Of maidens, whipt until they fall
To feed the plump confessional.
O earlier shades! no less revered!
In your Elysium ye have heard
No tale so sad, no tale so true,
None so incredible to you.
  Gloomy as droops the present day,
And Hope is chill'd and shrinks away,
Another age perhaps may see
Freedom raise up dead Italy.

LV.

SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON.

The tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out,
All nations spoke thro' me.
The other:
True; and thro' this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man,
Glory! be Glory! not to me, to God.

LVI.

TO MIDSUMMER DAY.

Crown of the Year, how bright thou shinest!
How little, in thy pride, divinest
Inevitable fall! albeit
We who stand round about fore-see it.
Shine on; shine bravely. There are near
Other bright children of the Year,
Almost as high, and much like thee
In features and in festive glee:
Some happy to call forth the mower,
And hear his sharpen'd scythe sweep o'er
Rank after rank: then others wait
Before the grange's open gate,

And watch the nodding wane, or watch
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,
Till young and old at once take wing
And promise to return in spring.
Yet I am sorry, I must own,
Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

LVII.

So then, I feel not deeply! if I did,
I should have seized the pen and pierced therewith
The passive world!
And thus thou reasonest?
Well hast thou known the lover's, not so well
The poet's heart: while that heart bleeds, the hand
Presses it close. Grief must run on and pass
Into near Memory's more quiet shade
Before it can compose itself in song.
He who is agonised and turns to show
His agony to those who sit around,
Seizes the pen in vain: thought, fancy, power,
Rush back into his bosom; all the strength
Of genius can not draw them into light
From under mastering Grief; but Memory,
The Muse's mother, nurses, rears them up,
Informs, and keeps them with her all her days.

LVIII.

Little you think, my lovely friend,
While o'er these easy lines you bend
That they can give you many days,
You little think, to whom belong
The purer streams of sacred song,
He from the tomb the prey of Death can raise:
He can, and will; for this is due
From him above the rest to you,
Tho' with the rest he shares your smile:
Ah! most he wants it, as you know . .
One, only one, would soothe his woe . .
Beguile not him . . and all but him beguile!

LIX.

TO SHELLEY.

Shelley! whose song so sweet was sweetest here,
We knew each other little; now I walk
Along the same green path, along the shore

Of Lerici, along the sandy plain
Trending from Lucca to the Pisan pines,
Under whose shadow scatter'd camels lie,
The old and young, and rarer deer uplift
Their knotty branches o'er high-feather'd fern.
Regions of happiness! I greet ye well;
Your solitudes, and not your cities, stay'd
My steps among you; for with you alone
Converst I, and with those ye bore of old.
He who beholds the skies of Italy
Sees ancient Rome reflected, sees beyond,
Into more glorious Hellas, nurse of Gods
And godlike men: dwarfs people other lands.
Frown not, maternal England! thy weak child
Kneels at thy feet and owns in shame a lie.

LX.

WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX.

ON READING A POEM OF WORDSWORTH'S.

Derwent! Winander! sweetest of all sounds
The British tongue e'er utter'd! lakes that Heaven
Reposes on, and finds his image there
In all its purity, in all its peace!
How are your ripples playing round my heart
From such a distance? while I gaze upon
The plain where William and where Cæsar led
From the same Gaulish strand each conquering host,
And one the Briton, one the Saxon name,
Struck out with iron heel. Well may they play,
Those ripples, round my heart, buoyed up, entranced.
Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.
Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes,
His friend and mine, and every man's who lives,
Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
Among the sages of Antiquity,
Under his hospitable roof whose life
Surpasses theirs in strong activity,
Whose Genius walks more humbly, stooping down
From the same highth to cheer the weak of soul
And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
Hail ye departed! hail thou later friend,
Julius!* but never by my voice invoked
With such an invocation . . hail, and live!

* Archdeacon Hare.

LXI.

Again, perhaps and only once again,
I turn my steps to London. Few the scenes
And few the friends that there delighted me
Will now delight me: some indeed remain,
Tho' changed in features . . friend and scene . . both changed!
I shall not watch my lilac burst her bud
In that wide garden, that pure fount of air,
Where, risen ere the morns are warm and bright,
And stepping forth in very scant attire,
Timidly, as became her in such garb,
She hasten'd prompt to call up slumbering Spring.
White and dim-purple breathed my favourite pair
Under thy terrace, hospitable heart,*
Whom twenty summers more and more endear'd;
Part on the Arno, part where every clime
Sent its most graceful sons to kiss thy hand,
To make the humble proud, the proud submiss,
Wiser the wisest, and the brave more brave.
Never, ah never now, shall we alight
Where the man-queen† was born, or, higher up
The nobler region of a nobler soul,‡
Where breathed his last the more than kingly man.
Thou sleepest, not forgotten, nor unmourn'd,
Beneath the chesnut shade by Saint Germain;
Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,
Not under Italy's serener sky,
Where Fiesole beheld me from above
Devising how my head most pleasantly
Might rest ere long, and how with such intent
I smooth'd a platform for my villagers,
(Tho' stood against me stubborn stony knoll
With cross-grain'd olives long confederate)
And brought together slender cypresses
And bridal myrtles, peering up between,
And bade the modest violet bear her part.
Dance, youths and maidens! tho' around my grave
Ye dance not, as I wisht: bloom, myrtles! bend
Protecting arms about them, cypresses!
I must not come among you; fare ye well!

LXII.

Bitter are many tears, but sweet are some;
These have short courses, those run long and wide.

* Lady Blessington. † Elizabeth. ‡ The Protector.

Who hath not struck his brow when Time hath plow'd
Its flowery fields, at thought of wrong and pain
A careless hour inflicted? Mere neglect
Of helping up a sufferer, is enough
By its reflection to o'ershadow years
Serenely lying on life's colder slope.
Well is it for us when we feel the power
To take another turn, a fairer view,
And bring back homeward little charities,
And hear kind words and grateful sighs again.
Ah! 'tis refreshing as the earlier breath
Of mower's morn: then tears are sweet indeed,
And from no earth-stain'd sources do they flow.

EPISTLES.

I.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

ON THE CLASSICK AND ROMANTICK.

PHILIP! I know thee not, thy song I know:
It fell upon my ear among the last
Destined to fall upon it; but while strength
Is left me, I will rise to hail the morn
Of the stout-hearted who begin a work
Wherein I did but idle at odd hours.
The Faeries never tempted me away
From higher fountains and severer shades;
Their rings allured me not from deeper track
Left by Olympick wheel on ampler plain;
Yet could I see them and can see them now
With pleasurable warmth, and hold in bonds
Of brotherhood men whom their gamesome wreath
In youth's fresh slumber caught, and still detains.
I wear no cestus; my right hand is free
To point the road few seem inclined to take.
Admonish thou, with me, the starting youth,
Ready to seize all nature at one grasp,
To mingle earth, sea, sky, woods, cataracts,
And make all nations think and speak alike.
Some see but sunshine, others see but gloom,
Others confound them strangely, furiously;
Most have an eye for colour, few for form.
Imperfect is the glory to *create*,
Unless on our creation we can look
And see that all is good; we then may rest.
In every poem train the leading shoot;
Break off the suckers. Thought erases thought,
As numerous sheep erase each other's print
When spungy moss they press or sterile sand.

Blades thickly sown want nutriment and droop,
Although the seed be sound, and rich the soil;
Thus healthy-born ideas, bedded close,
By dreaming fondness perish overlain.
A rose or sprig of myrtle in the hair
Pleases me better than a far-sought gem.
I chide the flounce that checks the nimble feet,
Abhor the cruel piercer of the ear,
And would strike down the chain that cuts in two
The beauteous column of the marble neck.
Barbarous and false are all such ornaments,
Yet such hath poesy in whim put on.
Classical hath been deem'd each Roman name
Writ on the roll-call of each pedagogue
In the same hand, in the same tone pronounced;
Yet might five scanty pages well contain
All that the Muses in fresh youth would own
Between the grave at Tomos, wet with tears
Rolling amain down Getick beard unshorn,
And that grand priest whose purple shone afar
From his own Venice o'er the Adrian sea.
We talk of schools . . unscholarly; if schools
Part the romantick from the classical.
The classical like the heroick age
Is past; but Poetry may reassume
That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin,
And not with Roman and with Greek alone.
The name is graven on the workmanship.
The trumpet-blast of *Marmion* never shook
The God-built walls of Ilion; yet what shout
Of the Achaians swells the heart so high?
Nor fainter is the artillery-roar that booms
From *Hohenlinden* to the *Baltick* strand.
Shakespeare with majesty benign call'd up
The obedient classicks from their marble seat,
And led them thro' dim glen and sheeny glade,
And over precipices, over seas
Unknown by mariner, to palaces
High-archt, to festival, to dance, to joust,
And gave them golden spur and vizor barred,
And steeds that Pheidias had turn'd pale to see.
The mighty man who open'd Paradise,
Harmonious far above Homerick song,
Or any song that human ears shall hear,
Sometimes was classical and sometimes not:

Rome chain'd him down; the younger Italy
Dissolved (not fatally) his Samson strength.
  I leave behind me those who stood around
The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy, but unclean,
To hurry past the opprobrious courts and lanes
Of the loose pipers at the Belial feast,
Past mime obscene and grinder of lampoon . .
Away the petty wheel, the callous hand!
Goldsmith was classical, and Gray almost;
So was poor Collins, heart-bound to Romance:
Shelley and Keats, those southern stars, shone higher.
Cowper had more variety, more strength,
Gentlest of bards! still pitied, still beloved!
Shrewder in epigram than polity
Was Canning; Frere more graceful; Smith more grand;*
A genuine poet was the last alone.
Romantick, classical, the female hand
That chain'd the cruel Ivan down for ever,
And follow'd up, rapt in his fiery car,
The boy of Casabianca to the skies.
Other fair forms breathe round us, which exert
With Paphian softness Amazonian power,
And sweep in bright array the Attick field.
  To *men* turn now, who stand or lately stood
With more than Royalty's gilt bays adorn'd.
Wordsworth, in sonnet, is a classick too,
And on that grass-plot sits at Milton's side;
In the long walk he soon is out of breath
And wheezes heavier than his friends could wish.
Follow his pedlar up the devious rill,
And, if you faint not, you are well repaid.
Large lumps of precious metal lie engulpht
In gravely beds, whence you must delve them out
And thirst sometimes and hunger; shudder not
To wield the pickaxe and to shake the sieve,
Well shall the labour be (though hard) repaid.
Too weak for ode and epick, and his gait
Somewhat too rural for the tragick pall,
Which never was cut out of duffel grey,
He fell entangled, "on the grunsel-edge
Flat on his face, and shamed his worshippers."
  Classick in every feature was my friend
The genial Southey: none who ruled around
Held in such order such a wide domain . .
But often too indulgent, too profuse.

* Bobus Smith.

The ancients see us under them, and grieve
That we are parted by a rank morass,
Wishing its flowers more delicate and fewer.
Abstemious were the Greeks; they never strove
To look so fierce: their Muses were sedate,
Never obstreperous: you heard no breath
Outside the flute; each sound ran clear within.
The Fauns might dance, might clap their hands, might shout,
Might revel and run riotous; the Nymphs
Furtively glanced, and fear'd, or seem'd to fear;
Descended on the lightest of light wings,
The graceful son of Maia mused apart,
Graceful, but strong; he listen'd; he drew nigh;
And now with his own lyre and now with voice
Temper'd the strain; Apollo calmly smiled.

II.

TO FRIEND JONATHAN.

Friend Jonathan! for friend thou art,
Do prythee take now in good part
    Lines the first steamer shall waft o'er.
Sorry am I to hear the Blacks
Still bear your ensign on their backs;
    The stripes they suffer make me sore.

So! they must all be given up
To drain again the bitter cup.
    Better, far better, gold should come
From Pennsylvanian wide-awakes,
Ubiquitarian rattlesnakes,
    Or, pet of royalty, Tom Thumb.

Another region rolls it down,
Where soon will rise its hundredth town:
    The wide Pacifick now is thine.
With power and riches be content;
More, more than either, God hath sent . .
    A man is better than a mine.

Scarce half a century hath past
Ere closed the tomb upon your last,
    The man that built the western world:
When gamblers, drunkards, madmen rose,
He wrencht the sword from all such foes
    And crusht them with the iron they hurl'd.

Beware of wrong. The brave are true:
The tree of Freedom never grew
Where Fraud and Falsehood sow'd their salt.
Hast thou not seen it stuck one day
In the loose soil, and swept away
The next, amid the blind and halt,

Who danced like maniacs round about?
The noisiest, foulest, rabble-rout!
Earth spurns them from her, half-afraid.
Slaves they will ever be, and shou'd,
Drunken with every neighbour's blood,
By every chief they arm betray'd.

III.

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Call we for harp or song?
Accordant numbers, measured out, belong
Alone, we hear, to bard.
Let him this badge, for ages worn, discard;
Richer and nobler now
Than when the close-trim'd laurel markt his brow.
And from one fount his thirst
Was slaked, and from none other proudly burst
Neighing, the winged steed.
Gloriously fresh were those young days indeed!
Clear, tho' confined, the view;
The feet of giants swept that early dew;
More graceful came behind,
And golden tresses waved upon the wind.
Pity and Love were seen
In earnest converse on the humble green;
Grief too was there, but Grief
Sat down with them, nor struggled from relief.
Strong Pity was, strong he,
But little Love was bravest of the three.
At what the sad one said
Often he smiled, tho' Pity shook her head.
Descending from their clouds,
The Muses mingled with admiring crowds:
Each [illegible] her ear inclined,
Each [illegible] ght and spoke the language of mankind
[illegible] choral thraldom free . .
[illegible] as! didst thou teach *them* or they teach *thee?*

IV.

TO ROBERT EYRES LANDOR.

ON HIS "PAWN" AND HIS "ARETHUSA."

'Αλλ' οὐδε ταυταγε νοῦν ιαινει φθονερων. PINDAR.

Rare, since the sons of Leda, rare a twain,
Born of one mother, which hath reacht the goal
Of Immortality: the stem is rare
Which ripens close together two rich fruits.
Two Scipios were "the thunderbolts of war,"
And blasted what they fell upon: the arm
Of Napier, far more glorious, bent each horn
Of Indus to his yokemate Ganges, hail'd
For higher victory, hail'd for rescuing
A hundred nations from barbaric sway.
The light of Scipio was outshone by him
He vanquisht, by the Julian star eclipst,
And Scipio had no brother who could lift
The scroll of Mars above the reach of Time.
We too, alike in studies, we have toil'd,
In calmer fields and healthier exercise,
Not without Honour: Honour may defer
His hour of audience, but he comes at last.
Behold! there issue from one house two chiefs*
Beyond all contest; one in shafts of wit
Hurl'd o'er the minster to the Atlantic strand,
The other proudly unapproachable
Striking a rock whence gush the founts of song;
Dull sands lie flat and dwarf shrubs writhe around.
Twice nine the centuries since the Latian Muse
Wail'd on the frozen Danube for her son
Exiled, her glory to revive no more
Until that destined period was fulfil'd.
Scaring the wrens at Cam's recumbent side,
Never by Tiber's one of statelier step
Or loftier mien or deeper tone than he
Whom, bold in youth, I dared to emulate,
Nor stoopt my crest to peck light grain among
The cackling poultry of the homestead yard.
Thine is the care to keep our native springs
Pure of pollution, clear of weeds; but thine
Are also graver cares, with fortune blest
Not above competence, with duties charged
Which with more zeal and prudence none perform.

* Sydney and Bobus Smith.

There are who guide the erring, tend the sick,
Nor frown the starving from a half-closed door,
But none beside my brother, none beside,
In stall thick-litter'd or on mitred throne,
Gives the more needy all the Church gives him.
Unaided, tho' years press and health declines,
By aught of clerical or human aid,
Thou servest God, and God's poor guests, alone.
Enough were this to damn thee here below,
But not enough to drive those forms away
Which to pure votary morn and eve descend,
The Muse, the Grace, the Nymph of stream and grove;
But not enough to make the sun less warm
On thy smooth walks and pleasant glades close mown,
Or lamplight duller on thy pictured walls.
Thy Fancy rests upon deep-bosomed Truth,
And wakes to Harmony; no word is tost
To catch the passing wind like unmade hay.
Few can see this, whirl'd in the dust around,
And some who can would rather see awry.
If such could add to their own fame the fame
Their hands detract from others, then indeed
The act, howbeit felonious, were less vile;
They strip the wealthy, but they clothe the poor.
Aside thy *Fawn* expect some envious stab,
Some latent arrow from obscure defile;
Aside thy *Arethusa* never hope
Untroubled rest; men will look up and see
What hurts their eyes in the strong beams above,
And shining points will bring fierce lightnings down
Upon thy head, and mine by birth so near.
Heedless of brawlers in the pit beneath,
To whosoe'er enacts the nobler part,
Known or unknown, or friendly or averse,
I will throw crowns, and throw unsparingly;
Nor are these crowns too light to fly direct,
Nor fall they short, far as the scope may be.
  Better I deem it that my grain of myrrh
Burn for the living than embalm the dead.
Take my fraternal offering, not composed
Of ditch-side flowers, the watery-stalkt and rank,
Such as our markets smell of, all day long,
And roister ditty-roaring rustics wear;
But fresh, full, shapely, sprinkled with that lymph
Which from Peneios on the olive-wreath
Shook at loud plaudits under Zeus high-throned.

V.

TO GUYON.

Guyon! thy praises few dare sing,
  But not so few shall hear.
From virgin earth thy laurels spring
  O'er fountain deep and clear.

Honour, not Glory, led thee forth,
  Young, ardent: at thy word
Uprose the Danube; and the North
  Saw the last sheath'd thy sword.

VI.

TO AUBREY DE VERE.

Welcome! who last hast climb'd the cloven hill
Forsaken by its Muses and their God!
Show us the way; we miss it, young and old.
Roses that can not clasp their languid leaves,
Puffy and odourless and overblown,
Encumber all our walks of poetry;
The satin slipper and the mirror boot
Delight in pressing them: but who hath trackt
A Grace's naked foot amid them all?
Or who hath seen (ah! how few care to see!)
The closé-bound tresses and the robe succinct?
Thou hast; and she hath placed her palm in thine.
Walk ye together in our fields and groves:
We have gay birds and graver, we have none
Of varied note, none to whose harmony
Time long will listen, none who sings alone.
Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
Aubrey de Vere! Fling far aside all heed
Of that hyæna race which growls and smiles
Alternate, and which neither blows nor food
Nor stern nor gentle brow, domesticate.
Await some Cromwell, who alone hath strength
Of heart to dash down its wild wantonness
And fasten its fierce grin with steady gaze.
Come, re-ascend with me the steeps of Greece,
With firmer foot than mine. None stop the road,
And few will follow: we shall breathe apart
That pure fresh air, and drink the untroubled spring.
Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight
May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on;
Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.

VII.

TO A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE.

Preacher of discontent! Then large indeed
Would be my audience, copious my display
Of common-places. Better curb and quell
Not by the bridle but the provender.
  Sportsmen! manorial lords! of you am I.
Let us, since game grows scarcer every day,
Watch our preserves near home: we need but beat
About the cottage-garden and slim croft
For plenteous sport. Catch up the ragged child,
Kiss it, however frighten'd: take the hand
Of the young girl from out the artizan's
Who leads her to the factory, soon to wear
The tissue she has woven dyed in shame:
Help the halt eld to rule the swerving ass,
And upright set his crutch outside the porch,
To reach, nor stoop to reach, at his return.
'Tis somewhat to hear blessings, to confer
Is somewhat more. Wealth is content to shine
By his own light, nor asks he Virtue's aid;
But Virtue comes sometimes, and comes unaskt,
Nay, comes the first to conference.
There is one,
One man there is, high in nobility
Of birth and fortune, who erects his house
Among the heathen, where dun smoke ascends
All day around, and drearier fire all night.
Far from that house are heard the church's bells,
And thro' deep cinders lies the road, yet there
Walks the rich man, walks in humility,
Because the poor he walks with, and with God.
No mitred purple-buskin'd baron he,
Self-privileged to strip the calendar
Of Sabbath days, to rob the cattle's rest,
And mount, mid prance and neighing, his proud throne.
  Of what is thinking now thy studious head,
O artist! in the glorious dome of Art,
That thou shouldst turn thine eyes from Titian's ray,
Or Raffael's halo round the Virgin's head
And Child's, foreshowing Paradise regain'd?
Of Ellesmere thou wert thinking; so was I.

VIII.

TO LORD DUDLEY C. STUART.

WITH AN ODE TO KOSSUTH.

This is my hour
To bow to Power.
" *What* Power ?" you ask, with wonder in your eye.
Soon said and heard
The simple word . .
That Power which bends before Humanity.
Go then, my line !
His knees entwine
(Better than garter) who hath cheer'd the slave.
Little can you,
Poor infant ! do . .
Be led by Stuart to the just and brave.

IX.

TO THE REVEREND CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.

Cuthbert ! whose father first in all our land
Sate in calm judgment on poetic peer,
Whom hatred never, friendship seldom, warpt . .
Again I read his page and hear his voice ;
I heard it ere I knew it, ere I saw
Who utter'd it, each then to each unknown.
Twelve years had past when upon Avon's cliff,
Hard-by his birth-place, first our hands were join'd ;
After three more he visited my home.
Along Lantony's ruin'd aisles we walkt
And woods then pathless, over verdant hill
And ruddy mountain, and aside the stream
Of sparkling Hondy. Just at close of day
There by the comet's light we saw the fox
Rush from the alders, nor relax in speed
Until he trod the pathway of his sires
Under the hoary crag of Comioy.
Then both were happy.
War had paused : the Loire
Invited me ; again burst forth fierce War.
I minded not his fury : there I staid,
Sole of my countrymen, and foes abstain'd
(Tho' sore and bleeding) from my house alone.
But female fear impell'd me past the Alps,
Where, loveliest of all lakes, the Lario sleeps
Under the walls of Como.
There he came

Again to see me; there again our walks
We recommenced . . less pleasant than before.
Grief had swept over him; days darken'd round:
Bellagio, Valintelvi, smiled in vain,
And Monterosa from Helvetia far
Advanced to meet us, mild in majesty
Above the glittering crests of giant sons
Station'd around . . in vain too! all in vain!
  Perhaps the hour may come when others, taught
By him to read, may read my page aright
And find what lies within it; time enough
Is there before us in the world of thought.
The favour I may need I scorn to ask.
What sovran is there able to reprieve,
How then to grant, the life of the condemn'd
By Justice, where the Muses take their seat?
Never was I impatient to receive
What any man could give me: when a friend
Gave me my due, I took it, and no more . .
Serenely glad because that friend was pleas'd.
I seek not many, many seek not me,
If there are few now seated at my board,
I pull no children's hair because they munch
Gilt gingerbread, the figured and the sweet,
Or wallow in the innocence of whey;
Give *me* wild-boar, the buck's broad haunch give *me*,
And wine that time has mellow'd, even as time
Mellows the warrior hermit in his cell.

X.

TO ELIZA LYNN, ON HER *AMYMONE*.

High names, immortal names, have women borne;
In every land her amaranthine crown
Virtue hath placed upon the braided brow;
In many, courage hath sprung up and shamed
The stronger man's unbrave audacity;
In many, nay in all, hath Wisdom toucht
The fairer front benignly, and hath kist
Those lids her lessons kept from their repose.
Only for Hellas had the Muses dwelt
In the deep shadow of the gentler breast,
To soothe its passion or repeat its tale.
They lived not but in Hellas. *There* arose
Erinna, *there* Corinna, *there* (to quench
The torch of poesy, of love, of life,

In the dim water) Sappho. Far above
All these, in thought and fancy,* she whose page
The world's last despot seiz'd and trampled on,
Casting her forth where Summer's gladden'd sun
Shone o'er the nightless laurel from the Pole.
Before her advent, England's maidens heard
The *Simple Story:* other voices since
Have made their softness sound thro' manly tones
And overpower them. In our days, so sweet,
So potent, so diversified, is none
As thine, Protectress of Aspasia's fame,
Thine, golden shield of matchless Pericles,
Pure heart and lofty soul, Eliza Lynn!

XI.

TO MESCHID THE LIBERATOR.

Valour not always is propel'd by War;
  Often he takes a seat
Under the influence of a milder star,
  More happy and more great.

Foremost in every battle waved on high
  The plume of Saladin;
He chased our northern meteors down the sky,
  And shone in peace serene.

In vain two proud usurpers side by side,
  Meschid! would shake thy throne:
Sit firm; these outlaws of the world deride,
  And fear thy God alone.

No God who winks from canvas at the crowd,
  No God who sweats from wood,
No God at whose high-cross priests chaffer loud,
  No God who sells his blood;

But merciful and mighty, wise and just,
  Who lays the proud man low,
Who raises up the fallen from the dust,
  And bids the captive go.

In these thou followest Him, thou one sublime
  Among the base who press
Man's heart, man's intellect; the wrongs their crime
  Inflicts, thy laws redress.

* Savary, by order of Bonaparte, seized the whole impression of Madame de Staël's *Germany*, and forced her to take refuge in Sweden.

Justice hath rais'd thee higher than him whose blade
  The Drave and Danube won,
Fastening the towers of Widdin and Belgrade
  To his Byzantine throne.

Can Egypt, Syria, can the land of myrrh,
  Can all thou rulest o'er,
Such glory on thy diadem confer?
  . . Thy path leads on to more.

Meschid! I pick up paras in no court,
  To none I bend the knee,
But, Virtue's friend! Misfortune's sole support!
  I give my hand to thee.

XII.

TO BERANGER AT TOURS.

O harp of France! why hang unstrung
Those poplar-waving isles among
    Which thinly shade the sunny Loire?
Beranger! bid that harp once more
Resound to Seine's polluted shore,
    And wake to shame thy slumbering choir.

Beauty and love and joyous feast
Become thee, but become thee least
    In these dark days when none rejoice;
Yet thou hast deeper tones, and those
Can shake with terror freedom's foes:
    Strike, sing; they shall not drown thy voice.

Bid France lift up her brow again,
Nor cower before the bravest men,
    Remembering those her prime had borne;
Hated, distrusted, hath she been,
But never until now hath seen
    So near, so dark, the scowl of scorn.

Write on the rampire of Marseilles
Here Power in Virtue's presence quails,
    And warns the patriot from the pier:
Yet the self-exiled sons of Greece*
Reposed their shatter'd limbs in peace,
    With barbarous nations round them, here.

* The Phocæans, founders of Marseilles.

In inextinguishable flame
Write thine with Abdel-Kader's name.
On Amboise's high prison-wall:
Add, Beranger, these words below,
Defiance to the advancing foe!
Grace to the vanquisht! faith to all!

XIII.

TO LAMARTINE, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

History lies wide open: the first page
Of every chapter blood illuminates,
And ductile gold embosses, dense and bright.
Not children only, but grave men admire
The gaudy grand distortions; hippogryphs,
Unicorns, dragons, infant heads enlarged
To size gigantic, seraph visages,
And scaly serpents trailing underneath.
I trill no cymbal, and I shake no bells
To thee, pacific ruler! On the plains
Be thou establisht, where power rests secure,
Unshaken by the tempests: there my muse
Shall find and cheer thee when the day is o'er,
And other notes are silent all around.
'Twas not unseemly in the bravest bard
From Paradise and angels to descend,
And crown his country's saviour with a wreath
Above the regal: few his words, but strong,
And sounding through all ages and all climes.
He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand
Of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave
The notes to Glory. Darwen and Dunbar
Heard him; Sabrina, whom in youth he wooed,
Croucht in the sedges at the clang of war,
Until he pointed out from Worcester walls
England's avenger awfully sedate.
In our dull misty day what breast respires
The poetry that warms and strengthens man
To glorious deeds, and makes his coronet
Outlive the festival, nor droop at last?
Alas! alas! the food of nightingales
Is foul; and plumeless bipeds who sing best
Desert the woods for cattle-trodden roads,
And plunge the beak, hungry and athirst, in mire.
Prince! above princes! may thy deeds create
A better race! meanwhile from peaceful shores

Hear, without listening long (for graver cares
Surround and press thee), hear with brow benign
A voice that cheers thee with no vulgar shout,
No hireling impulse, on thy starry way.

XIV.

TO ANOTHER PRESIDENT.

Hast thou forgotten, thou more vile
Than he who clung to Helen's isle
    Rather than fall among the brave!
Hast thou forgotten so thy flight,
When sparing Philip's peaceful might
    Disdain'd to hurl thee to thy grave?
Forgotten the chain'd eagle, borne
Shaken by ridicule and scorn
    Up Boulogne's proud columnar hill?
Twice traitor, ere a nation's trust
Rais'd thee a third time from the dust
    For what? . . to be a traitor still.
The hands that thrust thy uncle down,
And threw into his face his crown,
    Contemptuous, were held forth to thee;
Not for thy valour or thy worth,
Believe me, were those hands held forth,
    No, but from joy that thou wert free.
O brow of brass! O heart of stone!
Dost thou of Europe's sons alone
    Repel the exile from thy shore,
Whom Plague's implacable disease,
Whom murderous men, tempestuous seas,
    Had spared, whose wrongs far worlds deplore.
Him when the sons of Ismael saw,
The man who gave free men the law,
    They stopt the camel-train to gaze;
For in the desert they had heard
The miracles of Kossuth's Word,
    The myriad voices of his praise.
Him, ever mindful of her trust,
America, the firm, the just,
    Beneath her salutary star
Invokes, and bears across the main,
Until his native land again
    Avenges an unrighteous war.
England! I glory that mine eyes
First open'd on thy sterner skies,
    Where the most valiant of mankind

Bear gentlest hearts; I glory most
At the proud welcome on thy coast
Of him, the brave, the pure, the wise.
My England, look across the Strait!
Behold the chief whom thousands hate,
But fear to touch; because the Tzar
Nods at him from his saddle-bow,
And says, "*If any strike a blow*
Against my slave, I rush to war."
Safe art thou, Louis! . . for a time;
But tremble . . never yet was crime,
Beyond one little space, secure.
The coward and the brave alike
Can wait and watch, can rush and strike. . .
Which marks thee? one of them, be sure.
Some men love fame, despising power,
Well shelter'd from its sultry hour,
And some love power, despising fame;
Among the crowd of these art thou,
And soon shalt reach it . . but below
A Jellachich's and Görgey's name.

XV.

TO ARNDT.

Against the frauds of France did Europe rise
And seize the robber who had lost his way,
Blinded with blood; she threw him upon rocks
Where none but gulls wail'd over him; she heaved
(Well may the Muses blush to speak the word)
A tallow tub on her indignant breast,
And, midst her shrieks and writhings, the sword's point
Graved on the foul bulk-head four letters, K.I.N.G.
'Twas at thy voice, O Arndt, that Europe rose,
England's was weak, and Germany's was tuned
To theatres, and lower'd to ducal ears;
But thy loud clarion waked all living, waked
The dead to march among them. Prussia saw
Her warrior burst his covenants; Bluker strode
Aside the old man's charger, even paced
Along the path where glory shines austere,
Shedding a dim but no uncertain light.
Cry out again, brave Arndt! cry out the words
Proclaim'd of old, "*Learn justice!** *Be forewarn'd!*"
And tell the princes of thy native land

* Discite justitiam; moniti. VIRGIL.

That, sprung from robbers, they are robbers too:
Cry out, "*Abstain! or forfeit crown and life!*"
There is a nation high above the rest
In virtue and in valour we have wrong'd,
We Englishmen have wrong'd her, we her sons.
We owe her more than riches can repay
Or penitence or sympathy atone.
Let us at least the arms we seized restore
And drive the coward invader from her coast.
Arndt! thou art stronger than the strongest arm
That wields in Germany a patriot sword;
How much then stronger than whichever wields
One temper'd not by justice! 'Tis to thee
Alone, the greatest of God's great, I call,
I, who alone can now be heard so far,
For (let me whisper) we have ribbon'd lute
And rural fiddle; trumpet we have none.
He who had bled for Wallace, at his side,
Lies with due honours; due, but long deferr'd;
He too, the great magician, multiform,
Who sang the fate of Marmion, and convoked
From every country all who shone most high
In arms or beauty, drain'd the bowl of grief
And sleeps! Another, his compatriot bard,
Whose thunder shook the Baltic and the Nile,
And stay'd the Danaw swol'n with ice and blood,
Lies . . . dead as Nelson . . . nor more dead than he.
Our richest fruits grew under northern skies;
We have no grafts; we have but twigs and leaves.
Up thou! burst boldly through the palace-gate,
Announce thy errand, bid a king be just,
So mayest thou, good Arndt, as heretofore
When first I claspt that guiding hand at Bonn,
Return with other laurels, and enjoy
Thy ripening orchard and domestic peace.

XVI.

FROM FRANCE TO THE POPE.

Made our God again, Pope Pius!
Worthy to be worshipt by us!
Come to Paris, and put on
Thy true son Napoleon
(Blest afresh) that glorious crown
Crushing crippled Europe down,

Leaving not a house but shed
Tears for some one maim'd or dead,
None but where some father sate,
Or some mother, desolate,
Or some maiden tore her hair,
Or some widow shriekt despair,
Or the wolf, when all were gone,
Claim'd the ruin for his own,
Drowsy, and his only fear
When the viper crept too near.
Men three millions, French the most,
Each a soldier, now a ghost,
Watch his tomb. We venerate
(Name he chose) the *Man of fate.*
Come, our God again, Pope Pius!
Worthy to be worshipt by us!
Not for him thy help we call
Who built up an icy wall
Of men's bodies, all the way
From where Moscow's cinders lay
To the Danube's fetter'd flood,
Where side-looking Franz then stood,
Salesman of his flesh and blood . . .
But for one who far outwits
Keenest-witted Jesuits,
And without a blush outlies
Thee and all thy perjuries.

XVII.

THE HEROINES OF ENGLAND.

Hereditary honours who confers?
God; God alone. Not Marlboro's heir enjoys
A Marlboro's glory. Ye may paste on walls,
Thro' city after city, rubric bills,
Large-letter'd, but ere long they all peel off,
And others take their places. 'Tis not thus
Where genius stands; no monarch here bestows,
No monarch takes away; above his reach
Are these dotations, yea, above his sight.
Despise I then the great? no; witness Heaven!
None better knows or venerates them higher,
Or lives among them more familiarly.
Am I a sycophant, and boaster too?
A little of a boaster, I confess,
No sycophant. Now let me teach my lore.

Those are the great who purify the hearts,
Raise lofty aspirations from the breasts,
And shower down wisdom on the heads of men.
Children can give, exchange, and break their toys,
But giants can not wrench away the gifts
The wise, however humble, may impart.
I have seen princes, but among them all
None I would own my equal; I have seen
Laborious men, and patient, Virtue's sons,
Men beyond Want, yet not beyond the call
Of strict frugality from ember'd hearth,
And inly cried, "*O, were I one of these!*"
How many verses, verses not inept,
But stampt for lawful weight and sterling ore,
Are worth one struggle to exalt our kind!
Here let me back my coursers, and turn round.
Hereditary honours! few indeed
Are those they fall to. Norton! Dufferin!
Rich was your grandsire in the mines of wit,
Strong in the fields of eloquence, but poor
And feeble was he when compared with you.
O glorious England! never shone the hour
With half so many lights; and most of these
In female hands are holden. Gone is she
Who shrouded *Casa-Bianca*,* she who cast
The iron mould of *Ivan*, yet whose song
Was soft and varied as the nightingale's,
And heard above all others. Few are they
Who well weigh gems: instead of them we see
Flat noses, cheek by jowl, not over-nice,
Nuzzle weak wash in one long shallow trough:
Let me away from them! fresh air for me!
I must to higher ground.
What glorious forms
Advance! No *man* so lofty, so august.
In troops descend bright-belted Amazons . .
But where is Theseus in the field to-day?

XVIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "MARY BARTON."

A few have borne me honour in my day,
Whether for thinking as themselves have thought
Or for what else I know not nor inquire.

* Felicia Hemans.

Among them some there are whose name will live
Not in the memories but the hearts of men,
Because those hearts they comforted and cheer'd,
And, where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn feature and disfigured limb.
Such thou art, pure and mighty! such art thou,
Paraclete of the Bartons! Verse is mute
Or husky in this wintry eve of time,
And they who fain would sing can only cough:
And yet we praise them. Some more strong have left
The narrow field of well-trim'd poetry
For fresher air and wider exercise;
And they do wisely: I might do the same
If strength could gird and youth could garland me.
Imagination flaps her purple wing
Above the ancient laurels, and beyond;
Aye, there are harps that never rang aloft
Olympic deeds or Isthmian; there are hands
Strong even as those that rein'd the fiery steeds
Of proud Achilles on the Dardan plain;
There are clear eyes, eyes clear as those that pierced
Thro' Paradise and Hell and all between.
The human heart holds more within its cell
Than universal Nature holds without.
This thou hast shown me, standing up erect
While I sat gazing, deep in reverent awe,
Where Avon's Genius and where Arno's meet;
And thou hast taught me at the fount of Truth,
That none confer God's blessing but the poor,
None but the heavy-laden reach His throne.

XIX.

HELLAS TO AUBREY DE VERE ON HIS DEPARTURE.

Traveller! thou from afar that explorest the caverns of Delphi,
Led by the Muses, whose voice thou rememberest, heard over ocean,
Tell the benighted at home that the spirit hath never departed
Hence, from these cliffs and these streams: that Apollo is still *King* Apollo,
And that no other should rule where Olympus, Parnassus, and Pindus
Are what they were, ages past; that, if barbarous bands have invaded
Temple and shrine heretofore, it is time the reproach be abolisht,

ne that the wrong be redrest, and the stranger no more be the ruler.
hether be heard or unheard the complaint of our vallies and mountains,
om the snow-piles overhead to the furthermost island of Pelops,
ace be to thee and to thine! And, if Deities hear under water,
andly may Panopè clasp and with fervour the knee of Poseidon!
andly may Cymodameia prevail over Glaucos, dividing
ith both her hands his white beard and kissing it just in the middle,
that the seas be serene which shall carry thee back to thy country
here the sun sinks to repose. But ever be mindful of Hellas!

XX.

TO LAYARD, DISCOVERER OF NINEVEH.

No harps, no choral voices, may enforce
The words I utter. Thebes and Elis heard
Those harps, those voices, whence high men rose higher
And nations crown'd the singer who crown'd *them*.
His days are over. Better men than his
Live among *us*: and must they live unsung
Because deaf ears flap round them? or because
Gold lies along the shallows of the world,
And vile hands gather it? My song shall rise,
Altho' none heed or hear it: rise it shall,
And swell along the wastes of Nineveh
And Babylon, until it reach to thee,
Layard! who raisest cities from the dust,
Who driest Lethe up amid her shades,
And pourest a fresh stream on arid sands,
And rescuest thrones and nations, fanes and gods
From conquering Time; he sees thee and turns back.
The weak and slow Power pushes past the wise,
And lifts them up in triumph to her car:
They, to keep firm the seat, sit with flat palms
Upon the cushion, nor look once beyond
To cheer thee on thy road. In vain are won
The spoils; another carries them away;
The stranger seeks them in another land,
Torn piecemeal from thee. But no stealthy step
Can intercept thy glory.
Cyrus raised
His head on ruins: he of Macedon
Crumbled them, with their dreamer, into dust:

God gave thee power above them, far above;
Power to raise up those whom they overthrew,
Power to show mortals that the kings they serve
Swallow each other like the shapeless forms
And unsubstantial which pursue pursued
In every drop of water, and devour
Devoured, perpetual round the crystal globe.*

XXI.

TO ELIZA LYNN,

WITH THE "FIVE SCENES."

Eloquence often draws the mind awry
By too much tension, then relaxes it
With magic fires round which the Passions stand
Crazed or perverse; but thine invigorates,
By leading from the flutter of the crowd,
And from the flimsy lace and rank perfume
And mirror where all faces are alike,
Up the steep hill where Wisdom, looking stern
To those afar, sits calm, benign; the Gods
But just above, the Graces just below,
Regarding blandly his decorous robe:
There are, my lovely friend, who twitch at thine;
Suffer it; walk straight on; they will have past
Soon out of sight. The powerfulest on earth
Lose all their potency by one assault
On Genius or on Virtue. Where are they
Who pelted Milton? Where are they who raised
Fresh Furies round Rousseau? Where he accurst,
Thrice a deserter, thrice a fugitive,
Always a dastard, who by torchlight shed
A Condé's blood? His march the wolf and bear
Most signalized; he gorged them till they slept,
And howl'd no longer; men alone howl'd there,
Under sharp wounds and Famine's sharper fang.
He ridged the frozen flats of Muscovy
And bridged the rivers, paved the roads, with men, . .
Men in the morning, blocks of ice at noon.
Myriads of these are less than one he threw
To death more lingering in a dungeon's damp,
The sable chief who made his brethren free.
  Malevolence in guise of Flattery
Will bow before thee. Men I know of old
In whose wry mouths are *friendship*, *truthfulness*,

* Seen through a solar microscope.

And *gentleness*, and *geniality*,
And *good old customs, sound old hearts*. Beware
Lest they come sideling, lest they slily slip
Some lout before thee whose splay foot impedes
Thy steps, whose shoulder hides thee from thy friends:
Leave such behind; let pity temper scorn.
With this encouragement, with this advice,
Accept my Christmas gift, perhaps my last.
Behold *Five Scenes*, scenes not indeed most fit
For gentle souls to dwell in; but the worst
Lie out of sight, dark cypresses between;
Another dared pass thro' them, I dare not.
Askest thou why none ever could lead forth
My steps upon the stage? . . I would evoke
Men's meditation, shunning men's applause.
Let this come after me, if come it will;
I shall not wait for it, nor pant for it,
Nor hold my breath to hear it, far or nigh.
Orestes and Electra walkt with me,
And few observ'd them: then Giovanna shed
Her tears into my bosom, mine alone.
The shambling step in plashy loose morass,
The froth upon the lip, the slavering tongue,
The husky speech interminable, please
More than the vulgar, tho' the vulgar most.
How little worth is fame when even the wise
Wander so widely in our wildering field!
Easy it were for one in whose domain
Each subject hath its own, and but his own,
Easy it were for him to parcel out
A few more speeches, filling up the chinks;
Difficult, far more difficult, to work
Wards for the lock than hinges for the gate.
I who have skill for wards have also strength
For hinges; nor should they disgrace the door
Of noblest temple Rome or Athens rear'd.
Content am I to go where soon I must;
Another day may see me, now unseen;
I may perhaps rise slowly from my tomb
And take my seat among the living guests.
Meanwhile let some one tell the world thy worth,
One whom the world shall listen to, one great
Above his fellows, nor much lower than thou:
He who can crown stands very near the crown'd.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

FROM

"DRY STICKS," 1858.

DRY STICKS.

EPIGRAMS.

Among the *Dry Sticks* many are so slender that they seem to have been cut after a few years' growth; others are knottier and more gnarled than are usually carried to market, but give out greater heat and burn longer. Among the varieties may be found a few fragments seemingly exotic; pointed leaves hanging grimly to them, very like those of the pine which grew formerly about Rome and above Tivoli; laurels of a species uncultivated in England; and prunings which may be taken for olive, if we judge of them by the smoothness of the bark, the purity of the flame, and the paucity of the ashes.

We often find in the clouds, in the mountains, in the fire, and in other objects, resemblances of things quite different: so it may happen that in some of these *Dry Sticks* the observer, if his mood is contemplative, or, more probably, if he is half-dreaming, shall see somewhat to remind him of poetry.

Here are light matters within; twigs, broken buds, and moss: but who, in taking up a volume, has not sometimes had reason to complain of a quality the reverse of lightness? and who is ignorant that the lightest is the best part of many?

I.

EXPOSTULATION.

Now yellowing hazels fringe the greener plain,
And mountains show their unchain'd necks again,
And little rivulets beneath them creep,
And gleam and glitter in each cloven steep;
Now when supplanted by insidious snow
The huge stone rolls into the lake below,
What, in these scenes, her earlier haunts, to roam,
What can detain my lovely friend from home?
'Tis that, 'mid fogs and smoke, she hears the claim
And feels the love of Freedom and of Fame;
Before these two she bends serenely meek,
They also bend, and kiss her paler cheek.

II.

DEFIANCE.

Catch her and hold her if you can . .
See, she defies you with her fan,
Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread
In threat'ning guise above your head.
Ah! why did you not start before
She reacht the porch and closed the door?
Simpleton! will you never learn
That girls and time will not return;
Of each you should have made the most,
Once gone, they are for ever lost.
In vain your knuckles knock your brow,
In vain will you remember how
Like a slim brook the gamesome maid
Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

III.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

The day of brightest dawn (day soonest flown!)
Is that when we have met and you have gone.

IV.

CASUISTRY.

Our brother we believe we must not slay;
His blood we may not spill, his tears we may.
Alas! in this wide world how few abstain
From seizing pleasure thro' another's pain.

V.

TO A LIMONCINA (VERBENA).

Flowers may enjoy their own pure dreams of bliss.
Prest, smooth'd with soft slow hand, upon her book
By Isabel, and winning one kind look,
Couldst thou, my Limoncina, dream of this?

VI.

TO A FAIR MAIDEN.

Fair maiden! when I look at thee
I wish I could be young and free;
But both at once, ah! who could be?

VII.

OLIM.

Do and permit whate'er you will
With others, I shall love you still.
Heaven grant we may not love the most
When to each other we are lost!

VIII.

DESTINY UNCERTAIN.

Gracefully shy is yon Gazelle:
And are those eyes, so clear, so mild,
Only to shine upon a wild
And be reflected in a shallow well?
Ah! who can tell?

If she grows tamer, who shall pat
Her neck? who wreathe the flowers around?
Who give the name? who fence the ground?
Pondering these things a grave old Dervish sat,
And sighed, Ah! who can tell.

IX.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Old Dervish! O how good you are!
Your verses lit papa's cigar.

X.

THE HEART'S ABYSSES.

Triumphant Demons stand, and Angels start,
To see the abysses of the human heart.

XI.

GRAVER SONGS.

Graver songs I fain would sing:
"*Ah! 'twill never, never do!*"
Love cries out . . and every string
Sounds, and sounds again, but you.

XII.

FEAR.

I fear a little girl I know;
Were I but younger I were bolder;
Diana! I would break thy bow
In twain across her ivory shoulder.

XIII.

WITH FLOWERS.

The Goddess of beauty, who loves early hours,
Awakened the Graces to gather you flowers:
The Goddess of wisdom comes later, and says,
"Those wither; take mine; they shall last all your days."

XIV.

A SIGH CAUGHT.

Happy the man for whom arose that sigh,
And happy too, tho' less by half, am I:
I am the first to catch it on its way,
The last that wingèd herald to betray.

XV.

PLEASURE.

What bitter flowers surround the fount of Pleasure,
And poison its bright waters as they fall!

XVI.

INCORRIGIBLE.

My hopes and glories all go down,
Before the shadow of your frown:
You smile on me, and I am then
The happiest and the first of men.
To you is given, and but to you,
To punish and to pardon too.
Grave was my fault, yet wish it less
I can not; I would still transgress.

XVII.

TO THE CYCLAMEN.

My little flower of stem so tall,
Who would have thought that we should fall
So soon, or ever, in disgrace?
My little flower! be thou resign'd,
Like me, nor deem it hard to find,
Even at her feet our resting-place.

XVIII.

ON LOVE.

What right have I to hold back Love so late,
When we should long have gone to rest?
But we were pelted by the storms of Fate
From where we rashly built our nest.
One there is yet who drives us not away,
But warms our hands in her's this winter day.

XIX.

DOROTHEA.

Stately step, commanding eye,
Attributes of majesty,
Others may from far adore . .
Adoration! mine is more
When that stately step I see,
Swifter now, approaching me,
And that eye whose one command
Is, "*Come here and take my hand.*"

XX.

ON LAW.

What thousands, Law, thy handywork deplore!
Thou hangest many, but thou starvest more.

XXI.

INDIFFERENCE.

Whether a span above ground or below
'Tis best to lie, it boots me not to know.

XXII.

PARTIES.

Tories don't like me, Whigs detest;
Then in what quarter can I rest?
Among the Liberals? most of all
The liberals are illiberal.

XXIII.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Pleasure and Pain,
Of equal reign,
I know not which is strongest;
But well I know,
(And grieve 'tis so,)
Which domineers the longest.

XXIV.

TO A LADY WHO DROPT A FEW YEARS.

Lightly you run thro' years; stop! stop!
Let me pick up the gems you drop.
Five I perceive are on the ground . .
What! are you angry they are found?

XXV.

HONOUR AND MODESTY.

When Honour once hath shut the door
Behind him, he returns no more.
Modesty finds, once gone astray,
No forward and no backward way,
Gone every grace that most endears!
Gone, beyond all, the grace of tears!

XXVI.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue and Vice look much the same;
If Truth is naked, so is Shame.

XXVII.

NINETEENTH OF JANUARY.—FLOWERS SENT.

If flowers could make their wishes vocal, they
Would breathe warm wishes on your natal day:
Boldly to meet your smile they venture forth
This winter morn, nor dread the blustering north.

XXVIII.

CONSTANCY.

Constancy has one bright day,
Then like light it fades away.

XXIX.

VOYAGE TO ST. IVES, CORNWALL, FROM PORT-EINON, GLAMORGAN, 1794.

How gladsome yet how calm are ye
White birds that dip into the sea!
How sportive those bright fins below
Which through green alga-meadows glow!
How soft the lustrous air around,
And the red sail's is all the sound,
While me my heart's fierce tempest drives
On from Port-Einon to St. Ives.

XXX.

MORN.

Sweet is the Morn where'er it shines,
Whether amid my Tuscan vines,
Or where Sorrento's shadows play
At *hide-and-seek* along the bay,
Or high Amalfi takes its turn,
Until they rest on low Salern.

And here too once the Morn was sweet,
For here I heard the tread of feet
Upon the pebbles wet with dew;
Sweet was the Morn, it breath'd of you.

XXXI.

MY WIT SCANTY.

I have but little wit, all they
Whose brains are close and curdy say;
They relish best the broadfaced jokes
Of hearty, burly, country-folks,
And are quite certain those must judge ill
Who for the rapier drop the cudgell.

XXXII.

BOYS AND MEN.

Leave me alone! the pettish school-boy cries,
Leave me alone! say too the calm and wise.

XXXIII.

THE GARDENER.

Bloom, O my rose!
Bloom there where blows
The vernal, not autumnal, air,
Enough for me
At times to see
A flower an angel ought to wear.

Thy graceful jar
Was rais'd afar
From that which holds my coarser clay,
Yet could thy smile
Warm it awhile
And melt the distance half away.

XXXIV.

DULNESS.

Deem me not sad and sorrowful
Because my looks and words are dull.
Are not deep rivers, as they flow
Along the pleasant meadow, slow?
While shallow streamlets frisk and stray
Among the pebbles, cold as they.
Come, sit upon my knee, and then
I shall be quite alive again,
Altho' my too imperfect speech
Say nothing more than what you teach.

XXXV.

THE MATRON.

Become a matron, grave and sage,
You, reprehending every page
That pleas'd you not long since, seem now
To ask from under frowning brow,
"Ha! what audacity hath placed
This volume in a hand so chaste?
A volume where fictitious names
Cover, not hide, forbidden flames."
  Be merciful! and let him pass;
He is no longer what he was:
He wrote as poets wrote before,
And loved like them . . but rather more.

XXXVI.

MACAULAY'S PEERAGE.

Macaulay is become a peer;
A coronet he well may wear;
But is there no one to malign?
None: then his merit wants the sign.

XXXVII.

THE TWO SATIRISTS.

While we are frolicking with Flaccus
Comes Juvenal to slash and hack us.

XXXVIII.

PLAYS.

How soon, alas, the hours are over,
Counted us out to play the lover!

And how much narrower is the stage,
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands; beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!

XXXIX.

THE SOLAR MICROSCOPE.

You want a powerful lens to see
What animalcules those may be,
Which float about the smallest drop
Of water, and which never stop,
Pursuing each that goes before,
And rolling in unrest for more.

Poets! a watery world is ours,
Where each floats after, each devours,
Its little unsubstantial prey . .
Strange animalcules . . we and they!

XL.

TO A CYCLAMEN.

I come to visit thee again,
My little flowerless cyclamen;
To touch the hand, almost to press,
That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.
What could thy careful guardian find
Of thee in form, of me in mind,
What is there in us rich or rare,
To make us claim a moment's care?
Unworthy to be so carest,
We are but withering leaves at best.

XLI.

THE ROCKS OF LIFE.

Life's rugged rocks burst thro' its flowery plain;
Flashes of pleasure! thunderbolts of pain!

XLII.

A POET SLEEPING.

The poet sleeps: at every wheeze,
At every grunt and groan
You cry, "His verses how like these!
He marks them for his own."

XLIII.

FAST FALL THE LEAVES.

Fast fall the leaves: this never says
To that, "Alas! how brief our days!"
All have alike enjoy'd the sun,
And each repeats, "*So much is won:*
Where we are falling, millions more
Have dropt, nor weep that life is o'er."

XLIV.

FLATTERED ON MY YOUTH.

Flatter me not with idle tales of youth,
But rather flatter me than tell the truth:
My youth might not have gone had you been by,
And you been happy, tho' far less than I.

XLV.

PERTNESS REPROVED.

"I see in you not greatly more
Than I once saw in one before."
"Then I know why: it is that you
Are on the verge of eighty-two.
Go, get along; you may be wise,
But others have much better eyes."

XLVI.

DIFFERENT GRACES.

Around the child bend all the three
Sweet Graces; Faith, Hope, Charity.
Around the man bend other faces;
Pride, Envy, Malice, are his Graces.

XLVII.

WE DRIVE THE HOOP.

We drive the hoop along the green of life
And hear no voice behind us: one cries out
'*T is lesson-time:* on rolls the hoop: at last
It reels and falls: we then look round and shout,
Who took my apples and my nuts away?
Our playmates crunch the apples, crack the nuts,
And pat us on the back and laugh amain.
Poets! the moral of my verse ye know.

XLVIII.

ASHES.

Under the grate the ashes lie
Until the dustman passes by:
Does it occur to young or old
These ashes were not always cold?
They are the same that shone so bright
And warm'd so many but last night;
They may even now some thought suggest,
Some simile . . but let it rest.

XLIX.

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

The grateful heart for all things blesses;
Not only joy, but grief endears:
I love you for your few caresses,
I love you for my many tears.

L.

DECLINE OF LIFE.

How calm, O life, is thy decline!
Ah! it is only when the sun
His hot and headstrong course hath run,
Heaven's guiding stars serenely shine.

LI.

TO THE CYCLAMEN.

Thou Cyclamen of crumpled horn
Toss not thy head aside;
Repose it where the Loves were born,
In that warm dell abide.
Whatever flowers, on mountain, field,
Or garden, may arise,
Thine only that pure odour yield
Which never can suffice.
Emblem of her I've loved so long,
Go, carry her this little song.

LII.

LATE LOVE.

Sitting up late, incautious Love takes cold,
The wiser give him over ere grown old.

LIII.

A SENSIBLE GIRL'S REPLY TO MOORE'S

"Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew."

It would give me rheumatics, and so it would you.

LIV.

TO A YOUNG POET.

The camel at the city-gate
Bends his flat head, and there must wait.
Thin in the desert is the palm,
And pierced the thorn to give its balm.
The Land of Promise thou shalt see,
I swear it, by myself and thee;
Rise, cheer thee up, and look around,
All earth is not for deer and hound;
Worms revel in the slime of kings,
But perish where the laurel springs.

LV.

WISE AND UNWISE.

To love and to be loved the wise would give
All that for which alone the unwise live.

LVI.

FIRMNESS.

Firmer the tree when winter whirls the leaves;
And should not we
Be like the tree?
Winter is sure, but often spring deceives.

LVII.

PITY AND COMPASSION.

Let pity and compassion be outspread,
Early as prayer, above the boyish head,
There take full swoop, there find unbroken rest!
No blessing ever leaves the human breast
Without returning to it, soon or late,
And driving back the strides of adverse fate.

LVIII.

LIFE'S ROMANCE.

Life's torn Romance we thumb throughout the day:
Cast it aside: 'tis better this be done
Ere fall between its leaves the dust that none
Can blow away.

LIX.

THE CRIMEAN HEROES.

Hail, ye indomitable heroes, hail!
Despite of all your generals ye prevail.

LX.

ERVING A VULGAR NAME ON THE PLINTH OF AN ANCIENT STATUE.

Barbarians must we always be?
  Wild hunters in pursuit of fame?
Must there be nowhere stone or tree
  Ungasht with some ignoble name?
O Venus! in thy Tuscan dome
  May every God watch over thee!
Apollo! bend thy bow o'er Rome
  And guard thy sister's chastity.
Let Britons paint their bodies blue
  As formerly, but touch not you.

LXI.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the Earth; and we begin
To learn a little of what lies within.

LXII.

SYMPATHY.

When our eyes melt not with another's woes
Methinks 'tis time they should for ever close.

LXIII.

TO SOUTHEY.

Ah Southey! how we stumble on thro' life
Among the broken images of dreams,
Not one of them to be rais'd up again!

LXIV.

WHO ARE THE BEST LABOURERS?

You in good blinkers can see nothing shocking,
I shy and start before a crimson stocking;
I think what dippings and how deep have dyed
Those courtly trappings of unchristian pride;
Then, looking into the next field, perceive
Men work the better for less width of sleeve.

LXV.

FRIENDSHIP.

There is a flame that flickers over us,
Paler, yet not unlike the flame of love:
It never burns the hand: below the urn
That holds it, FRIENDSHIP is the word I read.

LXVI.

TO ONE UNEQUALLY MATCHED.

Bear it, O matcht unequally, you must,
And in your strength and virtue firmly trust.
The Power that rules our destinies decreed
One heart should harden and another bleed.

LXVII.

FAULTS ACKNOWLEDGED.

The soft I own to; then of fun
I must acknowledge I have none,
And am the only man that ever
Doubted if he, in wit, was clever.

LXVIII.

LIFE HURRIES BY.

Life hurries by, and who can stay
One winged Hour upon her way?
The broken trellis then restore
And train the woodbine round the door.

LXIX.

WHAT SIGHS DO.

Each year bears something from us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our sighs.

LXX.

ON FREEDOM.

Let Freedom on thy breast descend,
O Earth! and love thy truest friend,
For wayward as his flights may be,
He never was unkind to thee.

LXXI.

WHERE ARE SIGHS?

Unless my senses are more dull
Sighs are become less plentiful.
Where are they all? these many years
Only my own have reacht my ears.

LXXII.

PROMISE.

I may not add to youth's brief days,
Nor bid the fleeting hours stand still;
No, Rose; but I can waft your praise
To distant ages, and I will.
Forgotten be my name if yours
In its fresh purity endures.

LXXIII.

WHAT IS DEPLORABLE.

It is deplorable to fear an enemy,
But more deplorable to fear a friend,
As wicked men must do, and good men may.

LXXIV.

WHY NEVER SEEN.

You ask me why I'm "never seen." . .
Except by you, perhaps you mean.
Without the gazes of the crowd
I can be (while you let me) proud.
Society props slender folk,
In the deep forest swells the oak.

LXXV.

CREEDS.

We have outlived low Creeds; the high remains.
One, that *our God is good*, the soul sustains.
Revenge he leaves among the blind below,
Who miss the object when they aim the blow.
Far, not too far, it pleases Him to place
Hope for the humble, terror for the base.

LXXVI.

THE BANQUET OVER.

I leave the table: take my place,
Ye young, and, when ye rise, say grace.
Hence all unthankful ones, and go
Where neither vines nor myrtles grow.

LXXVII.

A TRUTH.

There may be scornfulness, there may be wrong
Which never rises to the proud man's tongue.

LXXVIII.

WISHES.

Wishes are by-paths to unhappiness,
And in the vale of Tears they terminate.

LXXIX.

THE FIRE OF LOVE.

The fires of love are pure in just degree,
Like other fires to their intensity.

LXXX.

HEARTS-EASE.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you . .
Hearts-ease . . of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

LXXXI.

IANTHE'S TROUBLES.

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down and up again as blythe as ever;
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples in a sunny river.

LXXXII.

TO ONE IN GRIEF.

Ah! do not drive off grief, but place your hand
Upon it gently, it will then subside.
A wish is often more than a command,
Either of yours would do; let one be tried.

LXXXIII.

TO J. S.

Many may yet recall the hours
That saw thy lover's chosen flowers
Nodding and dancing in the shade
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:
On many a brain is pictured yet
Thy languid eye's dim violet,
But who among them all foresaw
How the sad snows that never thaw
Upon that head one day should lie
And love but glimmer from that eye.

LXXXIV.

HOW TO READ ME.

To turn my volumes o'er nor find
  (Sweet unsuspicious friend!)
Some vestige of an erring mind
  To chide or discommend,

Believe that all were loved like you
  With love from blame exempt,
Believe that all my griefs were true
  And all my joys but dreamt.

VARIOUS.

I.

THE MYRTLE'S APPEAL.

To the tender and pensive I make my Appeal.
If ever ye felt, believe I also feel.
Who rifles my blossoms, who strips my young leaves,
May the maiden he swears to, be sure he deceives!
But ye who in grove or in chamber run over
The songs of all lands that have burst from the lover,
And have learnt and have often repeated my name,
From Cyprus to distant Ierne the same,
Do spare me! There is (you may know her) a flower
Who blooms and who blushes for only an hour;
She may not be backward a breast to adorn,
Perhaps warm as hers, and perhaps cold as Morn;
There place her: I fancy she will not resist,
Nor will one (for her parents have many) be miss'd.
But, if you hope aught from our Goddess, leave me
To rest on the sands and to look on the sea.*

II.

THE SAGE OF SEVENTEEN.

Little have you to learn from me,
  O sage of seventeen!
Wiser I will not boast to be,
  I can not to have been.

Go, rather place your hand in hers
  Who acts a mother's part,
And who to all your charms prefers
  Your pure and grateful heart.

* Litora myrtitis gratissima. VIRGIL.

Slowly you 'll draw it back again
When Love demands his day;
Pleasure will hardly conquer Pain
To carry you away.

III.

UNDER THE LINDENS.

Under the lindens lately sat
A couple, and no more, in chat;
I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet,
I heard the words, *How sweet! how sweet!*
Had then the Faeries given a treat
Under the lindens?

I pondered long and could not tell
What dainty pleased them both so well:
Bees! bees! was it your hydromel
Under the lindens?

IV.

LOVE IN YOUTH.

Sounder, sweeter, be your sleep
For the few fond tears you weep!
But, by all your brief young love
Pure as any born above,
I adjure you! let not me
Waste away your memory!
Half-remember, half-forget,
What my heart will treasure yet,
Broken words not idly thrown
In that vase: may I alone
Suffer, if there aught remain
To be suffered yet of pain.
Spring is past; 'twas mutual then,
Share it now with other men.
I would say too "*Make one blest*,"
But *that* speech within my breast
(False for once) must be supprest.

V.

WITH DIGBY'S "AGES OF FAITH".

I am not learned in such lore divine;
Take it: in scenes which other thoughts invade,
It may one hour cast round a cooler shade,
Yet darken not that gentle breast of thine.

It tells of Peace, and those she call'd to dwell
  Apart with her, when desperate Sin oppreat
  The struggling Earth; it can not reach thy breast,
But troubles may; so take this holy spell.

VI.

ROSINA.

Rosina ran down Prior-park,
Joyous and buoyant as a lark.
The little girl, light-heel'd, light-hearted,
Challenged me; and away we started.
Soon in a flutter she return'd,
And cheek, and brow, and bosom burn'd.
She fairly own'd my full success
In catching her, she could no less,
And said to her mama, who smiled
Yet lovelier on her lovely child,
"You can not think how fast he ran
For such a very old old man,
He would not kiss me when he might,
And, catching me, he had a right.
Such modesty I never knew,
He would no more kiss me than you."

VII.

OLD-FASHIONED VERSE.

In verse alone I ran not wild
When I was hardly more than child,
Contented with the native lay
Of Pope or Prior, Swift or Gay,
Or Goldsmith, or that graver bard
Who led me to the lone church-yard.
  Then listened I to Spenser's strain,
Till Chaucer's Canterbury train
Came trooping past, and carried me
In more congenial company.
Soon my soul was hurried o'er
This bright scene: the "solemn roar"
Of organ, under Milton's hand,
Struck me mute: he bade me stand
Where none other ambled near . .
I obey'd, with love and fear.

VIII.

WRITTEN AT MALVERN, JUNE 1799.

Ye springs of Malvern, fresh and bright,
Wherein the Spirits of health delight
  To dip incessantly their wings,
Rise and sustain the pallid maid
Who steps so slow and seeks your aid;
  Bless, and in turn be blest, ye springs!

If I might ask the Powers above
One gift, that gift should be her love.
  Hush! thou unworthy creature, hush!
Wouldst thou not rather see her, then,
Without her love, in health again?
  I pause; I bow my head, and blush.

IX.

MARCH 24.

Sharp crocus wakes the froward Year;
In their old haunts birds re-appear;
From yonder elm, yet black with rain,
The cushat looks deep down for grain
Thrown on the gravel-walk: here comes
The redbreast to the sill for crumbs.
Fly off! fly off! I can not wait
To welcome ye, as she of late.
The earliest of my friends is gone,
Alas! almost my only one!
The few as dear, long wafted o'er,
Await me on a sunnier shore.

X.

APOLOGY FOR GEBIR.

Sixty the years since Fidler bore
My grouse-bag up the Bala moor;
Above the lake, along the lea
Where gleams the darkly yellow Dee;
Thro' crags, o'er cliffs, I carried there
My verses with paternal care,
But left them, and went home again,
To wing the birds upon the plain.
With heavier luggage half forgot,
For many months they followed not.
When over Tawey's sands they came,
Brighter flew up my winter flame;

And each old cricket sang alert
With joy that they had come unhurt.
Gebir! men shook their heads in doubt
If we were sane: few made us out,
Beside one stranger; in his heart
We after held no niggard part.
The songs of every age he knew,
But only sang the pure and true.
Poet he was, yet was his smile
Without a tinge of gall or guile.
Such lived, 'tis said, in ages past;
Who knows if Southey was the last?
Dapper, who may perhaps have seen
My name in some late magazine,
Among a dozen or a score
Which interest wise people more,
Wonders if I can be the same
To whom poor Southey augured fame;
Erring as usual in his choice
Of one who mocks the public voice,
And fancies two or three are worth
Far more than all the rest on earth.
Dapper, in tones benign and clear,
Tells those who treasure all they hear,
"Landor would have done better far,
Had he observed the northern star;
Or Bloomfield might have shown the way
To one who always goes astray;
He might have tried his pen upon
The living, not the dead and gone.
Are turban'd youths and muffled belles
Extinct along the Dardanelles?
Is there no scimitar, no axe?
Daggers and bow-strings, mutes and sacks?
Are they all swept away for ever
From that sky-blue resplendent river?
Do heroes of old time surpass
Cardigan, Somerset, Dundas?
Do the Sigæan mounds inclose
More corses than Death swept from those?"
No, no: but let me ask in turn,
Whether, whene'er Corinthian urn,
With ivied Faun upon the rim
Invites, I may not gaze on him?
I love all beauty: I can go
At times from Gainsboro' to Watteau;

Even after Milton's thorough-bass
I bear the rhymes of Hudibras,
And find more solid wisdom there
Than pads professor's easy chair:
But never sit I quiet long
Where broidered cassock floats round Young;
Whose pungent essences perfume
And quirk and quibble trim the tomb;
Who thinks the holy bread too plain,
And in the chalice pours champagne.
I love old places and their climes,
Nor quit the syrinx for the chimes.
Manners have changed; but hearts are yet
The same, and will be while they beat.
Ye blame not those who wander o'er
Our earth's remotest wildest shore,
Nor scoff at seeking what is hid
Within one-chambered pyramid;
Let me then, with my coat untorn
By your acacia's crooked thorn,
Follow from Gades to the coast
Of Egypt men thro' ages lost.
Firm was my step on rocky steeps;
Others slipt down loose sandhill heaps.
I knew where hidden fountains lay;
Hoarse was their thirsty camels' bray;
And presently fresh droves had past
The beasts expiring on the waste.

XI.

DEATH OF THE DAY.

My pictures blacken in their frames
As night comes on,
And youthful maids and wrinkled dames
Are now all one.

Death of the day! a sterner Death
Did worse before;
The fairest form, the sweetest breath,
Away he bore.

XII.

TO OUR HOUSE-DOG "CAPTAIN."

Captain! we often heretofore
Have box'd behind the coach-house door,

When thy strong paws were rear'd against
My ribs and bosom, badly fenced:
None other dared to try thy strength,
And hurl thee side-long at full length,
But we well knew each other's mind,
And paid our little debts in kind.
I often braved with boyish fist
The vanquisht bull's antagonist,
And saw unsheath'd thy tiny teeth
And the dark cell that oped beneath.
Thou wert like others of the strong,
But only more averse from wrong;
Reserved, and proud perhaps, but just,
And strict and constant to thy trust,
Somewhat inclement to the poor,
Suspecting each for evil-doer,
But hearing reason when I spoke,
And letting go the ragged cloak.
Thee dare I I; but I never dar'd
To drive the pauper from the yard.

XIII.

CHILDREN PLAYING IN A CHURCH-YARD.

Children, keep up that harmless play;
Your kindred angels plainly say,
By God's authority, ye may.

Be prompt His holy word to hear,
It teaches you to banish fear;
The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the spriteliest lad
In Nature's face will look more sad,
And ask where are those smiles she had.

Ere many days the last will close . .
Play on, play on; for then (who knows?)
Ye who play here may here repose.

XIV.

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH.

Friends! hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,
And cast them into shape some other day.
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

XV.

REFLECTION FROM SEA AND SKY.

When I gaze upon the sky
And the sea below, I cry,
Thus be poetry and love,
Deep beneath and bright above.

XVI.

GORE-HOUSE LEFT FOR PARIS.

Under the lilacs we shall meet no more,
Nor Alfred's welcome hail me at the door,
Nor the brave guardian of the hall contend
In harsher voice to greet his trusty friend,
Nor on the banks of Arno or of Seine
Sure is my hope to bend my steps again;
But be it surer, Margarite, that Power
May still remember many a festive hour,
More festive when we saw the captive free,
And clasp afresh the hand held forth by thee.

XVII.

ROSINA.

'Tis pleasant to behold
The little leaves unfold
Day after day, still pouting at the Sun,
Until at last they dare
Lay their pure bosoms bare:
Of all these flowers I know the sweetest one.

XVIII.

TWICE TEN YEARS.

I was not young when first I met
That graceful mien, that placid brow:
Ah! twice ten years have past, and yet
Near these I am not older now.

Happy how many have been made
Who gazed upon your sunny smile!
I sate as happy in the shade
To hear the voice that could beguile

My sorrow for whate'er I left
In bright Ausonia, land of song,
And felt my breast not quite bereft
Of those home joys cast down so long.

XIX.

SINGING BIRDS.

Merle! cushat! mavis! when but young
More vulgar names from mother tongue
Often and often, much I fear,
Have wounded your too patient ear.
Before our dame, old Poesie,
Took me and held me on her knee,
"*Woodpigeon dear!*" I may have said,
Hearing you coo above my head,
And "*Speckled thrush! let that poor worm*
Creep safely thro' the rain and storm.
Blackbird! unless it tires you, stay
And sing me one more song to-day."
Ye listened then; and each one did
(Except the thrush) as he was bid.
I doubt if now ye sing so well
In your fine names; but who can tell?

XX.

THE THREE ROSES.

When the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the First
I was walking; joyous then
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering "*Happy as thou art,*
Happiness and thou must part."
Many summers have gone by
Since a Second Rose and I
(Rose from that same stem) have told
This and other tales of old.
She upon her wedding-day
Carried home my tenderest lay;
From her lap I now have heard
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third.
Not for *her* this hand of mine
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;
Cold and torpid it must lie,
Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.

XXI.

THE LAST GIFT.

The shadows deepen round me; take
  I will not say my last adieu,
But, this faint verse; and for my sake
  Keep the last line I trace for you.

The years that lightly touch your head,
  Nor steal away nor change one hair,
Press upon mine with heavy tread
  And leave but barren laurels there.

Another year I may not see.
  I may not all I hope in this,
Receive then on your brow from me
  And give Rosina's lips the kiss.

XXII.

THE DEATH IN PARIS

OF JANE SOPHIA, COUNTESS DE MOLANDE.

Tears! are they tears indeed?
And can the dead heart bleed?
Suffering so long, so much,
O heart! I thought no touch
Of pain could reach thee more!
Alas! the thought is o'er.
  I will wipe off the tear
That falls not on her bier
Who would have wept o'er mine.
Ah me! that form divine
Above my reach must rest
And make the blest more blest.

XXIII.

WHERE ARE THE BRAVE?

Where are the brave?
  With God: for Earth gives up
All who would circulate the social cup
Of sober freedom.
  What men have chain'd down
Italians, Poles, Hungarians?
  What? Our own.
Blush, honest England! thy embroidered knaves
Have forged the links that despots drill on slaves.
Ah England! *art* thou honest? but for thee
Man had been manly, Europe had been free.

XXIV.

GOLDSMITH AND GRAY.

Sweet odours and bright colours swiftly pass,
Swiftly as breath upon a looking-glass.
Byron, the schoolgirl's pet, has lived his day,
And the tall maypole scarce remembers May.
Thou, Nature, bloomest in perennial youth . .
Two only are eternal . . thou and Truth.
Who walks not with thee thro' the dim Churchyard?
Who wanders not with Erin's wandering bard?
Who sits not down with Auburn's pastor mild
To take upon his knee the shyest child?
These in all hearts will find a kindred place,
And live the last of our poetic race.

XXV.

THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS.

The shell assuaged his sorrow: thee he sang,
Sweet wife! thee with him on the shore alone,
At rising dawn, at parting day, sang thee.
The mouths of Tænarus, the gates of Dis,
Groves dark with dread, he entered; he approacht
The Manes and their awful king, and hearts
That knew not pity yet for human prayer.
Rous'd at his song, the shades of Erebus
Rose from their lowest, most remote abodes,
Faint shades, and empty semblances of life,
Numberless as from woodland wilds the birds
That wintery evening drives or mountain storm;
Mothers and husbands, unsubstantial crests
Of high-soul'd heroes, boys, unwedded maids,
And youths swept off before their parents' eyes.
The deep black oose and rough unsightly reed
Of slow Cocytusis unyielding pool,
And Styx confines them, flowing ninefold round.
The halls and inmost Tartarus of Death,
And (the blue adders twisting in the hair)
The Furies were astounded.
On he stept,
And Cerberus held agape his triple jaws;
On Stept the bard . . Ixion's wheel stood still.
Now, past all peril, free was his return,
And now was hastening into upper air
Eurydice, when sudden madness seized

The incautious lover; pardonable fault,
If they below could pardon: on the verge
Of light he stood, and on Eurydice
(Mindless of fate, alas! and soul-subdued)
Lookt back.
There, Orpheus! Orpheus! there was all
Thy labour shed, there burst the Dynast's bond,
And thrice arose that rumour from the lake.
"Ah what!" she cried, "what madness hath undone
Me! and, ah wretched! thee, my Orpheus too!
For lo! the cruel Fates recall me now;
Chill slumbers press my swimming eyes . . Farewell!
Night rolls intense around me as I spread
My helpless arms . . thine, thine no more . . to thee."
She spake, and, like a vapour, into air
Flew, nor beheld him as he claspt the void
And sought to speak; in vain; the ferry-guard
Now would not row him o'er the lake again,
His wife twice lost, what could he? whither go?
What chaunt, what wailing, move the Powers of Hell?
Cold in the Stygian bark and lone was she.
Beneath a rock o'er Strymon's flood on high,
Seven months, seven long-continued months, 'tis said,
He breath'd his sorrows in a desert cave,
And sooth'd the tiger, moved the oak, with song.
So Philomela mid the poplar shade
Bemoans her captive brood: the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed and took them: but all night
Grieves she, and, sitting on the bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.

XXVI.

LA PENSIEROSA.

It is not envy, it is fear
Impels me, while I write, to say
When Poesy invites, forbear
Sometimes to walk her tempting way;
Readier is she to swell the tear
Than its sharp tinglings to allay.

To our first loves we oft return
When years, that smoothe our path, are past,
And wish again the incense-urn
Its flickering flame once more to cast
On paler brows, until the bourn
Is reacht where we may rest at last.

Are there no stories fit for song
  And fit for maiden lips to sing?
To you, O Rose, they all belong,
  About your knee they fondly cling,
They love the accents of your tongue,
  They seek the shadow of your wing.

Ah! let the Hours be blythe and free,
  With Hope for ever at their side,
And let the Muses chaunt a glee
  Of pleasures that await the bride,
Of sunny life's untroubled sea,
  Smooth sands and gently-swelling tide.

A time will come when steps are slow
  And apt on ancient scenes to rest,
When life hath lost its former glow
  And, one by one, your shrinking breast
Hath dropt the flowers refreshing so
  That mansion of the truly blest.

Then, nor till then, in spring go forth
  The graves of waiting friends to see:
It would be pleasant to my earth
  To know your step, if that might be:
A bayleaf is above my worth,
  A daisy is enough for me.

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Death of the year! wilt thou be also mine,
  O Winter! never must I catch again
  The virgin breath of mountain cyclamen,
Pushing aside the wayward eglantine?

Such were my phantasies not long ago,
  Ere thou wast nearer: I had thought once more
  To ramble as of old along the shore
Of Larius, now indeed with step more slow:

And thence, if such a scene the heart can bear
  To leave behind, Sorrento's cliffs along
  From that old terrace-walk guitar and song
(Spectres! away with ye!) again to hear.

XXVIII.

THE FIG-TREES OF GHERARDESCA.

Ye brave old fig-trees! worthy pair!
  Beneath whose shade I often lay
To breathe awhile a cooler air,
  And shield me from the darts of day.

Strangers have visited the spot,
  Led thither by my parting song;
Alas! the strangers found you not,
  And curst the poet's lying tongue.

Vanisht each venerable head,
  Nor bough nor leaf could tell them where
To look for you, alive or dead;
  Unheeded was my distant prayer.*

I might have hoped (if hope had ever
  Been mine) that storm or time alone
Your firm alliance would dissever.
  Hath mortal hand your strength o'erthrown?

Before an axe had bitten thro'
  The bleeding bark, some tender thought,
If not for me, at least for you,
  On younger bosoms might have wrought.

Age after age your honeyed fruit
  From boys unseen thro' foliage fell
On lifted apron; now is mute
  The girlish glee! Old friends, farewell!

XXIX.

CROMWELL IN COUNCIL.

Prelates and Judges! Privy-Councillors!
In virtue of my office I besought
Your presence.
  Ye were taught obedience,
And ye should teach it, if so be ye learnt
Your lesson ere ye thrust it into hands
Under your ferule, smarting from it yet.
  What is that word I caught from yonder corner?
Jabber no longer. Talk to me of laws!

* Et ficus maneant duo,
  Semper religiosius
  Servandæ, umbriferum caput
    Conquassante senecta.

Laws there are thousands; Justice there is one,
One only. God created her, well pleas'd
With his creation. Men like you can make,
And *do* make, year by year and day by day,
What ye call laws. Laws thrust down Eliot
Into Death's chamber, agonized with blows
Of ponderous damp incessant. Better men
Than you or I are doom'd if one escape.
But, by the Lord above! whose holy name
I utter not profanely, by the Lord!
That one shall *not* escape. God's signature
I bear, and I affix it on the blood
Of those brave hearts that bounded at Dunbar.
(*The Prelates and Judges &c. go.*)

Are those folks gone?
Conduct them tenderly;
Draw up the gloves for it, thy softest pair.
Ireton! thou hast not gliber speech than I,
But tell those cravats, frills, and furbelows,
Those curl'd purveyors to the Unicorn,
A bushel of such heads, priced honestly,
Is not worth one grey hair of Eliot
Pluckt by the torturer Grief, untoucht by Time.
Givers of laws, forsooth!
The feast is over
Which they got drunk at, striking right and left
Until their shins and shoulders fared the worst.
Troth! I can scarce be grave in looking at them;
They have now done their work, let us do ours.
We, tho' unworthy of a sight so grand,
Shall see God strike the throne: they who again
So sin, shall see Him raise it in His wrath.

XXX.

TO BATH.

The snows have fallen since my eyes were closed
Upon thy downs and pine-woods, genial Bath!
In whose soft bosom my young head reposed,
Whose willing hand shed flowers throughout my path.

The snows have fallen on more heads than mine,
Alas! on few with heavier cares opprest.
My early wreath of love didst thou entwine,
Wilt thou entwine one for my last *long rest?*

XXXI.

TO A KID.

My little kid! if I forbid
Your visit to my tender trees,
Take it not ill, nor vainly fill
With hoarse lament the mountain breeze.

Your father there with hoary hair
And there your gentler mother stands;
I sadly fear their coming near
My quiet nook on lower lands.

Let poet rest his throbbing breast
In the lone woodland's cool retreat;
Let higher state the goat await
Who scorns alike the wind and heat,

For you alone, my little one,
I spread behind the stable door
The softest straw you ever saw. .
Against the lintel more and more

You may bring out the horns that sprout
So ruddily, and polish each.
A shining brook runs near . . you look
Affrighted . . what a thoughtless speech!

So! here I find on kiddish mind
Traditionary lore instil'd.
Tho' fairly bookt, Nymph might have lookt
For poet's promise unfulfil'd.

But never mind; no hand shall bind
For a Bandusia such a kid.
Bound if you are, one fond and fair
Shall bind you in fresh flowers half-hid.

My groves delight by day and night
To hear her name: this makes them still.
Should she have prest to yours her breast
A little hard, don't take it ill.

Her cheek tho' warm will do no harm
To the cool nostril she may kiss.
We all must bear things as they are. .
Now one word more . . and it is this.

As you grow old grow not too bold,
Learn modesty, nor ramp nor roam.
Lest blushes rise to pain her eyes
Your lady cousins must not come.

Meanwhile, though play you fairly may,
Hit not the inviting knee too hard;
For haply he afar may be
Who knows the cure, her faithful bard.

XXXII.

NANCY'S HAIR.

Ye native gems of beauty! golden hairs
Once mingled with my own,
While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares
Two idle hearts had known.

How is it that I take ye from the shrine
Which holds one treasure yet,
That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine,
Shrink from my fond regret?

Ye leaves that droopt not with the plant that bore ye,
Start ye before my breath?
Shrink ye from fonder Love that would adore ye,
O ye who fear not Death?

XXXIII.

TO MY SON WALTER.

My serious son! I see thee look
First at the picture, then the book.
I catch the wish that thou couldst paint
The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.
Give it not up, my serious son!
Wish it again and it is done.
Seldom will any fail who tries
With patient hand and earnest eyes
And wooes the Arts with such pure sighs.

XXXIV.

JULIUS HARE.

Julius! how many hours have we
Together spent with sages old!
In wisdom none surpassing thee,
In Truth's bright armour none more bold.

By friends around thy couch in death
My name from those pure lips was heard.
O Fame! how feebler all thy breath
Than Virtue's one expiring word!

EPISTLES.

I.

TO THE CHILDREN OF GARIBALDI.

Children! be not too proud, altho' the man
Whom Ocean smiles on with parental love,
And Earth from every coast with loud applause
Hails a deliverer, children, is your sire.
O what vast empire have ye to defend!
A name so high, so inaccessible,
Virtues so pure and courage so humane,
All are your heritage: by liveried serfs
On right and left will these be long assail'd:
March ever onward, but march watchfully,
Follow his steps and ye are safe; depart
One furlong from them and ye sink beneath
The vilest head that ever dozed on throne
Or ever bow'd to it: be true to Faith,
Not Faith recumbent upon downy lies,
But Faith that grasps the hand of Providence
And Justice, in this darkened world of ours,
And bends to One above, to none below.

II.

TO THE EMPEROR.

Now thou hast left this friendly shore,
And civic shouts are heard no more,
Crisping afar the pliant wave
That bore the beauteous with the brave . .
Aloof from others here I stand
Erect upon my native land.
  Napoleon! never came I near
The courtly train while thou wert here,

Nor sought the depths of that calm eye
To me once friendly: hear me why.
No, hear not *me*, but Rome; and there
Look on the broken curule chair.
Above its fragments sits elate
A priest! o'er all that once was great.
We grieve it gone, but grieve far more
To lose what one man could restore.
Whatever country be our home,
We had one nurse, and she was Rome.
The past is past, but may return,
And wisdom yet more wisdom learn.
Power is unstable, Truth is not;
Be both, for Europe's sake, thy lot!
Tell Justice to outspread her wings
And cool the crazy heads of kings:
Her balance may be now restored
By throwing in the Gallic sword.
Thy future glory let it be
To serve the good and rule the free.

III.

TO PRINCE ADAM CZARTORISKI.

The house of mourning in a foreign land
I have no privilege to enter now;
When all were happy there, I entered it,
A not unhonoured nor ungrateful guest.
By bad men hated and by good beloved,
I have lived on, not unconcern'd, amid
The struggles and uprisings of our world,
The shattered hopes of nations, which their God
Calls with his trumpet to unite again,
And to embody in more glorious form.
I panted to be present on that day,
And may yet see it.
Down, usurpers, down
Ye perjurers, ye blasphemers! Down, false Gods,
Who made earth hell! in hell be now adored.
One like yourselves shall smite you, that the blow
May fall the heavier on your abject heads.
Shalt not thou, Czartoriski, live to see
The justice thy beloved land implores
Of those her valour rescued from the sword?
Perhaps thou mayest not; for years and cares
Have weigh'd upon thee sorely: but whoe'er

Hath lived as thou hast lived may look behind
And hear the plaudits of a noble race
Bursting thro' light and darkness from afar.
Is there no solace in the gentle voice
Of that brave man whose brow was gasht with swords,
But before sword or sceptre never bent?*
The shameless were ashamed: his prison-door
Flew open: he went forth, and breath'd free air
In other lands than those which celebrate
His natal day in sadness and despair.
To such Death's portal opens not in gloom,
But its pure chrystal hinged on solid gold
Shows avenues interminable, shows
Amaranth and palm, quivering in sweet accord
Of human mingled with angelic song.

IV.

GIBBON.

Gibbon! if sterner patriots than thyself
With firmer foot have stampt our English soil;
If Poesy stood high above thy reach,
She stood with only one on either hand
Upon the cliffs of Albion tall and strong:
Meanwhile gregarious songsters trampt around
On plashy meadow-land, mid noisome flowers
Sprung from the rankness of flush city-drains.
In other regions graver History
Meets her own Muse; nor walk they far below.
  The rivulets and mountain-rills of Greece
Will have dried up while Avon still runs on;
And those four rivers freshening Paradise
Gush yet, tho' Paradise had long been lost
Had not one man restored it; he was ours.
Not song alone detain'd him, tho' the song
Came from the lips of Angels upon his,
But strenuous action when his country call'd
Drew him from those old groves and that repose
In which the enchantress Italy lulls all.
No Delphic laurel's trembling glimmery leaves
Checkered thy gravel-walk; 'twas evener ground,
Altho' mid shafts and cornices o'ergrown
With nettles, and palatial caverns choakt
With rubbish from obliterated names.

* Kosciusco.

There are who blame thee for too stately step
And words resounding from inflated cheek.
Words have their proper places, just like men.
I listen to, nor venture to reprove,
Large language swelling under gilded domes,
Byzantine, Syrian, Persepolitan,
Or where the world's drunk master lay in dust.
Fabricius heard and spake another tongue,
And such the calm Cornelia taught her boys,
Such Scipio, Cæsar, Tullius, marshaling,
Cimber and wilder Scot were humanized,
And, far as flew the Eagles, all was Rome.
Thou lookedst down complacently where brawl'd
The vulgar fractions that infest our streets,
And turnedst the black vizor into glass
Thro' which men saw the murderer and the cheat
In diadem and cowl. Erectly stood,
After like work with fiercer hand perform'd,
Milton, as Adam pure, as Michael strong,
When brave Britannia struck her bravest blow,
When monstrous forms, half-reptile and half-man,
Snatcht up the hissing snakes from off Hell's floor
And flung them with blind fury at her crest.
Two valiant men sprang up, of equal force,
Protector and *Defender* each alike.
Milton amid the bitter sleet drove on,
Shieldbearer to the statelier one who struck
That deadly blow which saved our prostrate sires
And gave them (short the space!) to breathe once more.
History hath beheld no pile ascend
So lofty, large, symmetrical, as thine,
Since proud Patavium gave Rome's earlier chiefs
To shine again in virtues and in arms.
Another rises from the couch of pain,*
Wounded, and worn with service and with years,
To share fraternal glory, and ward off
(Alas, to mortal hand what vain essay!)
The shafts of Envy.
May Thucydides,
Recalled to life among us, close his page
Ere come the Pestilence, ere come the shame
Of impotent and Syracusan war!
Lately (how strange the vision!) o'er my sleep
War stole, in bandages untinged with wounds,
Wheezing and limping on fat nurse's arm

* [Sir William Napier.]

To take a draught of air before the tent,
And, for each step too fast or wide, rebuked.
Peace stood with folded arms nor ventured near,
But Scorn ran closer, and a shout went up
From north and south above the Euxine wave.

V.

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

The hay is carried; and the Hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden flow'rs;
And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run away.
Park-keeper! catch me those grave thieves
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves,
Sticking and fluttering here and there,
No false nor faltering witness bear.
  I never view such scenes as these
In grassy meadow girt with trees,
But comes a thought of her who now
Sits with serenely patient brow
Amid deep sufferings: none hath told
More pleasant tales to young and old.
Fondest was she of Father Thames,
But rambled to Hellenic streams;
Nor even there could any tell
The country's purer charms so well
As Mary Mitford.
  Verse! go forth
And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.
Needless the task . . but should she see
One hearty wish from you and me,
A moment's pain it may assuage . .
A rose-leaf on the couch of Age.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

FROM

"HEROIC IDYLS, WITH ADDITIONAL POEMS," 1863.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

Ie who is within two paces of the ninetieth year may sit down and make no uses; he must be unpopular, he never tried to be much otherwise. He never tended with a contemporary, but walked alone on the far eastern uplands, litating and remembering. To the Idyls * a few slight matters have been ended, as tassels are to a purse. The Greek proper names have Greek minations, not Latin, or French, or English.

I.

A FRIEND TO THEOCRITOS IN EGYPT.

Dost thou not often gasp with longdrawn sighs,
Theocritos, recalling Sicily?
Glorious is Nile, but rather give me back
Our little rills which fain would run away
And hide themselves from persecuting suns
In summer, under oleander boughs,
And catch its roses as they flaunt above.
Here are no birds that sing, no sweeter flower
Than tiny fragile weak-eyed resida,
Which faints upon the bosom it would cool.
Altho' the royal lotos sits aloof
On his rich carpet, spread from wave to wave,
I throw myself more gladly where the pine
Protects me, loftier than the palace-roof,
Or where the linden and acacia meet
Across my path, in fragrance to contend.
Bring back the hour, Theocritos, when we
Shall sit together on a thymy knoll,
With few about us, and with none too nigh,
And when the song of shepherds and their glee
We may repeat, perchance and gaily mock,

[The Idyls, which appeared in the volume of 1863, are in this edition ted in Volume VII., with the other "Hellenics and Heroic Idyls."]

Until one bolder than the rest springs up
And slaps us on the shoulder for our pains.
Take thou meanwhile these two papyrus-leaves,
Recording, one the loves and one the woes
Of Pan and Pitys, heretofore unsung.
Aside our rivers and within our groves
The pastoral pipe hath dropt its mellow lay,
And shepherds in their contests only try
Who best can puzzle.
Come, Theocritos,
Come, let us lend a shoulder to the wheel
And help to lift it from this depth of sand.

II.

PAN.

Pan led me to a wood the other day,
Then, bending both hoofs under him, where moss
Was softest and where highest was the tuft,
Said he, "Sit thou aside me; there is room
Just for us two; the tinklers are below
To catch the little birds and butterflies,
Nor see us nor would heed us if they saw.
I minded thee in Sicily with one
I dearly love; I heard thee tell my loss
Of Pitys; and he swore that none but thou
Could thus contend with him, or ever should.
Though others had loud lyres and struck them well,
Few could bring any harmony from reeds
By me held high, and higher since thou hast breath'd
Thy gentle breath o'er Pitys and her Pan."

III.

NIOBE.

Amid nine daughters slain by Artemis
Stood Niobe: she rais'd her head above
Those beauteous forms which had brought down the scath
Whence all nine fell, rais'd it, and stood erect,
And thus bespake the Goddess enthroned on high.
"Thou heardest, Artemis, my daily prayer
That thou wouldst guide these children in the pass
Of virtue, through the tangling wilds of youth,
And thou didst ever guide them: was it just
To smite them for a beauty such as thine?

Deserv'd they death because thy grace appear'd
In every modest motion? 'twas thy gift,
The richest gift that youth from heaven receives.
True, I did boldly say they might compare
Even with thyself in virgin purity:
May not a mother in her pride repeat
What every mortal said?
One prayer remains
For me to offer yet.
Thy quiver holds
More than nine arrows: bend thy bow: aim here,
I see, I see it glimmering through a cloud.
Artemis thou at length art merciful.
My children will not hear the fatal twang."

IV.

THE GARDENER AND THE MOLE.

A gardener had watcht a mole
And caught it coming from its hole.
"Mischievous beast!" he cried, "to harm
The garden as thou dost the farm.
Here thou hast had thy wicked will
Upon my tulip and jonquil.
Behold them drooping and half dead
Upon this torn and tumbled bed."
The mole said meekly in reply,
"My star is more to blame than I.
To undermine is mole's commission,
Our house still holds it from tradition.
What lies the nearest us is ours,
Decreed so by the higher Powers.
We hear of conies and of hares,
But when commit we deeds like theirs?
We never touch the flowers that blow,
And only bulbs that lurk below.
'Tis true, where we have run, the ground
Is rais'd a trifle, nor quite sound,
Yet, after a few days of rain,
Level and firm it lies again;
Wise men, like you, will rather wait
For these than argue against fate,
Or quarrel with us moles because
We simply follow Nature's laws.
We raise the turf to keep us warm,
Surely in this there is no harm.

Ye break it up to set thereon
A fortress or perhaps a throne,
And pray that God cast down his eyes
Benignly on burnt sacrifice,
The sacrifice of flesh and bone
Fashioned, they tell us, like His own.
Ye in the cold lie all the night
Under thin tents, at morn to fight.
Neither for horn'd nor fleecy cattle
Start we to mingle in the battle,
Or in the pasture shed their blood
To pamper idleness with food.
Indeed we do eat worms; what then?
Do not those very worms eat men,
And have the impudence to say
Ye shall ere long be such as they?
We never kill or wound a brother,
Men kill by thousands one another,
And, though ye swear ye wish but peace,
Your feuds and warfares never cease."
  Such homebrought truths the gardener,
Though mild by nature, could not bear,
And lest the mole might more have said
He chopt its head off with the spade.

V.

MEMORY.

The mother of the Muses, we are taught,
Is Memory: she has left me; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
Alas! alas! is all I can reply.
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, call'd or uncall'd.
Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word *Dear* alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,

If thy stream carried only weeds away,
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

VI.

ERIN.

Erin! thou art indeed of ancient race,
Erynnys bore thee, she who brought with her
That apple which retain'd in endless strife
Three Goddesses on Ida, she who urged
A few years later the fierce son of Thetis
To threaten Agamemnon: hardly could
Pallas withhold him and his lifted sword.
Forgettest thou thy merriment, thy jokes,
Thy genial hours, thy hospitable heart
Swift to fly open with the whiskey-cork?
  Forgettest thou thy bard who, hurried home
From distant lands and, bent by poverty,
Reposed among the quiet scenes he loved
In native Auburn, nor disdain'd to join
The village dancers on the sanded floor?
No poet since hath Nature drawn so close
To her pure bosom as her Oliver.
Thou hearest yet the melodies of Moore,
Who sang your blue-eyed maidens worthily
If any voice of song can reach so high.
  Why art thou, Erin, like a froward child
Struggling with screams to scratch its nurse's face,
And, pincht by hunger, throwing food away?
Thy harp sounds only discords: wilt thou never
Awake from dreams of murder? Shall the priest
Chaunt *pax vobiscum* and, before he leaves
The chapel, thrust a dagger in a hand
Working to grasp it?
  But not all who chaunt
Are alike bloody-minded: one I knew
Familiar with his flock, nor much averse
To fare with it the seventh day, or sixth,
Or any other in the calendar.
By summer's heat his lips were often parcht,
By winter's cold as often. The Right Reverend
My lord the bishop scantily provided
For this poor brother; was it not enough
To own him, and to ask him how he did?
His modesty might have been deeply hurt

Had he seen sundry rents in certain parts
Where rents are most unseemly, and the girls
Might titter at 'em as they sew'd 'em up.
Then, had not the Right Reverend given him
Quite as much food as raven gave Elijah
By that divine commission from above?
Elijah was no curate, but a prophet,
And men should feed according to their station.
  Poor were my friend's parishioners: he met
The wealthiest of them: "Faith and troth!" he cried,
"My eyes are ready to leap out to see
Thy merry face, Mic! Are all well at home?
Judy, that pattern wife, Bess, that brave girl,
Match for a lord, if lord were match for *her*."
  "Bedad! my eyes would have met yours halfway,"
Said honest Mic, and kist the proffer'd hand.
"Ours are all well; but Bess hath two feet lame
With chilblains, broken or about to break;
They plague her, and our Judy plagues her worse
Because she would put stockings on, the minx!
And how the divil find another pair
Entire and dacent for Saint Patrick's day?
Judy's will fit no other leg than hers,
And she has only one to bless her with,
This one she can not spare; it may please God
To send another in His own good time,
And then, who knows? we all must live in hope.
  Now, father, will your Reverence step indoors?"
"Impossible. I must be home to dinner.
What have you? buttermilk?"
"The cow is kilt
And barrel'd, and at Bristow by the stamer."
  "A slice of bacon?"
"Bacon? plenty, plenty,
Come Michaelmas, my blessed saint's own day.
Look yonder; there he lies and winks at us,
And rises not, even to your Reverence.
But he shall pay for it, come Michaelmas,
The pay-day and the saint's day the world over.
Grunt, grunt away, boy! thou shalt change thy note
For shriller, longer-winded; wait awhile."
  "Mic, we must all await the appointed hour.
Let him be aisy, and don't bother him
Because thou art the luckier of the two,
For thou canst shove thy sins upon my shoulder
And leave wet eyes behind when thine are dry."

"Father! that ugly baist hath made you low."
"Well, I do think I would be better for
A drop, or half a drop, of cool nate whiskey."
"Was ever such bad luck since stills were stills!
Jue drank the last to comfort her poor child."

VII.

FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA.

Dolcino was pursued with fire and sword,
Until the bloodhounds which had suckt the dugs
Of Rome's old wolf had trackt him coucht among
His native hills.
At Serravalle first
He halted briefly; there they scented him
Amid the faithful poor whose bread he ate,
Bread freely proffered and blest gratefully.
Next was his flight to the castellated
Robialto, where Biandrate held to him
A hospitable hand, a hand unmail'd
But rarely. Long the pious fugitive
Would not imperil him who stood observed
In eminence of station. More obscure
Emiliano Sola, who contrived
How from Dalmatia he might best return
To Italy, now brought to Campertogno
The weary pilgrim. Emiliano Sola
Would rather leave his home and fertile mead
Along Valsesia than desert his friend.
He loaded many teams with wheat and wool,
And drove before him oxen, freed from yoke,
Unused to mount steep crags; the household dog
Followed, though oft rebuked, and halting oft
Under the shadow of the panting kine.
Two winters then were spent above the snow,
And food was wanting both for man and beast,
So that the direst famine shrivel'd them,
Leaving but half what they had been before.
Escape was none; five thousand foes around
After five thousand had already tinged
With ropy gore the Sesia, like red snakes
Twisting, convolving, clashing, numberless.
Who has not seen Varallo, and not paused
Amid the beauteous scene to mourn the fate
Of men so brave, of women brave no less,
Whose flesh was torn from them while wolves around

Growl'd for it as 'twas cast into the flames;
But there was little for them had they all.
  Ranieri di Perzana was ordain'd
Lord Bishop of Vercelli, proud alike
Of crosier and of sword, and rendering each
Its service to the other; princely state
Was his, with palaces and wide domains,
While over icebergs, over precipices,
Homeless and roofless, with eight hundred men,
Women, and children, Fra Dolcino fled.
"Now," said the bishop to his holy band,
"See, what avails it to have purified
Our violated church with fire and blood
Of thousand thousand reprobates, while one
Defies us from his Alpine fastnesses,
Consorted with that wicked Margarita
Of Trent, who shares his faith and who pretends
To live with him in virgin purity,
Altho' she never took the cloistral vows
Nor call'd the Church's blessing.
They presume
To read that book which we alone may read,
Christ's WILL AND TESTAMENT, bequeathed to us
Residuary legatees of all
In his rich treasury for our use lockt up,
And Peter's heir holds in his hand the key.
Against the abomination rise, my sons,
And leave on yonder mount no soul alive.
But there are some whom we may first convert.
Tell the rude rabble, snorting now and rearing
Against that sacred chair which Christ himself
Placed for St. Peter and St. Peter's heirs,
That I prepare in my dispensary
An application for stiff necks and wry,
The which shall straiten them and set them up."
Familiarly and pleasantly, as wont,
Thus spake Ranieri, by the Grace of God
And God's vicegerent, Bishop of Vercelli.
  A patriot, bold as those whose hardy deeds
He traces with a poet's fire, relates
How winter after winter, destitute
Of fuel and of food, these mountaineers
Maintain'd their post, nor daunted nor deceived;
How not the stronger sex alone sustain'd
The brunt of battle; of the weaker stood
A hundred, fighting till a hundred fell.

Men, it is said, by famine so reduced,
Have eaten their slain enemies; one wretch
Askt if 'twere worse to eat men than to slay,
To eat the murderer than to slay the helpless;
Then, turning to a priest who taunted him,
"*Madden'd by famine brought on us by you*
We ate our enemies, you eat your God."
Pincers tore out the tongue that thus blasphemed.
After long winters and hard fights against
Successive hosts the fortalice was won;
Few the survivors; one Dolcino was,
Another was the virgin; neither wish'd
For life, both yearn'd for truth and truth alone.
Dolcino was led forward: pots of pitch
And burning charcoal were paraded round
The cart that bore him, iron pincers glow'd
With fire, and these contending priests applied
To every portion of his naked flesh
Until the bones were bare; then was he dragg'd
Thither where Margarita stood above
Small fagots, for her lingering death prepared.
Few and faint words she spoke, nor heard he these.
"Have we not lived together, O Dolcino,
In sisterhood and brotherhood a life
Of chastity, God helping this desire,
Nor leaving other in the cleansed heart."
She paus'd; his head hung low; then added she
"Our separation is the worst of pangs
We suffer: bear even this: pincers and barbs
I now feel too."
"Dolcino, art thou faint?
Speakest thou not? then is thy spirit fled,
Mine follows."
There was on each eye a tear
(For Margarita was but woman yet)
Not one had fallen, else the flames had dried it.
She uttered these last words, scarce audibly,
"Blessed be God, thou seest his face, Dolcino,
O may I see it! may he grant it soon!"

VIII.

TO VENICE.

Dishonour'd thou hast been, but not debased,
O Venice! he hastes onward who will bring
The girdle that enclosed thy virgin waist,
And will restore to thee thy bridal ring.

Venice! on earth are reptiles who lift high
  The crested head, both venomous and strong
Are they; and many by their fangs shall die,
  But one calm watcher crushes them ere long.

So fare who ever twists in tortuous ways,
  Strown with smooth promises and broken vows,
Who values drunken shouts, not sober praise,
  And spurns the scanty pittance Truth allows.

IX.

SYRACUSE.

In brighter days the Dorian Muse
Extoll'd the kings of Syracuse.
Hieros and Gelons shook the rein
Of coursers on the Olympic plain,
Victors at Elis, where they won
A crown no king can leave his son.
There Pindar struck his harp aloud,
And shared the applauses of the crowd.
Then Science from deep study rais'd
A greater man than bards have prais'd.
When Syracuse met Roman foes,
Above her proudest he arose;
He called from heaven the Lord of Light
To lend him his all-piercing might.
The patriot's pious prayer was heard,
And vaunting navies disappeared;
Through clouds of smoke sparks widely flew,
And hissing rafts the shore bestrew;
Some on the Punic sands were cast,
And Carthage was avenged at last.
Alas! how fallen art thou since,
O Syracuse! how many a prince
Of Gallia's parti-colour'd brood
Have crept o'er thee to suck thy blood!
Syracuse, raise again thy head,
Long hast thou slept, but art not dead.
A late avenger now is come
Whose voice alone can split the tomb.
Hearest thou not the world throughout
Cry Garibaldi? One loud shout
Arises, and there needs but one
To shatter a polluted throne.

X.

TO ALFIERI.

Alfieri, thou art present in my sight
Tho' far removed from us, for thou alone
Hast toucht the inmost fibres of the breast,
Since Tasso's tears made damper the damp floor
Whereon one only light came thro' the bars;
Love brought it, and stood mute, with broken wing.
The vision of Leonora could not raise
His heavy heart, and staid long nights in vain.
  Thou scornedst thy own country, scorn thou wouldst
Many who dwell within it now her bonds
Are broken: adulation at all times
Was her besetting sin, nor leaves her yet,
But thou couldst tell her, and couldst make her hear,
That Corsic honey* which attracts the hive
Is poison . . turn then from the mortal taste.

XI.

TO CAREY, ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO AN OFFICE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Carey! I fear the fruits are scanty
Thou gatherest from the fields of Dante,
But thou hast found at least a shed
Wherein to cram thy truckle-bed;
The porter's lodge of the Museum
May daily hear thee sing *Te Deum*.
  Peaches and grapes are mostly found
Richest the nearest to the ground:
Our gardeners take especial care
To keep down low all boughs that bear.
Dante's long intertwisted line
Is straiten'd and drawn tight by thine:
Hell, devil, dog, in force remain,
And Paradise blooms fresh again.

XII.

AN OLD POET TO SLEEP.

No God to mortals oftener descends
Than thou, O Sleep! yet thee the sad alone
Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.
Some thou invitest to explore the sands
Left by Pactolos, some to climb up higher,

* Much of the honey in Corsica is extracted from the flower of box and nwholesome.

Where points Ambition to the pomp of War;
Others thou watchest while they tighten robes
Which Law throws round them loose, and they meanwhile
Wink at a judge, and he the wink returns.
Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more
And leadest where unruffled rivers flow,
Or azure lakes neath azure skies expand.
These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
Unless a fear, in turning, to molest
The silent, solitary, stately swan,
Disdaining the garrulity of groves
Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.
  Me also hast thou led among such scenes,
Gentlest of Gods! and Age appear'd far off
While thou wast standing close above the couch,
And whispered'st, in whisper not unheard,
"I now depart from thee, but leave behind
My own twin-brother, friendly as myself,
Who soon shall take my place; men call him Death.
Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do,
In sooth why shouldst thou? what man hast thou wrong'd
By deed or word? few dare ask this within."
  There was a pause; then suddenly said Sleep
"He whom I named approacheth, so farewell."

XIII.

THE POETS OF SCOTLAND.

Thomson, there born where mist and snow
Are the sole change the Seasons know,
Saw them alternate in his dreams,
And woke to charm the Nymphs of Thames.
The generous Scott and stalwart Burns
Blew Caledonia's pipe by turns;
And Campbell with no fainter voice
Bade her in one more bard rejoice,
When Hohenlinden made reply
To "*Glorious Death or victory!*"

XIV.

Jonson to Shakespeare was preferr'd
By the bell-jingling low-brow'd herd,
Cowley to Milton. Who would mind
The stumbles of the lame and blind?
We may regret their sad estate,
But can not make them amble straight.

XV.

TO MEMORY.

Thy daughters often visit me
And call thee mother, Memory!
Doubtful if thou art quite divine,
I never askt them who was thine.
Altho' these children are so good,
There's somewhat acrid in thy blood,
For here and there I think I trace
A more than freckle in thy face.
Why tell me how serenely bright
Shone over me the morning light?
Why lead me backward far away
And make me wish for close of day?

XVI.

To see the cities and to know the men
  Of many lands, in youth was Homer's lot;
In age to visit his far home again
  The Gods, who never feel it, granted not.

XVII.

TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Pleas'd was I when you told me how
In hat that buffeted the brow
And mason's loose habiliment
With masons thro' Ham's gate you went.
Heartily glad was I to see
A prisoner, though a prince, set free.
  "Prince!" said I, "you've escaped two worst
Of evils."
  "I have known a first,"
Said you, "but that is only one,
Tell me the other."
  "'Tis a throne."
  I could not add what now I might,
It keeps the worthy out of sight,
Nor lets the sitter sit upright.
  Can there be pleasure to keep down
In rusty chains a struggling town?
Can there be any to hear boom
Your cannon o'er the walls of Rome?
Or shows it strength to break a word
As easily as girls a cord

Of flimsy cotton, when the bell
Calls them to dinner? . . To rebel
Against rebellion in your eyes
Is criminal, to crouch is wise.
Louis! your father thought not so;
His sceptre he disdain'd to owe
To falsehood; all his cares he bent
To make the realm he ruled content.
He proved, what many people doubt
As often as they look about,
A wonderful unheard of thing . .
An honest man may be a king.

XVIII.

Lyndhurst came up to me among
A titled and untitled throng,
And after a few words were said
About the living and the dead,
Whom we had known together more
Than half a century before,
He added: "Faith! your choice was best
Amid the woods to build a nest.
But why so seldom wing it down,
To look at us who toil in town?"
"Would you change place with me?" said I.
To this a laugh was a reply.

XIX.

Chaucer, O how I wish thou wert
Alive and, as of yore, alert!
Then, after bandied tales, what fun
Would we two have with monk and nun.
Ah, surely verse was never meant
To render mortals somnolent.
In Spenser's labyrinthine rhymes
I throw my arms o'erhead at times,
Opening sonorous mouth as wide
As oystershells at ebb of tide.
Mistake me not: I honour him
Whose magic made the Muses dream
Of things they never knew before,
And scenes they never wandered o'er.
I dare not follow, nor again
Be wafted with the wizard train.
No bodyless and soulless elves
I seek, but creatures like ourselves.

If any poet now runs after
The Faeries, they will split with laughter,
Leaving him in the desert, where
Dry grass is emblematic fare.
Thou wast content to act the squire
Becomingly, and mount no higher,
Nay, at fit season to descend
Into the poet with a friend,
Then ride with him about thy land
In lithesome nutbrown boots well-tann'd,
With lordly greyhound, who would dare
Course against law the summer hare,
Nor takes to heart the frequent crack
Of whip, with curse that calls him back.
  The lesser Angels now have smiled
To see thee frolic like a child,
And hear thee, innocent as they,
Provoke them to come down and play.

XX.

Lyons! thou art a grateful city,
To feel for Pius so much pity.
His velvet slippers now look neater,
With so much bullion clubbed for Peter.
But thou could'st offer nothing less
For wearing thy embroider'd dress,
Well suiting that three-storied steeple,
Ringing its bells above the people,
Instead of harbouring those poor
Who now infest thy weaver's door.

XXI.

TO SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK.

Meyrick, when I had gazed on all
The treasures round each trophied wall,
Where armour of past ages shows
How brave were some whom no one knows,
You did not point out, just beneath,
The house of him* who conquer'd Death,
Swift, that dragoon who fought with pen
Against the chief of black-mail'd men
Who kickt, headforemost, Truth downstairs
On grudging him his pence for prayers.

* Swift's family was from Goodrich.

XXII.

TO GENERAL CLARGES.

Threescore and ten years since Rugby saw
My bloody battles on the cricket-ground,
And, Clarges, you remember that I fought
Never with any but an older lad,
And never lost but two fights in thirteen.
Why wonder then if I so little heed
The petulance of weaker than myself
Who play the judge and take the seat above?
See you not what they want? they scarce hope wrath,
It would be something would I but reply.
I let them light on any balder pate,
As flies do, and forbear to whisk them off;
To buffet them is but an invitation
To come again and blacken the repast.

XXIII.

THE CONTRITE PRIEST.

Incline, O Mary, from thy throne
To hear a contrite sinner own
His manifold and grievous sins,
Thick as the serried ranks of pins,
But first (for time is precious) hear
What the black score in part may clear.
  I always ate (for 'twas thy wish
On Fridays we should dine on fish)
Turbot or lamprey or whate'er
The cook thought proper to prepare;
Ay, I have been constrain'd to stoop
To creeping things, and sigh o'er soup
Founded on oysters, taught to swim
For the first time in beardless trim.
  Ah, lady! couldst thou only know
The anguish of my heart and toe!
Help! 'tis impossible without
Thy help to keep at bay the gout.

XXIV.

ABERTAWY.

It was no dull tho' lonely strand
Where thyme ran o'er the solid sand,
Where snap-dragons with yellow eyes
Lookt down on crowds that could not rise,

Where Spring had fill'd with dew the moss
In winding dells two strides across.
There tiniest thorniest roses grew
To their full size, nor shared the dew:
Acute and jealous, they took care
That none their softer seat should share;
A weary maid was not to stay
Without one for such churls as they.
I tugg'd and lugg'd with all my might
To tear them from their roots outright;
At last I did it . . eight or ten . .
We both were snugly seated then;
But then she saw a half-round bead,
And cried, *Good gracious! how you bleed!*
Gently she wiped it off, and bound
With timorous touch that dreadful wound.
To lift it from its nurse's knee
I fear'd, and quite as much fear'd she,
For might it not increase the pain,
And make the wound burst out again?
She coaxt it to lie quiet there
With a low tune I bent to hear;
How close I bent I quite forget,
I only know I hear it yet.
Where is she now? Call'd far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit.
  Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropt her blossom in the grave;
Her noble name she never changed,
Nor was her nobler heart estranged.

XXV.

PRAYER OF WALTER MAPES TO THE POPE.

Beatitude! we humbly ask
For each poor priest his second flask.
Hourly we pray for daily bread.
Take half, and give us wine instead.
Thou keepest, as we know, the keys
Of heaven and earth; now, one of these
Can ope the cellar as thou wilt;
Trust us, no drop shall there be spilt.
If ever should a vintage fail
(God help us!) we must come to ale.

In sooth our sins deserve it all,
Yet never may such evil fall
Upon the priesthood and the grapes
Most fervently prays Walter Mapes.*

XXVI.

Whether a poet yet is left
In France I know not, and who knows?
But Hugo, of his home bereft,
In quiet Jersey finds repose.

Honour to him who dares to utter
A word of truth in writ or speech!
In Hugo's land the brave but mutter
Half one, in dread whose ear it reach.

XXVII.

CROMWELL.

God's servant, Milton's friend! what higher praise
Can man attain who labours all his days?
Protector of three realms! a power was thine
Dangerous to hold, more dangerous to resign.
England proclaimed thee with her trumpet voice,
And England's will was ever Cromwell's choice.
Let weaker men, and weaker all men are,
How they would mount such eminence beware.
Outcast of his own slaves, one dared to mock
The voice of Truth . . he rots upon a rock:
The vultures and the cormorants fly round
To feast upon a heart so long unsound;
Each says, "*I am his kindred; and the least*
He should bequeath me is a final feast."
Cunning the wretch may be, but never wise,
Who thinks a head is safe that rests on lies.

XXVIII.

Once an old sinner call'd a priest
And told him he would be confest.
The priest in horror heard him tell
Sin after sin, and threaten'd hell

* [His own verses are—

"Mihi sit propositum in tavernâ mori
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant quum venerint angelorum chori
Deus sit propitius huic potatori!"]

With all its torments after death,
Its fires, its gnashings of the teeth
Eternally: to all the rest
Denounced as certain by the priest
The wretch grew more and more afraid,
But what about the teeth was said
Seem'd more like comfort: the good father
No reasons for such change could gather.
He cried, "Thou shudderest not, my son,
At what so soon is coming on."
"Alas!" the penitent exclaim'd,
"I shudder'd when that fire was named.
Now, father, if they would but spare
That cursed fire, I should not care
About the teeth; but two remain,
And they can never gnash again."

XXIX.

ON THE POISONING OF SPARROWS.

My fondled ones! whom every day
In childhood I call'd forth to play,
A call ye minded not until
The crumbs were on the window-sill;
Then down ye flutter'd; then ye fought
More fiercely than good sparrows ought,
For there was not a speckled breast
To cause a jealous one unrest,
And not a Lesbia at whose beck
There came a pouting lip to peck.
Ah me! what rumour do I hear?
It makes me shrivel up with fear.
Can it . . it never can . . be true,
That poison is prepared for *you*,
Who clear the blossoms as they shoot
And watch the bud and save the fruit?
Turn, turn again your sideling eyes
On one more grateful and more wise.

XXX.

You ask me what I see in Dickens . .
A game-cock among bantam chickens.

XXXI.

Sire! sire! cast off the worn-out garb
Of that old Brutus; mount thy barb,

Leap o'er the Channel, spurn and spit on
The turbulent and faithless Briton.
Blood we must have, for without blood
Who can digest his daily food?
Give us it; rather than have none,
We would a brother's or our own.
Already are our brave made frantic
By their confinement to the Atlantic,
When Glory, true French Glory, calls
To batter Montezuma's walls.
Remember, 'tis your mission, sire,
To set two hemispheres a fire.

XXXII.

"Men call you *dog:* now tell me why,"
A little girl said: in reply
Diogenes said, smiling at her,
"My child! how wickedly men flatter!"

XXXIII.

Keep, honest sobersided men,
Across your mouths the impatient pen,
I will supply you with a dozen
When your ink ceases to be frozen.

XXXIV.

"Come, let us fight, my boy!" said one
Boldly enough, to Philip's son:
And coolly Philip's son replied
"I fight with kings, and none beside."

XXXV.

Pardon our enemies, we pray
Devoutly every sabbath-day;
Ere the next morn we change our notes,
And blow them up or cut their throats.
Above us and below meanwhile
The Angels weep, the Devils smile.

XXXVI.

Unhappy he whom Love beguiles
With wavering and insidious smiles;
Unhappier, who has lived to prove
That Friendship is as frail as Love.

XXXVII.

There are a hundred now alive
Who buz about the summer hive.
Alas! how very few of those
Poor little busy poet bees
Can we expect again to hum
When the next summer shall have come.

XXXVIII.

A scholar was about to marry,
His friend said, "Ere thou dost, be wary.
So wise art thou that I foresee
A wife will make a fool of thee.
Foolishest of all fools are those
Wise men led daily by the nose.
It hardly seems a woman's while
The fond hale-witted to beguile:
And yet I must confess, my friend,
Sometimes they do so condescend."

XXXIX.

They tell us, the persuasive Greek,
When from the bema he would speak,
To make more clear some weighty truth
Roll'd a round pebble in his mouth.
Napoleon, try this help again,
Or any other, to speak plain,
For now, your words so strangely jar,
War sounds like peace and peace like war.

XL.

TO A GERMAN.

You think all liquor must be weak if clear,
Find wit in Goethe, miss it in Voltaire.
Your beer has plenty both of malt and hop,
But of the bright and sparkling not a drop.

XLI.

The slender birds enjoy their cages,
Captivity the strong enrages.
While piping finches wag their tails
Before the catcher at Versailles,
Against the Czar the brave rebel
And hate the Kaisar worse than hell.

XLII.

With frowning brow o'er pontif-kings elate
Stood Dante, great the man, the poet great.
Milton in might and majesty surpast
The triple world, and far his shade was cast.
On earth he sang amid the Angelic host,
And Paradise to him was never lost.
But there was one who came these two between
With larger light than yet our globe had seen.
Various were his creations, various speech
Without a Babel he bestow'd on each.
Raleigh and Bacon tower'd above that earth
Which in their day had given our Shakespeare birth,
And neither knew his presence! they half-blind
Saw not in him the grandest of mankind.

XLIII.

Flies have alighted on the shanks of Pan,
  And some have settled upon Homer's head;
We whisk them off with jewel-studded fan
  Till few escape and many more lie dead.

XLIV.

Ye who have toil'd uphill to reach the haunt
Of other men who lived in other days,
Whether the ruins of a citadel
Raised on the summit by Pelasgic hands,
Or chamber of the distaff and the song . .
Ye will not tell what treasure there ye found,
But I will.
  Ye found there the viper laid
Full-length, flat-headed, on a sunny slab,
Nor loth to hiss at ye while crawling down.
Ye saw the owl flap the loose ivy-leaves
And, hooting, shake the berries on your heads.
  Now, was it worth your while to mount so high
Merely to say ye did it, and to ask
If those about ye ever did the like?
Believe me, O my friends, 'twere better far
To stretch your limbs along the level sand
As they do, where small children scoop the drift,
Thinking it must be gold, where curlews soar
And scales drop glistening from the prey above.

XLV.

WRITTEN IN A CATULLUS.

Among these treasures there are some
That floated past the wreck of Rome;
But others, for their place unfit,
Are sullied by uncleanly wit.
So in its shell the pearl is found
With rank putridity around.

XLVI.

Upon his death-bed lay a pagan priest;
A pious brother when the worst had coast
Consoled him thus.
"Think now what pleasure yields
The nearer prospect of Elysian fields."
"Ah!" said he, "all about those fields we know
But mushrooms, are good mushrooms there below?"

XLVII.

Toward Maiano let me look again
Across my narrow plain,
What there to see? an image, nothing more.
Nina, in days of yore,
There listen'd to the warbling of that bird
Whose voice last night I heard
Just opposite my terrace; it had kept
My heart awake, nor slept
All night itself. . . Maiano, she may claim
The grandest Tuscan name.
Nina of Dante; she it was whose song
Was felt our woods among
Before the mighty Alfieri rose
To blast his country's foes.
Above these olives I shall often see,
Nina! the Shade of thee.

XLVIII.

The sea has depths no plummet-line
Can reach, no science can divine;
And earth has poems so profound
No line can ever reach the ground;
They fly about in empty air,
And boys catch at 'em here and there.

XLIX.

A poor artificer had sold
Some sweepings of his master's gold,
And when he was brought into court
The jury had condemn'd him for't,
But the wise judge, more angry with
The plaintiff than the needy smith,
Said, "Is it not too shabby, sir,
To make for sweepings such a stir?"
"My lord," said he, "you little know
The worth of gold who reckon so.
These sweepings in a year or two
Weigh more than what the king pays you."

L.

"Call me not forth," said one who sate retired,
Whom Love had once, but Envy never, fired.
"I scorn the crowd: no clap of hands he seeks
Who walks among the stateliest of the Greeks."

LI.

Sometimes a Jesuit's* words are true,
For proof one specimen may do.
"To malice all an ear incline,
"Even the few who don't malign."

LII.

Blest are the bad alone while here,
Alone they never shed a tear,
The wise and virtuous grieve the most . .
Southey, until all sense was lost,
Bewail'd a son's untimely end,
And Tennyson embalm'd a friend.
I dare not place my name with those,
But have not I too wept for Rose?

LIII.

My fragrant *Lime*, I loved thee long before,
Rose calls thee *Linden*, now I love thee more.
Her breath can make the unripe blossom blow,
And Spring revive afresh, entombed in snow.

* Vavassor.

LIV.

Squibs, crackers, serpents, rockets, Bengal lights,
Lead thousands running to the Dardanelles,
Where girls by sackfuls bubble thro' the wave;
I, leaving good old Homer, not o'erlong,
Enjoy the merriment of Chaucer's tales
Or louder glee of the large-hearted Burns,
And then partaking Southey's wholesome fare,
Plenteous and savoury without spice, I turn
To my own sofa, where incontinent
Wordsworth's low coo brings over me sound sleep.

LV.

ADVICE TO AN OLD POET.

After edition comes edition,
And scarce a dozen copies gone;
Suppose you take another "mission"
And let the weary press alone.

LVI.

Thou hast not lost all glory, Rome!
With thee have found their quiet home
Two whom we followers most admire
Of those that swell our sacred quire;
And many a lower'd voice repeats
Hush! here lies Shelley! here lies Keats!

LVII.

A FOREIGN RULER.

He says, *My reign is peace*, so slays
A thousand in the dead of night.
Are you all happy now? he says,
And those he leaves behind cry *quite*.
He swears he will have no contention,
And sets all nations by the ears;
He shouts aloud, *No intervention!*
Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

LVIII.

A DOMESTIC RULER.

Outrageous hourly with his wife is Peter,
Some do aver he has been known to beat her.
"*She seems unhappy*," said a friend one day,
Peter turn'd sharply . . "What is that you say?
Her temper you have there misunderstood,
She dares not be unhappy if she would."

LIX.

Of those who speak about Voltaire
The least malicious are unfair.
The groundlings neither heed nor know
The victories of Apollo's bow;
What powers of darkness he withstood
And stampt upon the Python's blood.
Observing still his easy pace,
They call it levity, not grace.

LX.

A dying man was sore perplext
About what people would do next.
"Now was it not too bad that lead
Should fasten down the helpless dead,
But iron coffins must be made
To suit the tricksters of the trade?
I will not have one, for I doubt
How in the world I should get out.
A strip of deal is not so tough,
Yet may be troublesome enough.

LXI.

REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew.
Tommy Moore, Tommy Moore, I'll be hang'd if I do,
It would give me a cough, and a rheumatise too.

LXII.

I well remember one departed now,
Who raised in wonder an unbraided brow,
When I said, "Come to me, my pretty child!" . .
She hesitated, ran to me, and smiled.
"Now mind!" cried she, "don't tumble my lace-frill!
Nothing like that would dear mamma take ill."
She grew in beauty to her twentieth year,
Then knew, nor fear'd to know, that death was near.
Like ripen'd corn was laid her patient head,
Yet say not, impious Man! that she is dead.

LXIII.

Oft, when the Muses would be festive,
Unruly Pegasus runs restive,

And, over the Pierian fount
Flies upward to their sacred mount;
Aware that marshes rot the hoof
He proudly wings his way aloof.
He loves the highest ground the best,
And takes where eagles soar his rest.

LXIV.

ANSWER TO A DOG'S INVITATION.

Faithfullest of a faithful race,
Plainly I read it in thy face
Thou wishest me to mount the stairs
And leave behind me all my cares.
No; I shall never see again
Her who now sails across the main;
Nor wilt thou ever, as before,
Rear two white feet against her door.
Therefore do thou nor whine nor roam,
But rest thee and curl round at home.

LXV.

How calm, how bland, appears the moon above us!
Surely there dwell the Spirits who most love us.
So think we, and gaze on: the well-pois'd glass
Suddenly bids the sweet illusion pass,
And tells us, bright as may be this outside,
Within are gulphs and desolation wide,
Craters extinct and barren rocks around,
And darkest depths no plummet-line could sound;
Then on the heart these jarring words descend . .
Man! hast thou never found such in a friend?

LXVI.

ON THE DEATH OF IANTHE.

I dare not trust my pen, it trembles so,
It seems to feel a portion of my woe,
And makes me credulous that trees and stones
At mournful fates have utter'd mournful tones.
While I look back again on days long past
How gladly would I yours might be my last.
Sad our first severance was, but sadder this,
When death forbids one hour of mutual bliss.

LXVII.

We hear no more an attic song,
Teuton cuts out the Athenian's tongue,
And witches, ghosts, and goblins fill
Each crevice of the Aonian hill.

LXVIII.

An aged man who loved to doze away
An hour by daylight, for his eyes were dim,
And he had seen too many suns go down
And rise again, dreamt that he saw two forms
Of radiant beauty: he would clasp them both,
But both flew stealthily away.
He cried
In his wild dream,
"I never thought, O Youth,
That thou, altho' so cherisht, wouldst return,
But I did think that he who came with thee,
Love, who could swear more sweetly than birds sing,
Would never leave me comfortless and lone."
A sigh broke thro' his slumber, not the last.

LXIX.

REPLY TO SOME HUDIBRASTICS.

O could I cull such rhymes as thou
Cullest from under cloudless brow;
Such as were erst the Faeries gift
To Butler and his godson Swift.
But here 'tis plainly seen that I'm
A very bad one at a rhyme.

LXX.

The Graces now are past their dancing days,
The Muses have forgot their earlier lays,
And of the latter you would give a score
For one fresh ballad of light-hearted Moore.
Of the nine sisters eight are grown uncouth,
And even the ninth has lost the bloom of youth.
Some jealous poet may have written so;
Is there truth in it? Tell me, yes or no.

LXXI.

Love-making is like haymaking, soon over,
  And both are mutable throughout their season.
Haymaker! hear me; thou too hear me, lover,
  Nor scorn experience nor be deaf to reason.
Be quick at work; the sunny hours won't last,
And storms may come before they half are past.

LXXII.

Grief is unquiet, and no less
Unquiet is man's happiness.
Change is for ever what he wants;
Dead is the heart that never pants.

LXXIII.

By our last ledger-page we ascertain
What friends have fail'd and fled, and what remain.
Content, in summing up, to find how few
Are scored for false, how many starr'd for true.

LXXIV.

TO YOUNG POETS.

Children! why pull ye one another's hair?
May not Callimachus or Bion wear
A sprig of bay or myrtle they have found
Lying since nightfall on neglected ground?

LXXV.

Altho' thou lovest much to sit alone,
Why stayest thou when all the rest are gone?
Thus spake I to a nightingale; then she
Stepping a little farther on the tree.
"One night a cruel archer heard me sing,
"And came at early morn and broke my wing.
"The leaves were denser then; he could not find
"The prey he sought, and left me thus behind."
She flutter'd, but alas! no more she flew,
And softly I, with backward step, withdrew.

LXXVI.

TO IANTHE.

We once were happier; true; but were
Our happiest hours devoid of care?

Remains there nothing like the past,
But calmer and less overcast
By clouds no effort could dispel,
And hopes we neither dared to tell?
I wish that hand were earlier free
Which Love should have preserved for me.
Content, if sad, I must be now
With what the sparing Fates allow,
And feel, tho' once the hope seem'd vain,
There may be love that feels no pain.

LXXVII.

To my ninth decad I have totter'd on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

LXXVIII.

ON MAN.

In his own image the Creator made
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began
The present hour was ever markt with shade!

LXXIX.

A voice I heard and hear it yet,
We meet not so again;
My silly tears you must forget,
Or they may give you pain.

LXXX.

CALVERTON DOWNS.

He whom the Fates forbid to dwell
Beside the Loire or the Moselle,
And who abhors the din of towns,
Should nestle here beneath these downs.

LXXXI.

ON SOME OBSCURE POETRY.

In vain he beats his brow who thinks
To get the better of a Sphynx.

LXXXII.

The tears that on two faces meet
My Muse forbids to dry,
She keeps them ever fresh and sweet
When hours and years run by.

LXXXIII.

Both men and poets of the Saxon race
Excel in vigour, few excel in grace.

LXXXIV.

TO A LIZARD.

Why run away, poor lizard? why
Art thou so diffident and shy?
Trust to my word; I only want
To look awhile and see thee pant.
For well I know thy pantings are
No signs of sorrow or of care,
Altho' they swell thy jewel'd breast
And never let it lie at rest:
Even when thou sinkest to repose
None ever saw thy eyelids close.
Turn, I beseech thee, turn again,
So mayst thou watch no fly in vain.

LXXXV.

Let fools place Fortune with the Gods on high;
Prudence, be thou my guardian deity.
I have neglected thee, alas, too long!
But listen now and hear life's evensong.

LXXXVI.

THE LATER DAY.

Who in this later day shall there arise
To pierce the cloud that overspreads thy skies,
Fair trustful Italy, too long beguiled
By one who treats thee like a pouting child.
Break off the painted handle of his whip,
And spring no more to kiss his frothy lip:
Alone in Garibaldi place thy trust,
There shalt thou find a guardian brave and just.

LXXXVII.

THE FORMER DAY.

Iberians, Belgians, Gauls! ye rage in vain,
Cromwell shall rule the land and Blake the main,
A greater man, if greater man there be,
Milton, hath undersign'd the Lord's decree.

LXXXVIII.

CONFESSION OF JEALOUSY.

Jealous, I own it, I was once,
That wickedness I here renounce.
I tried at wit, it would not do;
At tenderness, that fail'd me too;
Before me on each path there stood
The witty and the tender Hood.

LXXXIX.

A generous action may atone
For many a less worthy one,
Yet take thou heed the generous be
In number as threescore to three.

XC.

A friend by accident met Socrates,
And hail'd, accosting him in words like these.
There are two miseries in human life,
To live without a dog and with a wife.
My Xanthos in his early doghood died,
Xanthippe sticks like pitch against *thy* side;
Men, were such wives unfaithful, might forgive,
But ah! they are *so* faithful, and they live.

XCI.

We may repair and fix again
A shatter'd or a broken pane,
Not friendship so: it lies beyond
Man's wit to piece a diamond.

XCII.

O immortality of fame!
What art thou? even Shakespeare's name
Reaches not Shakespeare in his grave.
The wise, the virtuous, and the brave,

Resume ere long their common clay,
And worms are longer lived than they.
At last some gilded letters show
What those were call'd who lie below.

XCIII.

A burdock's dryest slenderest thread
Thro' a whole garden soon is spread,
And every shoot you tear away
Sends up a hundred day by day.
Such is a lie; but lies are sown
With diligence, and, fully grown,
Each busy neighbour multiplies
By culture its varieties.

XCIV.

The dead are soon forgotten, and not all
Who walk aside and bear the sable pall
Sleep the less soundly at that evening's close.
I in my vigil think I heard a toll
Such as it boom'd when Teresita's soul
In heaven's own purity to heaven arose.

XCV.

I own I like plain dishes best,
And those the easiest to digest.
Take in the fresher, tougher, harder,
But hook them longer in the larder.
Show me that humble village inn
Where Goldsmith tuned his violin,
Then leave me, at the close of day,
To muse in the churchyard with Gray.

XCVI.

There are sweet flowers that only blow by night,
And sweet tears are there that avoid the light;
No mortal sees them after day is born,
They, like the dew, drop trembling from their thorn.

XCVII.

On days gone by us we look back
As on a last year's almanack.
We never think 'tis worth our while
To crowd with it the dusty file,
Yet might the cast-off sheet supply,
If studied, some true prophecy.

XCVIII.

Rejoice all ye
Who once were free,
And what ye were again shall be;
Freedom hastes home
To ruin'd Rome,
And Venice rises from the sea.

XCIX.

A sparrow was thy emblem, O Catullus!
A dove was thine, tender and true Tibullus!
No truer and no tenderer was the dove
Whom Noah chose all other birds above
To be the parent inmate of his ark,
When earth was water and the sun was dark.

C.

The sorrowing heart will seek no pleasant place
To rest in, but drops down on each sharp thorn.
Poor self-tormentor! were not pangs enow
Thine heretofore? must wrongs afflict thee still?
Must Pleasure bring thee fresh, with Memory
Recalling them, then leaving her behind?
So 'tis decreed: drop on thy thorn, and die.

CI.

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand.. "*O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!"
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

CII.

A good old Englishwoman, who had come
Back to her country from the sights at Rome,
Was askt about them.
"Well then, I have seen
Robes on men's shoulders rich as round our queen..
Strangers, who know no better, may miscall
A well-stuft strutting sausage *cardinal:*
It is not often we so gut a name,
But *cardinal* and *carnal* are the same."

CIII.

MILTON IN ITALY.

O Milton! couldst thou rise again and see
  The land thou lovedst in thy earlier day,
See springing from her tomb fair Italy
  (Fairer than ever) cast her shroud away,
That tightly-fasten'd triply-folded shroud,
  Torn by her children off their mother's face!
O couldst thou see her now, more justly proud
  Than of an earlier and a stronger race!

CIV.

How often, when life's summer day
  Is waning, and its sun descends,
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,
  And lovers shrivel into friends!

CV.

Beyond our shores, past Alps and Appennines,
  Shakespeare, from heaven came thy creative breath,
Mid critron groves and over-arching vines
  Thy genius wept at Desdemona's death.
In the proud sire thou badest anger cease
And Juliet by her Romeo sleep in peace;
Then rose thy voice above the stormy sea,
And Ariel flew from Prospero to thee.

CVI.

Disturbers of the earth! who make
Her fairest regions quail and quake,
As torn Vesuvius at this hour
By some alike infernal power.
God's realm with God ye might possess,
But ye will ever strive for less.
Fools! fools! the fragile crowns ye wear
Sink into slough and leave you there.

CVII.

Of early days and promist hours
And eyes that brighten'd shady bowers
Visions had floated round the head
Of Sophron; he awoke and said,
"Ah! were but all things what they seem
Then life were nearly worth a dream.

CVIII.

Doctor'd by Bacon and Montaigne
My eyebrows may sprout forth again,
Worne by hard rubbing to make out
Plato's interminable doubt.
Around him were some clever folks
Until they stumbled into jokes;
Incontinent I quitted these
To stroll with Aristophanes.
I'd rather sup on cold potato,
Than on a salmon cookt by Plato,
Who, always nice but never hearty,
Says Homer shall not join the party.

CIX.

Give me for life the honest name,
Then take my due arrears of fame.
I am grown deaf, and shall become
A trifle deafer in the tomb.

CX.

Gibbon! tho' thou art grave and grand
And Rome is under thy command,
Yet some in cauliflower-white wigs,
Others put lately into brigs,
Instead of bending back and knee,
Would pull thy chair from under thee.

CXI.

Taranto now has lost her guide,
A prelate without prelate's pride.
On that Parthenopean coast
Incredulous of fog or frost,
His Persian puss he smiles to see
Leap boldly on a stranger's knee,
And stretch out flat and lick his fur,
And switch his tail, and gape and purr.
O my two friends! may, many a day,
Both think of me when far away!

CXII.

There are two rival foes for every breast,
And both alike are enemies to rest.
Fear of these combatants is much the strongest,
Yet Hope upon the battle-ground stays longest.

CXIII.

Along that avenue below,
With drooping neck, and footstep slow,
Came wounded Hampden's horse; he stood
Steaming with sweat surcharged with blood.
Within that chamber overhead
Died the most mourn'd of all the dead.

CXIV.

That critic must indeed be bold
Who pits new authors against old.
Only the ancient coin is prized,
The dead alone are canonized:
What was even Shakespeare until then?
A poet scarce compared with Ben:
And Milton in the streets no taller
Than sparkling easy-ambling Waller.
Waller now walks with rhyming crowd,
While Milton sits above the clouds,
Above the stars, his fixt abode,
And points to men their way to God.

CXV.

You ask how I, who could converse
With Pericles, can stoop to worse:
How I, who once had higher aims,
Can trifle so with epigrams.
I would not lose the wise from view,
But would amuse the children too;
Beside, my breath is short and weak,
And few must be the words I speak.

CXVI.

Lucilla slapt my hand that day
Of Christmas when she heard me say,
What she declared was *like my folly*,
"O for that little sprig of holly!
O for that holly sprig to wear
Within my bosom all the year!"
For I had noticed who it was
That shook its rime off on the grass.
I lept to snatch it from the ceiling;
It hung too high . . so, tottering, reeling,
A headlong fall I could not check,
But fell outright upon her neck.

CXVII.

If you are not a poet you may live
With poets pleasantly. But if you are,
A little piece of counsel let me give...
Praise one you speak with. . praise none else . . beware!

CXVIII.

Tryphœna says that you must come
To dine with us at Tusculum.
She has invited few to share
Her delicate but frugal fare.
Contrive the dinner to make out
With venison, ortolans, and trout;
These may come after haunch of boar,
Or neck, which wise men relish more;
And, Glycon, 'twould not be unpleasant,
To see among them spring a pheasant.
I voted we should have but two
At dinner, these are quite enow:
One of them, worth half Rome, will meet us,
Low-station'd high-soul'd Epictetus.
He told his mind the other day
To ruby-finger'd Seneca,
Who, rich and proud as Nero, teaches
The vanity of pomp or riches.
Just Epictetus can assure us
How continent was Epicurus,
How gorged and staggering Romans claim
With hiccups that immortal name.

CXIX.

Nugent! I hope ere long to see
In leaf my lately planted tree.
Alas! that there will stand no more
She whose weak wrists the burden bore
Half-way down that smooth grassy mead,
And said, "*No help of yours I need.*
But you may hold it if you will,
And the deep gap let Nugent fill."
Another gap was soon to hold
That graceful form, that heart now cold

CXX.

I saw upon his pulpit-perch
A well-fed gamecock of the church

Spread out his plumes, and heard him crow
To his lean pullets croucht below.
"Wretches! ye raise your throats to men
Who pry into your father's pen;
Look at your betters, do as they do,
And be content to chant a *credo*."

CXXI.

'Twas far beyond the midnight hour
And more than half the stars were falling,
And jovial friends, who lost the power
Of sitting, under chairs lay sprawling;

Not Porson so; his stronger pate
Could carry more of wine and Greek
Than Cambridge held; erect he sate;
He nodded, yet could somehow speak.

"'Tis well, O Bacchus! they are gone,
Unworthy to approach thy altar!
The pious man prays best alone,
Nor shall thy servant ever falter."

Then Bacchus too, like Porson, nodded,
Shaking the ivy on his brow,
And graciously replied the godhead,
"I have no votary staunch as thou."

CXXII.

Will nothing but from Greece or Rome
Please me? is nothing good at home?
Yes; better; but I look in vain
For a Moliere or La Fontaine.
Swift, in his humour, was as strong,
But there was gall upon his tongue.
Bitters and acids may excite,
Yet satisfy not appetite.

CXXIII.

Some, when they would appear to mourn,
The tomb like drawing-room adorn;
And foreign flowers of richest scents
Bestrew the way to compliments.
Grief never calls on Grace or Muse,
Nor dares the Fates and Stars accuse,

Demanding clamorously why
They doom'd one so beloved to die.
In her dim chamber solitary
She sits; her low tones little vary;
Now on the earth her eyes are bent,
Now heavenward raised implore content.

CXXIV.

Awaiting me upon a shore
Which friends less loved had reacht before
Stood one my well-known voice drew nigh,
And said . . but said it with low sigh,
Lest Proserpine might hear afraid . .
"Ah! were we somewhat more than shade!"
I threw my arms her neck around,
I woke; it was an empty sound.
In groves, in grots, on hills, on plains,
With me that Vision still remains.

CXXV.

Let me look back upon the world before
I leave it, and upon some scatter'd graves,
Altho' mine eyes are dim with age and tears,
And almost all those graves lie far remote.
Memory! thou hast not always been so kind
As thou art now; at every step I come
Nigher to those before me: part I owe
To thee, and part to age: I ask no more,
For I have seen enough, and go to rest.

CXXVI.

Ah, wherefore should you so admire
The flowing words that fill my song?
Why call them artless, yet require
"*Some promise from that tuneful tongue?*"
Doubt only whether Fate could part
A tuneful tongue and tender heart.

CXXVII.

Soon does the lily of the valley die,
Later the rose droops o'er her family,
Fresh children press about her couch of moss,
And she forgets, as they repair, her loss.
The hapless lily none such comfort knows,
But sinks the paler at the sight of rose.

CXXVIII.

No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken,
Than that the largest heart is soonest broken.

CXXIX.

When from above the busy crowd I see,
The great and little seem one-sized to me.

CXXX.

A FRENCH POET ON LOUIS XVIII.

Descend, ye Muses, one and all,
Obedient to a Frenchman's call.
Which of you e'er refused to sing
The feats of a most christian king,
Or help to raise the Oriflamme
Above the towers of Notre-Dame?
Three cities, three without one blow,
Fell at the trumpet of Boileau:
He would have play'd without a line
The devil with the Philistine,
No need, against him to prevail,
The weightier broadsword of Corneille.
Voltaire struck down with flash of pen
The League, the Iberian, and Mayenne,
And, if ye help me, with a touch
I doubt not I can do as much.
Then shall ye see the lilies bloom
Upon the seven hills of Rome.
Our Louis never shows the scars
His doublet suffer'd under Mars,
Tho' many creatures daily fell
Before him ere the vesper bell,
He said, on looking down his file
Of steel and silver with a smile,
Far better thus than bid our men go
For empty glory to Marengo.

CXXXI.

Shelley and Keats, on earth unknown
One to the other, now are gone
Where only such pure Spirits meet
And sing before them words as sweet.

CXXXII.

ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

Porson was askt what he thought of hexameters written in English:
"Show me," said he, "any five in continuance true to the metre,
Five where a dactyl has felt no long syllable puncht thro' his midrif,
Where not a trochee or pyrric has stood on one leg at the entrance
Like a grey fatherly crane keeping watch on the marsh at Cayster.
Zounds! how they hop, skip, and jump!
Old Homer, uplifting his eyebrows,
Cries to the somnolent gods . . 'O ye blessed who dwell on Olympos!
What have I done in old-age? have I ever complain'd of my blindness?
Ye in your wisdom may deem that a poet sings only the better
(Some little birds do) for *that;* but why are my ears to be batter'd
Flat to my head as a mole's or a fish's, if fishes have any?
Why do barbarians rush with a fury so headstrong against me?
Have they no poet at home they can safely and readily waylay?'"
Then said a youth in his gown, "I do humbly beg pardon, Professor,
But are you certain that you, to whom all the wide Hellas is open,
Could make Homer, who spoke many dialects with many nations,
Speak, as we now have attempted to teach him, our pure Anglo-saxon."
Then the Professor, "I wager a dozen of hock or of claret
Standing on only one foot I can throw off more verses and better
Than the unlucky, that limp and halt and have '*no foot to stand on.*'"
"'Pon my word, as I live!" said a younger, "I really think he has done it."

CXXXIII.

TIBULLUS.

Only one poet in the worst of days
Disdain'd Augustus in his pride to praise.
Ah Delia! was it wantonness or whim
That made thee, once so tender, false to *him?*
To him who follow'd over snows and seas
Messala storming the steep Pyrenees.
But Nemesis avenged him, and the tear
Of Rome's last poet fell upon his bier.

CXXXIV.

Lately our songsters loiter'd in green lanes,
Content to catch the ballads of the plains;

I fancied I had strength enough to climb
A loftier station at no distant time,
And might securely from intrusion doze
Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus flows.
In those pale olive grounds all voices cease,
And from afar dust fills the paths of Greece.
My slumber broken and my doublet torn,
I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

CXXXV.

Venour, my brave boy-guardian, who at school
Taught me the grammar he had lately learnt,
And led me over noun and five-barr'd verb,
Where is he? There he sleeps below the waves
Of the Atlantic, there where all creation
Is mute, nor hears the voice that calls his name;
But others shall, and far and wide beyond.
When older prest around him and declared
He could not sail, for sure the Admiral
Knew not *Calypso's* state, he thus replied,
My orders are to sail: he sail'd . . and sank.
Short is my story: I could be prolix,
But the small casket holds things valued most.

CXXXVI.

The scentless laurel a broad leaf displays,
Few and by fewer gather'd are the bay's;
Yet these Apollo wore upon his brow . .
The boughs are bare, the stem is twisted now.

CXXXVII.

The Muses at the side may move
But can not hold the wings of Love.
Lesbia was faithless to Catullus,
And Delia wandered from Tibullus,
Who closer when Death came would stand,
And yield to him alone her hand.
The tender heart is ever true
And all its world contains but two,
Inseparable those, nor cold
Until they mingle with the mould.

CXXXVIII.

I do not think that praises ever
Derange a sound and healthy liver,

Altho' they get into the head
Of some who are too highly fed;
A hungry mountain swain meanwhile
From bitter crust o'erflows with bile.

CXXXIX.

There was one powerful man, and only one
In God's wide world; what could he not achieve?
He might have driven from her citadel
Defiant Falsehood and her tawdry guards
And bastard progeny innumerable;
He might have propt up cities with one arm
And driven with the other from the temple
Sellers of bones, of charms, of opiates,
Of glittering gauds and cutlery occult;
He, like the blessed one of Nazareth,
Might have restored the sight of the stone-blind
And raised the prostrate cripple up erect.
Earth spread her feast before him, millions rose
To serve him and to bless him; did he bring
An honest man with him? he brought instead
Desperate swordsmen and astuter knaves,
Who sit around him, and will sit until
The night fall heavily on their carouse,
And the seats reel beneath 'em, unregain'd.

CXL.

Changarnier and a poet with a *De*
Now to his name cry *freedom!* and make free,
O Rome, to quarter hungry thieves on thee.

CXLI.

ON A FAWN'S HOOF.

Have I not seen thee, little hoof, before
Thou wast a handle to my stable-door?
Have I not seen thee trotting o'er the park
In dread when distant hounds began to bark?
Ah! how much rather would I see thee now
With branching horns above thy lifted brow,
Commanding me by angry stamp to go
And keep away from where lie fawn and doe.
I never thought to feel again for deer
The guilt of murder that confronts me here.

CXLII.

So sad a mourner never bent
Against a marble monument
As, poorest of the paupers, she
On the damp grass who bends the knee
O'er her one lost; her words are few,
What shall I do! what shall I do!
Are all she says, but those aloud,
And pity moves the silent crowd.
She rises . . she must carry back
The lent and oft darn'd gown of black.

CXLIII.

No city on the many-peopled earth
Hath been the witness of such valiant deeds
As thou hast, Ptolemais! and by whom
Were they achieved? by Britons, one and all.
The first our lion-hearted king may claim,
And who the second? he who drove across
The torrid desert the (till then uncheckt)
Invader, from those realms the Ptolemies
Ruled, and the Cæsars follow'd in their train,
Sidney the last of chivalry . . One more
Rode o'er the sea to win the crown that hung
Inviting on thy walls: he also bore
A name illustrious even as Sidney's own,
Napier was he.
'Tis somewhat to have held
His hand in mine, 'tis somewhat to record
One of his actions in the crowded page.

CXLIV.

ON GESNER'S IDYLS.

Gesner, to Sicily he does no wrong
Who listens fondly to thy pastoral song.
The Muses, nurst by Nature, bow'd the head
And sigh'd in silence when thy spirit fled.
Homer's sole rival, Mincio's youthful swain
To catch Sicilian tones essay'd in vain.
None dared take up the broken pipe, for none
Among the wistful claim'd it as his own.
A sunny clime call'd many a piper forth,
But only thy strong pinion braved the north.

CXLV.

Under his pulpit lies poor Sydney,*
And few are left us of his kidney.
With me, my friends, you can but lunch,
For a good dinner go to Punch.

CXLVI.

The grandest writer of late ages
Who wrapt up Rome in golden pages,
Whom scarcely Livius equal'd, Gibbon,
Died without star or cross or ribbon.

CXLVII.

We hear no more an attic song,
Teuton cuts out the Athenian's tongue,
And witches and hobgoblins fill
Each crevice of the Aonian hill.

CXLVIII.

Many can rule and more can fight,
But few give myriad hearts delight.

CXLIX.

Poets as strong as ever were,
Formerly breath'd our British air:
Ours now display but boyish strength,
And rather throw themselves full length.
Waller was easy, so was Sedley,
Nor mingled with the rhyming medley.
Descending from her higher places
The Muse led Prior to the Graces:
He was the first they condescended
To visit . . are their visits ended?

CL.

A TALE BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Chaucer I fancied had been dead
  Some centuries, some four or five;
By fancy I have been misled
  Like many: he is yet alive.

The Widow's Ordeal who beside
  Could thus relate? Yes, there is one,
He bears beyond the Atlantic wide
  The glorious name of Washington.

* Sydney Smith.

CLI.

Gibbon has planted laurels long to bloom
Above the ruins of sepulchral Rome.
He sang no dirge, but mused upon the land
Where Freedom took his solitary stand.
To him Thucydides and Livius bow,
And Superstition veils her wrinkled brow.

CLII.

No, I will never weave a sonnet,
Let others wear their patience on it;
A better use of time I know
Than tossing shuttles to and fro.

CLIII.

Parrots have richly colour'd wings,
Not so the sweetest bird that sings;
Not so the lonely plaintive dove;
In sadder stole she moans her love,
And every Muse in every tongue
Has heard and praised her nightly song.

CLIV.

To-morrow if the day is fine
I visit you before you dine.
Juliet a little shy may be,
But Blanche will sit upon my knee,
Just as another some years older
Sat once with arm about my shoulder.
This is all twaddle, folks will say,
But you are wiser far than they.
Head upon head they could not reach
The lines of this unspoken speech.
Forgive me, Gertrude, if I'm proud,
Your hand has raised me o'er the crowd.

CLV.

Rather than flighty Fame give me
A bird on wrist or puss on knee.
Death is not to be charm'd by rhymes
Nor shoved away to after-times.
Of maiden's or of poet's song
Did anything on earth sound long?

Why then should ever mortal care
About what floats in empty air?
All we devise and all we know
Is better kept for use than show.
Perhaps we deem ourselves the wise,
Other may see with clearer eyes.
Little I care for Fame or Death,
Or groan for one gasp more of breath.
Death, in approaching me, looks grim,
I in return but smile at him.

CLVI.

"*Children of Pallas!*" is the voice that swells
Above the lofty Parthenon, "awake, awake
From heavy slumber and illusive dreams,
Throw the door open . . Look at Babylon,
Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem,
Earth's giant offspring whom she rear'd in vain:
They all are dust, or worse than dust, a haunt
Of brutes, and brutal men, who tear the beard
One off another to cram down their throats
Incredibilities which both call creeds.
Whatever stands must fall; the dust alone
We trample on rises and keeps its form.
There was one holy man who said to all
'*Love ye each other:*' all have heard the words,
Few mind them; prayer serves for obedience.
Grivas! whom Hellas now envokes by name,
Albeit that name was never heard of yore
And time has paralized the mother tongue. .
Do thou forbid the insidious foot to tread
Thy sacred land; let speech and thought be free;
So shalt thou hear such hymns as shook the fanes
When Æschylos from Marathon return'd,
And Athens envied most the wounded brave."

CLVII.

Never must my bones be laid
Under the mimosa's shade.
He to whom I gave my all
Swept away her guardian wall,
And her green and level plot
Green or level now is not.

CLVIII.

TO SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.

What see I through the mist of years? a friend,
If the most ignorant of mortal men
In every science, may pronounce his name
Whom every science raises above all.
Murchison! thou art he.
Upon the bank
Of Loir thou camest to me, brought by Hare
The witty and warm-hearted, passing through
That shady garden whose broad tower ascends
From chamber over chamber; there I dwelt,
The flowers my guests, the birds my pensioners,
Books my companions, and but few beside.
After two years the world's devastor
Was driven forth, yet only to return
And stamp again upon a fallen race.
Back to old England flew my countrymen;
Even brave Bentham, whose inventive skill
Baffled at Chesmè and submerged the fleet
Of Ottoman,* urged me to flight with him
Ere the infuriate enemy arrived.
I wrote to Carnot, *I am here at Tours,*
And will remain.
He praised my confidence
In the French honour; it was placed in *his*.
No house but mine was left unoccupied
In the whole city by the routed troops.
Ere winter came 'twas time to cross the Alps;
Como invited me; nor long ere came
Southey, a sorrowing guest, who lately lost
His only boy. We walkt aside the lake,
And mounted to the level downs above,
Where if we thought of Skiddaw, named it not.
I led him to Bellaggio, of earth's gems
The brightest.
We in England have as bright,
Said he, and turned his face toward the west.
I fancied in his eyes there was a tear,
I know there was in mine: we both stood still.
Gone is he now to join the son in bliss,
Innocent each alike, one longest spared
To show that all men have not lived in vain.

* Potemkin had the credit and the reward. The ships were built by Bentham on his own model, and he directed the attack.

Gone too is Hare: afar from us he lies,
In sad Palermo, where the most accurst
Cover his bones with bones of free men slain.
  Again I turn to thee, O Murchison!
Why hast thou lookt so deep into the earth
To find her treasures? Gold we thought had done
Its worst before: now fields are left untill'd,
And cheerful songs speed not the tardy woof.
How dare I blame thee? 'twas not thy offence,
And good from evil springs, as day from night!
The covetous and vicious delve the mine
And sieve the dross that industry may work
For nobler uses: soon shall crops arise
More plenteous from it, soon the poor shall dwell
In their own houses, and their children throw
Unstinted fuel on the Christmas blaze
With shouts that shake the holly-branch above.

CRITICISMS

ON

THEOCRITUS, CATULLUS, AND PETRARCH.

CRITICISMS.

THE IDYLS OF THEOCRITUS.

WITHIN the last half-century the Germans have given us several good editions of Theocritus. That of Augustus Meinekius, to which the very inferior and very different poems of Bion and Moschus are appended, is among the best and the least presuming. No version is added; the notes are few and pertinent, never pugnacious, never prolix. In no age, since the time of Aristarchus, or before, has the Greek language been so profoundly studied, or its poetry in its nature and metre so perfectly understood, as in ours. Neither Athens nor Alexandria saw so numerous or so intelligent a race of grammarians as Germany has recently seen contemporary. Nor is the society diminisht, nor are its labours relaxt, at this day. Valckenaer, Schrieber, Schaeffer, Kiesling, Wuesteman, are not the only critics and editors who, before the present one, have bestowed their care and learning on Theocritus.

Doubts have long been entertained upon the genuineness of several among his Idyls. But latterly a vast number, even of those which had never been disputed, have been called in question by Ernest Reinhold, in a treatise printed at Jena in 1819. He acknowledges the eleven first, the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth. Against the arbitrary ejection of the remainder rose Augustus Wissowa in 1828. In his *Theocritus Theocritæus*, vindicating them from suspicion, he subjoins to his elaborate criticism a compendious index of ancient quotations, in none of which is any doubt entertained of their authenticity. But surely it requires no

force of argument, no call for extraneous help, to subvert the feeble position that, because the poet wrote his Pastorals mostly in his native dialect, the Doric, he can never have written in another. If he composed the eighteenth Idyl in the Æolic, why may he not be allowed the twelfth and twenty-second in the Ionic? Not, however, that in the twelfth he has done it uniformly: the older manuscripts of this poem contain fewer forms of that dialect than were afterwards foisted into it, for the sake of making it all of a piece. It is easy to believe that the Idyls he wrote in Sicily were Doric, with inconsiderable variations, and that he thought it more agreeable to Hiero, whose favour he was desirous of conciliating. But when he retired from Sicily to the court of Ptolemy, where Callimachus and Apollonius and Aratus were residing, he would not on every occasion revert to an idiom little cultivated in Egypt. Not only to avoid the charge of rivalry with the poets who were then flourishing there, but also from sound judgment, he wrote heroic poetry in Homeric verse; in verse no less Ionic than Homer's own; indeed more purely so.

Thirty of his poems are entitled IDYLS: in short all but the Epigrams, however different in length, in subject, and in metre. But who gave them this appellation? or whence was it derived? We need go up no higher than to εἶδος for the derivation: and it is probable that the poet himself supplied the title. But did he give it to all his compositions? or even to all those (excepting the Epigrams) which are now extant. We think he did not, although we are unsupported in our opinion by the old scholiast who wrote the arguments. "The poet," says he, "did not wish to specify his pieces, but *ranged them all under one title*." We believe that he ranged what he thought the more important and the more epic under this category, and that he omitted to give any separate designation to the rest, prefixing to each piece (it may be) its own title. Nay, it appears to us not at all improbable that those very pieces which we moderns call more peculiarly Idyls, were not comprehended by him in this designation. We believe that εἰδυλλιον means a *small image of something greater;* and that it was especially applied at first to his short poems of the heroic cast and character. As the others had no genuine name denoting their quality, but only the names of the interlocutors or the subjects (which the ancient poets, both Greek and Roman, oftener omitted) they were all after a while comprehended in a mass within one common term. That the term was invented long after the age of

Theocritus, is the opinion of Heine and of Wissowa: but where is the proof of the fact, or foundation for the conjecture? Nobody has denied that it existed in the time of Virgil; and many have wondered that he did not thus entitle his Bucolics, instead of calling them Eclogues. And so indeed he probably would have done, had he believed that Theocritus intended any such designation for his Pastorals. But neither he nor Calpurnius, nor Nemesian, called by the name of Idyl their bucolic poems; which they surely would have done if, in their opinion or in the opinion of the public, it was applicable to them. It was not thought so when literature grew up again in Italy, and when the shepherds and shepherdesses recovered their lost estates in the provinces of poetry, under the patronage of Petrarca, Boccacio, Pontanus, and Mantuanus.

Eobanus Hessus, a most voluminous writer of Latin verses, has translated much from the Greek classics, and among the rest some pieces from Theocritus. From time to time we have spent several hours of idleness over his pages; but the further we proceeded, whatever was the direction, the duller and drearier grew his unprofitable pine-forest, the more wearisome and disheartening his flat and printless sands. After him, Bruno Sidelius, another German, was the first of the moderns who conferred the name of Idyl on their Bucolics. As this word was enlarged in its acceptation, so was another in another kind of poetry, namely, the Pæan, which at first was appropriated to Apollo and Artemis, but was afterward transferred to other deities. Servius, on the first Eneid, tells us that Pindar not only composed one on Zeus of Dodona, but several in honour of mortals. The same may be said of the Dithyrambic. Elegy too, in the commencement, was devoted to grief exclusively, like the *nænia* and *threna:* subsequently it embraced a vast variety of matters, some of them ethic and didactic; some the very opposite to its institution, inciting to war and patriotism, for instance those of Tyrtæus; and some to love and licentiousness, in which Mimnermus has been followed by innumerable disciples to the extremities of the earth.

Before we inspect the Idyls of Theocritus, one by one, as we intend to do, it may be convenient in this place to recapitulate what little is known about him. He tells us, in the epigraph to them, that there was another poet of the same name, a native of Chios, but that he himself was a Syracusan of low origin, son of Praxagoras and Philina. He calls his mother περικλειτη (illustrious), evidently for no

other reason than because the verse required it. There is no ground for disbelieving what he records of his temper; that he never was guilty of detraction. His exact age is unknown, and unimportant. One of the Idyls is addressed to the younger Hiero, another to Ptolemy Philadelphus. The former of these began his reign in the one hundred and twenty-sixth Olympiad, the latter in the one hundred and twenty-third. In the sixteenth Idyl the poet insinuates that the valour of Hiero was more conspicuous than his liberality: on Ptolemy he never had reason to make any such remark. Among his friends in Egypt was Aratus, of whom Cicero and Cæsar thought highly, and of whose works both of them translated some parts. Philetus the Coan was another: and his merit must also have been great; for Propertius joins him with Callimachus, and asks permission to enter the sacred grove of poetry in their company.

> Callimachi manes et Coi sacra Philetæ!
> In vestrum quæso me sinite ire nemus.

It appears, however, that Aratus was more particularly and intimately Theocritus's friend. To him he inscribes the sixth Idyl, describes his loves in the seventh, and borrows from him the religious exordium of the seventeenth. After he had resided several years in Egypt, he returned to his native country, and died there.

We now leave the man for the writer, and in this capacity we have a great deal more to say. The poems we possess from him are only a part, although probably the best, of what he wrote. He composed hymns, elegies, and iambics. Hermann, in his dissertation on hexameter verse, expresses his wonder that Virgil, in the Eclogues, should have deserted the practice of Theocritus in its structure; and he remarks, for instance, the first in the first Idyl.

> Ἄδυ τι το ψιθυρισμα και ἁ πιτυς . . αιπολε τηνα

This pause, however, is almost as frequent in Homer as in Theocritus: and it is doubtful to us, who indeed have not counted the examples, whether any other pause occurs so often in the Iliad. In reading this verse, we do not pause after πιτυς, but after ψιθυρισμα: but in the verses which the illustrious critic quotes from Homer the pause is precisely in that place.

> Ποντω μεν τα πρῶτα κορυσσεται . . αὐταρ ἔπειτα
> Χερσιν ρήγνυμενῶν μεγαλα βρεμει . . αμφι δε τ' ακρας.

though the pause is greatly more common in the Greek hexameter in the Latin, yet Hermann must have taken up Virgil's Eclogues inattentively in making his remark. For that which he wonders Roman has imitated so sparingly from the Syracusan occurs quite ently enough in Virgil, and rather too frequently in Theocritus. ay be tedious to the inaccurate and negligent; it may be tedious ose whose reading is only a species of dissipation, and to whom have been given only as ornaments; nevertheless, for the sake of s, we have taken some trouble to establish our position in regard e Eclogues, and the instances are given below.*

* Ecl. i., containing 83 verses.

Namque erit ille mihi semper deus . .
Non equidem invideo, miror magis . .
Ite meæ, felix quondam, pecus . .

Ecl. ii. 73 verses.

Atque superba pati fastidia . .
Cum placidum ventis staret mare . .
Bina die siccant ovis ubera . .
Heu, heu! quid volui misero mihi . .

Ecl. iii. 111 verses.

Dic mihi, Damœta, cujum pecus . .
Infelix, O semper oves pecus . .
Et, si non aliquâ nocuisses . .
Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit . .
Bisque die numerant ambo pecus . .
Parta meæ Veneri sunt munera . .
Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina . .
Parcite, oves, nimium procedere . .

Ecl. v. 90 verses.

Sive antro potius succedimus . .
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina . .
Quale sopor fessis in gramine . .
Hæc eadem docuit cujum pecus . .

Ecl. vi. 86 verses.

Cum canerem reges et prælia . .
Ægle Naïadum pulcherrima . .
Carmina quæ vultis cognoscite . .
Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege . .
Errabunda bovis vestigia . .
Quo cursu deserta petiverit . .

In Theocritus it is not this usage which is so remarkable; it is the abundance and exuberance of dactyls. They hurry on one after another, like the waves of a clear and rapid brook in the sunshine,

Ecl. vii. 70 verses.

Ambo florentes ætatibus . .
Vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat . .
Aspicio; ille ubi me contra videt . .
Nymphæ noster amor Lebethrides
Quale meo Codro concedite . .
Setosi caput hoc apri tibi . .
Ite domum pasti, si quis pudor . .
Aut si ultra placitum laudârit . .
Si fœtura gregem suppleverit . .
Solstitium pecori defendite . .
Populus Alcidæ gratissima . .
Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima.

Ecl. viii. 109 verses.

Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris . .
A te principium, tibi desinet . .
Carmina cœpta tuis, atque hac sine . .
Nascere præque diem veniens age . .
Omnia vel medium fiant mare . .
Desine Mænalios jam desine . .
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina . .
Transque caput jace; ne respexeris . .

Ecl. ix. 67 verses.

Heu cadit in quemquam tantum scelus . .
Tityre dum redeo, brevis est via . .
Et potum pastas age Tityre . .
Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina . .
Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque . .
Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina . .
Hinc adeo media est nobis via . .
Incipit apparere Bianoris . .

Ecl. x. 77 verses.

Nam neque Parnassi, vobis juga . .
Omnes unde amor iste rogant tibi . .

Instances of the cadence are not wanting in the Eneid. The fourth book, the most elaborate of all, exhibits them.

"Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus" . .

And again in the last lines, with only one interposed.

"Devolat, et supra caput adstitit . .
Sic ait et dextra crinem secat."

reflecting all things the most beautiful in nature, but not resting upon any.

IDYL I. Of all the poetry in all languages that of Theocritus is the most fluent and easy; but if only this Idyl were extant, it would rather be memorable for a weak imitation of it by Virgil, and a beautiful one by Milton, than for any great merit beyond the harmony of its verse. Indeed it opens with such sounds as Pan himself in a prelude on his pipe might have produced. The dialogue is between Thyrsis and a goatherd. Here is much of appropriate description; but it appears unsuitable to the character and condition of a goatherd to offer so large a reward as he offers for singing a song. "If you will sing as you sang in the contest with the Libyan shepherd Chromis, I will reward you with a goat, mother of two kids, which goat you may milk thrice a-day; for, though she suckles two kids, she has milk enough left for two pails."

We often hear that such or such a thing "is not worth an old song." Alas! how very few things are! What precious recollections do some of them awaken! What pleasurable tears do they excite! They purify the stream of life; they can delay it on its shelves and rapids; they can turn it back again to the soft moss amidst which its sources issue.

But we must not so suddenly quit the generous goatherd: we must not turn our backs on him for the sake of indulging in these reflections. He is ready to give not only a marvellously fine goat for the repetition of a song, but a commodity of much higher value in addition; a deep capacious cup of the most elaborate workmanship, carved and painted in several compartments. Let us look closely at these. The first contains a woman in a veil and fillet: near her are two young suitors who throw fierce *words* one against the other: she never minds them, but smiles upon each *alternately*. Surely no cup, not even a magical one, could express all this. But they *continue* to carry on their ill-will. In the next place is an old fisherman on a rock, from which he is hauling his net. Not far from him is a vineyard, laden with purple grapes. A little boy is watching them near the boundary-hedge, while a couple of foxes are about their business: one walking through the rows of vines, picking out the ripe grapes as he *goes along;* the other devising mischief to the boy's wallet, and *declaring* on the word of a fox that he will never quit the premises until he has captured the breakfast therein deposited. The song is deferred no longer: and a

capital song it is: but the goatherd has well paid the piper. It is unnecessary to transcribe the verses which Virgil and Milton have imitated.

> Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga nam neque Pindi
> Ulla moram facere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virgil himself, on the present occasion, was certainly not detained in any of these places. Let us try whether we cannot come toward the original with no greater deviation, and somewhat less dulness.

> Where were ye, O ye nymphs! when Daphnis died?
> For not on Pindus were ye, nor beside
> Penëus in his softer glades, nor where
> Acis might well expect you, once your care.
> But neither Acis did your steps detain,
> Nor strong Anapus rushing forth amain,
> Nor high-brow'd Etna with her forest chain.

Harmonious as are the verses of Theocritus, the Greek language itself could not bear him above Milton in his Lycidas. He had the good sense to imitate the versification of Tasso's Aminta, employing rhyme where it is ready at hand, and permitting his verses to be longer or shorter, as may happen. They are never deficient in sweetness, taken separately, and never at the close of a sentence disappoint us. However, we can not but regret the clashing of irreconcileable mythologies. Neither in a poem nor in a picture do we see willingly the Nymphs and the Druids together: Saint Peter comes even more inopportunely: and although, in the midst of such scenery, we may be prepared against wolves with their own heads and "*maws*" and "*privy paws*," yet we deprecate them when they appear with a bishop's: they are then an over-match for us. The ancients could not readily run into such errors: yet something of a kind not very dissimilar may be objected to Virgil.

> Venit Apollo,
> "Galle! quid insanis?" inquit.

When the poet says, "Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit," we are aware that it is merely a form of phraseology: but among those who, in Virgil's age, believed in Apollo, not one believed that he held a conversation with Gallus. The time for those familiarities of gods with mortals had long been over,

> Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

There was only one of them who could still alight without suspicion among the poets. Phœbus had become a mockery, a by-word: but there never will be a time probably when Love shall lose his personality, or be wished out of the way if he has crept into a poem. But the poem must be a little temple of his own, admitting no other occupant or agent beside himself and (at most) two worshippers.

To return to this first Idyl. Theocritus may be censured for representing a continuity of action in one graven piece, where the girl smiles on two young men alternately. But his defence is ready. He would induce the belief that, on looking at the perfection of the workmanship, we must necessarily know not only what is passing, but also what is past and what is to come. We see the two foxes in the same spirit, and enter into their minds and machinations. We swear to the wickedest of the two that we will keep his secret, and that we will help him to the uttermost of our power, when he declares (φατι) that he will have the boy's breakfast. Perhaps we might not be so steadily his partisan, if the boy himself were not meditating an ill turn to another creature. He is busy in making a little cage for the cicala. Do we never see the past and the future in the pictures of Edwin Landseer? who exercises over all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air an undivided and unlimited dominion, και νοον εγνῶ.

We shall abstain, as far as may be, in this review, from verbal criticism, for which the judicious editor, after many other great scholars, has left but little room: but we can not consent with him to omit the hundred and twentieth verse, merely because we find it in the fifth Idyl, nor because he tells us it is rejected in the best editions. Verses have been repeated both by Lucretius and by Virgil. In the present case the sentence, without it, seems obtruncated, and wants the peculiar rhythm of Theocritus, which is complete and perfect with it. In the two last verses are αἷδε χιμαιραι Οὐ μή σκιρτασητε. Speaking *to* the she-goats he could not well say αι, which could only be said in speaking *of* them. Probably the right reading is ὧδε, although we believe there is no authority for it. The repetition of that word is graceful and adds to the sense. "Come hither, Kissaitha! milk this one: but, you others! do not leap about *here*, lest, &c." The poet tells us he will hereafter sing more sweetly: it is much to say; but he will keep his promise: he speaks in the

character of Thyrsis. When the goatherd gives the cup to the shepherd he wishes his mouth to be filled with honey, and with the honey-*comb!*

IDYL II. is a monologue, and not bucolic. Cimætha, an enchantress, is in love with Delphis. The poem is curious, containing a complete system of incantation as practised by the Greeks. Out of two verses, by no means remarkable, Virgil has framed some of the most beautiful in all his works. Whether the Idyl was in this particular copied from Apollonius, or whether he in the Argonautics had it before him, is uncertain. Neither of them is so admirable as,

> Sylvæque et sæva quierant
> Æquora.
> At non infelix animi Phœnissa; neque unquam
> Solvitur in somnos, *oculisve aut pectore noctem*
> *Accipit:* ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
> Sævit amor.

> The woods and stormy waves were now at rest,
> But not the hapless Dido; never sank
> She into sleep, never received she night
> Into her bosom; grief redoubled grief,
> And love sprang up more fierce the more represt.

IDYL III. A goatherd, whose name is not mentioned, declares his love, with prayers and expostulations, praises and reproaches, to Amaryllis. The restlessness of passion never was better expressed. The tenth and eleventh lines are copied by Virgil, with extremely ill success.

> *Quod potui*, puero *sylvestri* ex arbore *lecta*
> Aurea mala decem misi, cras altera mittam.

How poor is *quod potui!* and what a *selection* (lecta) is that of crabs; moreover, these were *sent* as a present (misi), and not offered in person. There is not even the action, such as it is, but merely the flat relation of it. Instead of a narration about sending these precious crabs, and the promise of as many more on the morrow, here in Theocritus the attentive lover says, "Behold! I bring you ten apples. I gathered them myself from the tree whence you desired me to gather them: to-morrow I will bring you more. Look upon my soul-tormenting grief! I wish I were a bee that I might come into your grotto, penetrating through the ivy and fern, however thick about

you." Springing up and away from his dejection and supplication, he adds wildly,

> Νῦν εγνων τον Ερωτα: βαρυς θεος ἤ ῥα λεαινας
> Μασδον εθηλαζε, δρυμω δε μιν ετρεφε ματηρ.*

> Now know I Love, a cruel God, who drew
> A lioness's teat, and in the forest grew.

Virgil has amplified the passage to no purpose.

> Nunc scio quid sit amor: duris in cotibus illum
> Ismarus aut Rhodope aut extremi Garamantes
> Nec *generis* nostri puerum nec *sanguinis* edunt.

Where is the difference of meaning here between *genus* and *sanguis?* And why all this bustle about Ismarus and Rhodope and the Garamantes? A lioness in an oak-forest stands in place of them all, and much better. Love being the deity, not the passion, *qui* would have been better than *quid*, both in propriety and in sound. There follows,

> Alter ab undecimo jam tum me ceperat annus.

This is among the most faulty expressions in Virgil. The words *jam tum me* sound woodenly: and *me ceperat annus* is scarcely Latin. Perhaps the poet wrote *mihi*, abbreviated to *mi; mihi cœperat annus.* There has been a doubt regarding the exact meaning: but this should raise none. The meaning is, "I was entering my *thirteenth* year." *Unus* ab undecimo would be the twelfth: of course *alter* ab undecimo must be the thirteenth. Virgil is little more happy in his translations from Theocritus than he is in those from Homer. It is probable that they were only school exercises, too many and (in his opinion) too good to be thrown away. J. C. Scaliger, zealous for the great Roman poet, gives him the preference over Homer in every instance where he has copied him. But in fact there is nowhere a sentence, and only a single verse anywhere, in which he rises to an equality with his master. He says of Fame,

> Ingrediturque solo et caput inter sidera condit.

The noblest verse in the Latin language.

* We have given not the editor's but our own punctuation: none after θεος: for if there were any in that place, we should have wished the words were βαρυν θεον.

IDYL IV. Battus and Corydon.* The greater part is tedious; but at verse thirty-eight begins a tender grief of Battus on the death of his Amaryllis: Corydon attempts to console him. "You must be of good courage, my dear Battus! Things may go better with you another day." To which natural and brief reflection we believe all editions have added two verses as spoken by Corydon. Nevertheless, we suspect that Theocritus gave the following one to Battus, and that he says in reply, or rather in refutation, "There are hopes in the living, but the dead leave us none." Then says Corydon, "The skies are sometimes serene and sometimes rainy." Battus is comforted; he adds but θαρσεω; for he perceives on a sudden that the calves are nibbling the olives. Good Battus has forgotten at once all his wishes and regrets for Amaryllis, and would rather have a stout cudgel. His animosity soon subsides, however, and he asks Corydon an odd question about an old shepherd, which Corydon answers to his satisfaction and delight.

IDYL V. Comatas, a goatherd, and Lacon, a shepherd, accuse one another of thievery. They carry on their recriminations with much spirit: but the beauty of the verses could alone make the contest tolerable. After the fortieth are several which Virgil has imitated, with little honour to his selection. Theocritus, always harmonious, is invariably the most so in description. This is, however, too long continued in many places: but here we might wish it had begun earlier and lasted longer. Lacon says,

> Sweeter beneath this olive will you sing,
> By the grove-side and by the running spring,
> Where grows the grass in bedded tufts, and where
> The shrill cicala shakes the slumberous air.

This is somewhat bolder than the original will warrant, but not quite so bold as Virgil's "*rumpunt arbusta* cicadæ." It is followed by what may be well in character with two shepherds of Sibaris, but what has neither pleasantry nor novelty to recommend it: and the

* The close of verse thirty-one is printed ἄ τε Ζακυνθος; in other editions ἀ Ζακυνθος. Perhaps both are wrong. The first syllable of Ζακυνθος is short, which is against the latter reading; and τε would be long before Ζ, which is against the former. Might not a shepherd who uses the Doric dialect have said Δακυνθος. We have heard of a coin inscribed Δακυνθιων. In Virgil we read *nemorosa Zacynthos*: but it seems impossible that he should have written the word with a Z.

answer would have come with much better grace uninterrupted. Comatas, after reminding Lacon of a very untoward action in which both were implicated, thus replies:

> I will not thither: cypresses are here,
> Oaks, and two springs that gurgle cool and clear,
> And bees are flying for their hives, and through
> The shady branches birds their talk pursue.

They both keep their places, and look out for an arbitrator to decide on the merit of their songs. Morson, a woodman, is splitting a tree near them; and they call him. There is something very dramatic in their appeal, and in the objurgation that follows. The contest is carried on in extemporary verses, two at a time. After several, Comatas says, "All my she-goats, excepting two, are bearers of twins: nevertheless, a girl who sees me among them says, 'Unfortunate creature! do you milk them all yourself!'" Lacon, as the words now stand, replies, "*Pheu! pheu!*" an exclamation which among the tragedians expresses grief and anguish, but which here signifies *Psha, psha*. Now it is evident that Comatas had attempted to make Lacon jealous, by telling him how sorry the girl was that he should milk the goats himself without anybody to help him. Lacon in return is ready to show that he also had his good fortune. There is reason therefore to suspect that the name Λακων should be Δαμων; because from all that precedes we may suppose that Lacon was never possessed of such wealth, and that Comatas would have turned him into ridicule if he had boasted of it. "Psha! psha! you are a grand personage with your twin-bearing goats, no doubt! but you milk them yourself: now Damon is richer than you are: he fills pretty nearly twenty hampers with cheeses."

This seems indubitable from the following speech of Lacon. Not to be teased any more after he had been taunted by Comatas, that Clearista, although he was a goatherd, threw apples at him, and began to sing the moment he drove his herd by her, Lacon, out of patience at last, says, "Cratidas makes me wild with that beautiful hair about the neck." There could have been no room for this if he had spoken of himself, however insatiable. For, in a later verse, Cratidas seems already to have made room for another.

> Ἀλλ' εγω Ευμηδευς εραμαι μεγα.

Finding Damon here in Theocritus, we may account for his appearance in Virgil. No Greek letters are more easily mistaken one for the other than the capital Λ for Δ, and the small κ for μ. In the one hundred and fifth verse, Comatas boasts of possessing a cup sculptured by Praxiteles. This is no very grave absurdity in such a braggart: it suits the character: Virgil, who had none to support for his shepherd, makes him state that his is only "*divini* opus Alcimedontis."

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that no other Idyl contains so many pauses after the fourth foot, which Hermann calls bucolic: nearly half of the verses have this cadence.

IDYL VI. This is dramatic, and is addressed to Aratus. The shepherds Damætas and Daphnis had driven their flocks into one place, and, sitting by a fountain, began a song about Polyphemus and Galatea. Daphnis acts the character of Galatea, Damætas of Polyphemus. The various devices of the gigantic shepherd to make her jealous, and his confidence of success in putting them into practice, are very amusing. His slyness in giving a secret sign to set the dog at her, and the dog knowing that he loved her in his heart, and pushing his nose against her thigh instead of biting her, are such touches of true poetry as are seldom to be found in pastorals. In the midst of these our poet has been thought to have committed one anachronism. But where Galatea is said to have mistaken the game, when

> φευγει φιλεοντα και ού φιλεοντα διωκει
> Και τον ἀπο γραμμᾶς κινει λιθον,
>
> . . Seeks him who loves not, him who loves, avoids:
> And makes false moves,

she herself is not represented as the speaker, nor is Polyphemus, but Daphnis. It is only at the next speech that either of the characters comes forth in person: here Damætas is the Polyphemus, and acts his part admirably.

IDYL VII. The last was different in its form and character from the five preceding: the present is more different still. The poet, on his road to Alexandria with Eucritus and Amyntas, meets Phrasidamus and Antigenes, and is invited to accompany them to the festival of Ceres, called Thalysia. He falls in with Lycidas of Cidon, and they relate their love-stories. This Idyl closes with a description of summer just declining into autumn. The invocation to the Nymphs is in the spirit of Pindar.

IDYL VIII.* The subject is a contest in singing between Menalcas and Daphnis, for a pipe. Here are some verses of exquisite simplicity, which Virgil has most clumsily translated.

> Ego hunc vitulum, ne *forte* recuses, &c.
> De grege non ausim quidquam deponere tecum,
> Est mihi namque domi pater, est *injusta* noverca,
> Bisque die numerant ambo *pecus* . . *alter et hædos.*

It is evident that Virgil means by *pecus* the sheep only; *pecora* at this day means an *ewe* in Italian. Virgil's Menalcas had no objection to the robbery, but was afraid of the chastisement.

The Menalcas of Theocritus says, "I will never lay what belongs to my father; but I have a pipe which I made myself;" and according to his account of it, it was no ordinary piece of workmanship. Damætas, it appears, had made exactly such another, quite as good, and the cane of which it was made cut his finger in making it. They carry on the contest in such sweet hexameters and pentameters as never were heard before or since: but they finish with hexameters alone. The prize is awarded to Daphnis by the goatherd who is arbitrator. He must have been a goatherd of uncommonly fine discernment: the match seems equal: perhaps the two following verses turned the balance:—

> Αλλ' ὑπο τᾶ πετρα τᾶδ' ασομαι, αγναϛ εχων τυ,
> Συνομα μαλ' εσορων, ταν Σικελαν ἐϛ ἅλα.

Of these, as of those above, we can only give the meaning: he who can give a representation of them, can give a representation of the sea-breezes.

> It never was my wish to have possest
> The land of Pelops and his golden store;
> But only, as I hold you to my breast,
> Glance at our sheep and our Sicilian shore.

IDYL IX. Again Menalcas and Daphnis; but they must both have taken cold.

* The two first lines are the least pleasant to the ear of any in this melodious poet.

> Δαφνιδι πῶ χαριε | ν τι . . . συνηντετο βουκολιο | ν τι
> Μαλα νεμων ὡϛ φα | ν τι, &c.

Ὡϛ φαντι is found in all editions; but Pierson has suggested Διοφαντε. Diophantus was a friend of Theocritus, addressed in Idyl XXI.

IDYL X. Milo and Battus are reapers. Milo asks Battus what ails him, that he can neither draw a straight furrow nor reap like his neighbours. For simplicity none of the pastorals is more delightful, and it abounds in rustic irony.

IDYL XI. is addrest to Nikias of Miletus, and appears to have been written in Sicily, by the words ὁ Κυκλοψ ὁ παρ ημιν. It describes the love of Polyphemus for Galatea, his appeal to her, his promises (to the extent of eleven kids and four bear-cubs), and his boast that, if he can not have her, he can find another perhaps more beautiful; for that many are ready enough to play with him, challenging him to that effect, and giggling (κιχλιζοντι) when he listens to them. Virgil's imitation of this Idyl is extremely, and more than usually, feeble. The last verse however of Theocritus is somewhat flat.*

IDYL XII. We now arrive at the first of those Idyls of which the genuineness has been so pertinaciously disputed.† And why? Because forsooth it pleased the author to compose it in the Ionic dialect. Did Burns, who wrote mostly in the Scottish, write nothing in the English? With how much better reason has the competitor of Apollonius and Callimachus deserted the Doric occasionally! Meleager, and other writers of inscriptions, mix frequently Ionic forms with Doric. In fact, the most accurate explorers must come at last to the conclusion, that even in the pastoral portion of these Idyls, scarcely a single one is composed throughout of unmingled Doric. The ear that is accustomed to the exuberant flow of Theocritus, will never reject as spurious this melodious and graceful poem. Here, and particularly toward the conclusion, as very often elsewhere, he writes in the style and spirit of Pindar, while he celebrates the loves extolled by Plato.

IDYL XIII. is addrest to Nikias, as the eleventh was. It is not a

* ρᾶον δε διᾶγ' ἤ χρυσον εδωκεν.

"He lived more pleasantly than if he had given gold for it."

This is barely sense; nor can it be improved without a bold substitution,

ἤ χρυσον ἔχων τις.

Such terminations are occasionally to be found in our poet; for example.

Idyl 1. ἀλλα μαχευ μοι. Idyl 2. δσσον εγω δην. Idyl 3. ἐι φιλεεις με, and three lines further on, ουνεκ' εχω μεν, &c.

† The title of this is *Αἰτες*, which among the Thessalians was what, according to the poet in v. 13, εισπνειλος was among the Spartans: the one παρα τε τον ἱρωμενον εισαιειν, the other from εισπνεῖν τον ἱρωτα τῶ αγαπῶντι.

dialogue: it is a narrative of the loss of Hylas. The same story is related by Propertius in the most beautiful of his elegies.

IDYL XIV. is entitled Cynisca's Love, and is a dialogue between her husband Æschines and his friend Thyonichus. Cynisca had taken a fancy to Lucos. At an entertainment given by Æschines, a very mischievous guest, one Apis, sings about a wolf (Λυκος), who was quite charming. Æschines had had some reason for jealousy before. Hearing Cynisca sigh at the name of Lucos, he can endure it no longer, and gives her a slap in the face, then another, and so forth, until she runs out of the house, and takes refuge with her Lucos day and night. All this the husband relates to Thyonichus; and the verses from the thirty-fourth to thirty-eighth, θαλπε φιλον, are very laughable. Thyonichus advises that so able a boxer should enter the service of Ptolemy.

IDYL XV. The Syracusan Gossips. Never was there so exact or so delightful a description of such characters. There is a little diversity, quite enough, between Praxinoë and Gorgo. Praxinoë is fond of dress; conceited, ignorant, rash, abusive in her remarks on her husband, ambitious to display her knowledge as well as her finery, and talking absurdly on what she sees about her at the festival of Adonis. Gorgo is desirous of insinuating her habits of industry. There are five speakers: Gorgo, Praxinoë, Eunoë, an old woman and a traveller, beside a singing girl, who has nothing to do with the party or the dialogue. "*Gorgo:* Don't talk in this way against your husband while your baby is by. See how he is looking at you. *Praxinoë:* Sprightly, my pretty Zopyrion! I am not talking of papa. *Gor:* By Proserpine! he understands you. Papa is a jewel of a papa." After a good deal of tattle, they are setting out for the fair, and the child shows a strong desire to be of the party. "*Gor:* I can't take you, darling! There's a hobgoblin on the other side of the door; and there's a biting horse. Ay, ay, cry to your heart's content. Do you think I would have you lamed for life? Come, come; let us be off." Laughter is irrepressible at their mishaps and exclamations in the crowd. This poem, consisting of one hundred and forty-four verses, is the longest in Theocritus, excepting the heroics on Hercules. The comic is varied and relieved by the song of a girl on Adonis. She notices everything she sees, and describes it as it appears to her. After an invocation to Venus, she has a compliment for Berenice, not without an eye to the candied flowers and white pastry, and the pretty

little baskets containing mossy gardens and waxwork Adonises, and tiny Loves flying over,

> Ὅιοι αηδονιῆες εφεζομενοι επι δενδρων
> Πωτῶνται, πτερυγων πειρωμενοι δζον' απ' δζω.

> Like the young nightingales, some nestling close,
> Some plying the fresh wing from bough to bough.

IDYL XVI. The Graces. Here Hiero is reminded how becoming is liberality in the rich and powerful; and here is sometimes a plaintive under-song in the praise. The attributes of the Graces were manifold; the poet has them in view principally as the distributors of just rewards. We have noticed the resemblance he often bears to Pindar: nowhere is it so striking as in this and the next. The best of Pindar's odes is not more energetic throughout: none of them surpasses these two in the chief qualities of that admirable poet; rejection of what is light and minute, disdain of what is trivial, and selection of those blocks from the quarry which will bear strong strokes of the hammer and retain all the marks of the chisel. Of what we understand by sublimity he has little; but he moves in the calm majesty of an elevated mind. Of all poets he least resembles those among us whom it is the fashion most to admire at the present day. The verses of this address to Hiero by Theocritus, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-seventh, are as sonorous and elevated as the best of Homer's; and so are those beginning at the ninety-eighth verse to the end.

IDYL XVII. This has nothing of the Idyl in it, but is a noble eulogy on Ptolemy Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy Lagus and Berenice. Warton is among the many who would deduct it from the works of our poet. It is grander even than the last on Hiero, in which he appears resolved to surpass all that Pindar has written on the earlier king of that name. It is only in versification that it differs from him: in comprehensiveness, power, and majesty, and in the manner of treating the subject, the same spirit seems to have guided the same hand.

IDYL XVIII. The Epithalamium of Helen. There were two species of epithalamium: the κοιμητικον, such as this, and such likewise as that of Catullus, sung as the bride was conducted to her chamber; and the εγερτικον, sung as she arose in the morning. The poet, in the first verses, introduces twelve Spartan girls crowned with hyacinths, who sing and dance about Menelaus. "And so you are somewhat

heavy in the knees, sweet spouse! rather fond of sleep, are you? You ought to have gone to sleep at the proper time, and have let a young maiden play with other young maidens at her mother's until long after daybreak." Then follow the praises of Helen, wishes for her prosperity, and promises to return at the crowing of the cock.

IDYL XIX. Kariocleptes, or the Hive-stealer, contains but eight verses. It is the story of Cupid stung by a bee: the first and last bee that ever stung *all* the fingers (Δακτυλα παντ' ὑπενυξεν) of both hands: for it is not χειρος but χειρῶν. Having said in the first verse that the bee stung him, as he was plundering the hive, we may easily suspect in what part the wound was inflicted; and, among the extremely few things we could wish altered or omitted in Theocritus, are the words

ακραδε χείῶν.
Δακτυλα πανθ' υπενυξεν. Ὁ δ' ἄλγεε

All the needful and all the ornamental would be comprised in

Κηριον ἐκ σιμβλων συλευμενον, ὁς χερ' ἐφυσσε, &c.

IDYL XX. The Oxherd. He complains of Eunica, who holds his love in derision and finds fault with his features, speech, and manners. From plain downright contemptuousness she bursts forth into irony.

ὡς αγρια παίσδεις
Ὡς τρυφερον λαλεεις, ὡς κωτιλα ῥηματα φρασδεις, &c.

How rustic is your play!
How coarse your language! &c.

He entertains a very different opinion of himself, boasts that every girl upon the hills is in love with him, and is sure that only a *town-lady* (which he thinks is the same thing as a *lady of the town*) could have so little taste. There is simplicity in this Idyl, but it is the worst of the author.

IDYL XXI. The Fisherman. Two fishermen were lying stretched on seaweed in a wattled hut, and resting their heads against the wall composed of twigs and leaves. Around them were spread all the implements of their trade, which are specified in very beautiful verse. They arose before dawn, and one said to the other, "They speak unwisely who tell us that the nights are shorter in summer when the days are longer; for within the space of this very night I have dreamt innumerable dreams. Have you ever learnt to interpret them?" He then relates how he dreamt of having caught a golden fish, how

afraid he was that it might be the favourite fish of Neptune or Amphitrite. His fears subsided, and he swore to himself that he would give up the sea for ever and be a king. "I am now afraid of having sworn any such oath," said he. "Never fear," replied the other: "the only danger is, of dying with hunger in the midst of such golden dreams."

IDYL XXII. This is the first heroic poem in Theocritus: it is in two parts. First is described the fight of Polideukes and Amycus: secondly, of Castor and Lynceus. Of Amycus the poet says that "his monstrous chest was *spherical:*" ἐσφαιρωτο.

Omitting this, we may perhaps give some idea of the scene.

In solitude both wandered, far away
From those they sail'd with. On the hills above,
Beneath a rocky steep, a fount they saw
Full of clear water; and below were more
That bubbled from the bottom, silvery,
Crystalline. In the banks around grew pines,
Poplars, and cypresses, and planes, and flowers
Sweet-smelling; pleasant work for hairy bees
Born in the meadows at the close of spring.
There, in the sunshine, sat a savage man,
Horrid to see; broken were both his ears
With cestuses, his shoulders were like rocks
Polisht by some vast river's ceaseless whirl.

Apollonius and Valerius Flaccus have described the fight of Amycus and Polydeukes: both poets are clever, Valerius more than usually: Theocritus is masterly.

IDYL XXIII. Dyseros, or the Unhappy Lover. The subject of this is the same as the Corydon of Virgil: but here the statue of Cupid falls on and crushes the inflexible.

IDYL XXIV. Heracliskos, or the Infant Hercules. There are critics of so weak a sight in poetry as to ascribe this magnificent and wonderful work to Bion or Moschus. Hercules is cradled in Amphitryon's shield. The description of the serpents, of the supernatural light in the chamber, and the prophecy of Tiresias, are equal to Pindar and Homer.

IDYL XXV. Hercules the Lion-Killer. This will bear no comparison with the preceding. The story is told by Hercules himself, and the poet has taken good care that it should not be beyond his capacity.

IDYL XXVI. The Death of Pentheus. Little can be said for this also; only that the style is the pure antique.

IDYL XXVII. Daphnis and the Shepherdess, has been translated by Dryden. He has given the Shepherdess a muslin gown bespangled. This easy and vigorous poet too often turns the country into the town, smells of the ginshop, and staggers toward the brothel. He was quite at home with Juvenal, imitating his scholastic strut, deep frown, and loud declamation: no other has done such justice to Lucretius, to Virgil, to Horace, and to Ovid: none is so dissimilar to Theocritus. Wherever he finds a stain, he enlarges its circumference, and renders it vivid and indelible. In this lively poem we wish the sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth verses were omitted.

IDYL XXVIII. Neither this nor any one of the following can be called an Idyl. The metre is the pentameter choriambic, like Catullus's "*Alphene immemor, &c.*"

IDYL XXIX. Expostulation against Inconstancy. The metre is the dactylic pentameter, in which every foot is a dactyl, excepting the first, which is properly a trochee: this however may be converted to a spondee or an iambic, enjoying the same licence as the Phaleucian. In the twentieth verse there is a false quantity, where κε is short before ζ.

IDYL XXX. The Death of Adonis. Venus orders the Loves to catch the guilty boar and bring him before her. They do so: he makes his defence against the accusation, which is, that he only wished to kiss the thigh of Adonis; and he offers his tusk in atonement, and, if the tusk is insufficient, his cheek. Venus pitied him, and he was set at liberty. Out of gratitude and remorse, he went to a fire and burnt his teeth down to the sockets. Let those who would pillage Theocritus of his valuables, show the same contrition: we then promise them this poem, to do what they will with.

The Inscriptions, which follow, are all of extreme simplicity and propriety. These are followed by the poems of Bion and Moschus. Bion was a native of Smyrna, Moschus (his scholar) of Syracuse. They are called authors of Idyls, but there is nothing of idyl or pastoral in their works. The worst of them, as is often the case, is the most admired. Bion tells us that the boar bit the thigh of Adonis with his *tusk;* the *white thigh with the white tusk;* and that Adonis grieved Venus by breathing *softly* while the blood was running. Such faults as these are rarely to be detected in Greek poetry, but frequently on the revival of Pastoral in Italy.

Chaucer was born before that epidemic broke out which soon

spread over Europe, and infected the English poetry as badly as any. The thoughts of our poets in the Elizabethan age often look the stronger because they are complicated and twisted. We have the boldness to confess that we are no admirers of the Elizabethan *style*. Shakespeare stood alone in a fresh and vigorous and vast creation: yet even his first-born were foul offenders, bearing on their brows the curse of a fallen state. Elsewhere, in every quarter, we are at once slumberous and restless under the heaviness of musk and benzoin, and sigh for the unattainable insipidity of fresh air. We are regaled with dishes in which no condiment is forgotten, nor indeed anything but simply the meat; and we are ushered into chambers where the tapestry is all composed of dwarfs and giants, and the floor all covered with blood. Thomson, in the *Seasons*, has given us many beautiful descriptions of inanimate nature; but the moment any one speaks in them the charm is broken. The figures he introduces are fantastical. The *Hassan* of Collins is excellent: he however is surpassed by Burns and Scott: and Wordsworth, in his *Michael*, is nowise inferior to them. Among the moderns no poet, it appears to us, has written an Idyl so perfect, so pure and simple in expression, yet so rich in thought and imagery, as the *Godiva* of Alfred Tennyson. Wordsworth, like Thomson, is deficient in the delineation of character, even of the rustic, in which Scott and Burns are almost equal. But some beautiful Idyls might be extracted from the *Excursion*, which would easily split into *laminæ*, and the residue might, with little loss, be blown away. Few are suspicious that they may be led astray and get benighted by following simplicity too far. If there are pleasant fruits growing on the ground, must we therefore cast aside, as unwholesome, those which have required the pruning-knife to correct and the ladder to reach them? Beautiful thoughts are seldom disdainful of sonorous epithets: we find them continually in the Pastorals of Theocritus: sometimes we see, coming rather obtrusively, the wanton and indelicate; but never (what poetry most abhors) the mean and abject. Widely different from our homestead poets, the Syracusan is remarkable for a facility that never draggles, for a spirit that never flags, and for a variety that never is exhausted. His reflections are frequent, but seasonable; soon over, like the shadows of spring clouds on flowery meadows, and not hanging heavily upon the scene, nor depressing the vivacity of the blythe antagonists.

THE POEMS OF CATULLUS.

DOERING'S first edition of Catullus came out nearly half a century before his last edition. When he returned to his undertaking, he found many things, he tells us, to be struck out, many to be altered and set right. We believe we shall be able to show that several are still remaining in these predicaments.

They who in our days have traced the progress of poetry, have pursued it generally not as poets or philosophers, but as hasty observers or cold chronologists. If we take our stand on the Roman world, just before the subversion of its free institutions, we shall be in a position to look backward on Greece, and forward on Italy and England: and we shall be little disposed to pick up and run away with the stale comments left by those who went before us; but rather to loiter a little on the way, and to indulge, perhaps too complacently, in the freshness of our own peculiar opinions and favourite speculations.

The last poet who flourished at Rome, before the extinction of the republic by the arms of Julius Cæsar, was Catullus; and the last record we possess of him is about the defamatory verses which he composed on that imperishable name. Cicero, to whom he has expressed his gratitude for defending him in a law-suit, commends on this occasion the equanimity of Cæsar, who listened to the reading of them in his bath before dinner. There is no reason to believe that the poet long survived his father's guest, the Dictator: but his decease was unnoticed in those times of agitation and dismay; nor is the date of it to be ascertained. It has usually been placed at the age of forty-six, four years after Cæsar's. Nothing is more absurd than the supposition of Martial, which however is but a poetical one.

Si forsan tener ausus est Catullus
Magno mittere *Passerem* Maroni.

(It is scarcely worth a remark by the way, that *si forsan* is not Latin; *si forte* would be: *si* and *an* can have nothing to do with each other.) But allowing that Virgil had written his *Ceiris* and *Culex*, two poems inferior to several in the Eton school-exercises, he could not have published his first Eclogues in the lifetime of Catullus: and if he had, the whole of them are not worth a single Phaleucian or scazon of the vigorous and impassioned Veronese.

But Virgil is not to be depreciated by us, as he too often has been of late, both in this country and abroad; nor is he at all so when we deliver our opinion that his pastorals are almost as inferior to those of Theocritus as Pope's are to his. Even in these, there not only are melodious verses, but harmonious sentences, appropriate images, and tender thoughts. Once or twice we find beauties beyond any in Theocritus: for example,

Ite, capellæ!
Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbo.

Yet in other places he is quite as harsh as if he had been ever so negligent. One instance is,

Nunc victi, tristes, quonium Fors omnia *versat*,
Hos illi (quod nec bene *vertat*) mittimus hædos.

But now we must stoop
To the worst in the troop,
And must do whatsoever that vagabond wills:
I wish the old goat
Had a horn in his throat,
And the kids and ourselves were again on the hills.

Supposing the first of the Eclogues to have appeared seven years after the death of Catullus, and this poet to have composed his earliest works in the lifetime of Lucretiûs, we can not but ponder on the change of the Latin language in so short a space of time. Lucretius was by birth a Roman, and wrote in Rome; yet who would not say unhesitatingly, that there is more of what Cicero calls *urbane* in the two provincials, Virgil and Catullus, than in the authoritative and stately man who leads Memmius from the camp into the gardens of Epicurus. He complains of poverty in the Latin tongue; but his complaint is only on its insufficiency in philosophical terms, which

Cicero also felt twenty years later, and called in Greek auxiliaries. But in reality the language never exhibited such a profusion of richness as in the comedies of Plautus, whose style is the just admiration of the Roman orator.

Cicero bears about him many little keepsakes received from this quarter, particularly the diminutives. His fondness for them borders on extravagance. Could you believe that the language contains in its whole compass a hundred of these? could you believe that an orator and philosopher was likely to employ a quarter of the number? Yet in the various works of Cicero we have counted and written down above a hundred and sixty. Catullus himself has employed them much more sparingly than Cicero, or than Plautus, and always with propriety and effect. The playful Ovid never indulges in them, nor does Propertius, nor does Tibullus. Nobody is willing to suspect that Virgil has ever done it; but he has done it once in

Oscula libavit natæ.

Perhaps they had been turned into ridicule, for the misapplication of them by some forgotten poet in the commencement of the Augustan age. Quintilian might have given us information on this: it lay in his road. But whether they died by a natural death or a violent one, they did not appear again as a plague until after the deluge of the Dark Ages; and then they increased and multiplied in the slime of those tepid shallows from which Italy in few places has even yet emerged. In the lines of Hadrian,

Animula, vagula, blandula,

they have been greatly admired, and very undeservedly. Pope has made sad work of these. Whatever they are, they did not merit such an *experimentum crucis* at his hands.

In Catullus no reader of a poetical mind would desire one diminutive less. In Politian and such people they buzz about our ears insufferably; and we would waft every one of them away, with little heed or concern if we brush off together with them all the squashy insipidities they alight on.

The imitators of Catullus have indeed been peculiarly unsuccessful. Numerous as they are, scarcely five pieces worth remembrance can be found among them. There are persons who have a knowledge of latinity, there are others who have a knowledge of poetry, but it is

not always that the same judge decides with equal wisdom in both courts. Some hendecasyllabics of the late Serjeant Lens, an excellent man, a first-rate scholar, and a graceful poet, have been rather unduly praised; to us they appear monotonous and redundant. We will transcribe only the first two for particular notice and illustration.

Grates insidiis tuis dolisque
Vinclis jam refero lubens solutis.

Never were words more perplext and involved. He who brings them forward as classical, is unaware that they are closely copied from a beautiful little poem of Metastasio, which J. J. Rousseau has translated admirably.

Grazie agli inganni tuoi
Alfin respiro, O Nice!

How much better is the single word *inganni* than the useless and improper *insidiis*, which renders *dolis* quite unnecessary. A better line would be

Vincla projicio libens soluta.

Or,

Tandem projicio soluta vincla.

In fact, it would be a very difficult matter to suggest a worse. The most-part of the verses may be transposed in any way whatsoever: each seems to be independent of the rest: they are good, upright, sound verses enough, but never a sentence of them conciliates the ear. The same objection is justly made to nearly all the modern hendecasyllabics. Serjeant Lens has also given us too many lines for one Phaleucian piece: the metre will admit but few advantageously: it is the very best for short poems. This might be broken into three or four, and almost in any place indifferently. Like the *seta equina*, by pushing out a head and a tail, each would go on as well as ever.

In how few authors of hendecasyllabics is there one fine cadence! Such, for instance, as those in Catullus:

Soles occidere et redire possunt,
Nobis quum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

And those,

Quamvis candida millies puella
Euntem revocet, manusque collo
Ambas injiciens roget morari.

And twenty more. In the former of these quotations, Catullus had before him the best passage in Moschus, which may be thus translated:

> Ah! when the mallow in the croft dies down,
> Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
> Again they grow, another year they flourish;
> But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
> Once covered over in the hollow earth,
> Sleep a long, dreamless, unawakening sleep.

The original verses are as harmonious as almost any in the language. But the epithet which the poet has prefixed to *parsley* is very undistinguishing. Greek poets more frequently than Latin, gave those rather which suited the metre than those which conveyed a peculiar representation. Neither the χλωρα, applied to parsley, is in any of its senses very appropriate, nor are the ενθυλες and ουλον to anise, but rather to burrage.

Catullus has had innumerable imitators in the Phaleucian, but the only dexterity displayed by them, in general, is in catching a verse and sending it back again like a shuttlecock. Until our own times, there is little thought, little imagination, no passion, no tenderness, in the modern Latin poets. Casimir shows most genius and most facility: but Casimir, in his best poem, writes

> Sonora buxi filia *sutilis*.

Was ever allegory treated with such indignity? What becomes of this tight-laced daughter of a box-tree? She was hanged. Where? On a high poplar. Wherefore? That she might be the more easily come at by the poet. Pontanus too has been praised of late: but throughout his thick volume there is scarcely a glimpse of poetry. There are certain eyes which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.

Two verses of Joannes Secundus, almost the only two he has written worth remembering, outvalue all we have imported from the latter ages. They would have been quoted, even from Catullus himself, as among his best.

> Non est suaviolum dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
> Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

The six of Bembo on Venice are admirable also. And there are two

from two French authors, each worth two Pontanuses. The first is on the Irish.

Gens *ratione furens* et mentem pasta chimæris.

The second (but this is stolen from Manilius) on Franklin, his discoveries in electricity, and his energy in the liberation of his country.

Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyranno.

Another has been frequently quoted from a prize poem by Canning. Such as it is, it also is stolen; and with much injury (as stolen things often are) from the *Nutricia* of Politian, among whose poems one only, that on the death of Ovid, has any merit. This being the only one which is without metrical faults, and the rest abounding in them, a reasonable doubt may arise whether he could have written it: he who has written by the dozen such as the following:

Impedis amplexu,

intending *impedis* for a dactyl:

Quando expĕdiret inseris hexametro,

for a pentameter:

Mutare domi-num dŏm-us hæc nescit suum,

for an iambic:

Lucreti fuit hoc, et Euripĭdis,

for a Phaleucian: and in whom we find *Plutarchus* short in the first syllable; *Bis-ve semelve;* and *Vaticani* long in the second syllable twice.

Milton has been thought like Politian in his hexameters and pentameters. In his Elegies he is Ovidian; but he is rather the fag than the playfellow of Ovid. Among his Latin poems the scazon *De Hominis Archetypo* is the best. In those of the moderns there is rarely more than one thing missing; namely, the poetry; which some critics seem to have held for a matter of importance. If we may hazard a conjecture, they are in the right. Robert Smith is the only one who has ascended into the higher regions. But even the best scholars, since they receive most of their opinions from tradition, and stunted and distorted in the crevices of a quadrangle, will be slowly brought to conclude that his poetry is better (and better it surely is)

than the greater part of that which dazzles them from the luminaries of the Augustan age. In vigour and harmony of diction, in the selection of topics, in the rejection of little ornaments, in the total suppression of playful prettinesses, in solidity and magnitude of thought, sustained and elevated by the purest spirit of poetry, we find nothing in the Augustan age of the same continuity, the same extent. We refer to the poem entitled *Platonis Principia*, in which there are a hundred and eleven such verses as are scarcely anywhere together in all the realms of poetry.

The alcaic ode of the same writer, *Mare Liberum*, is not without slight blemishes. For instance, at the beginning,

> Primo Creator spiritus halitu
> Caliginosi regna silentii
> Turbavit.

In latinity there is no distinction between *spiritus* and *halitus*: and, if theology has made one, the *halitus* can never be said to proceed from the *spiritus*. In the second verse the lyric metre requires *silentj* for *silentii*. Cavilers may also object to the elision of *quà* at the conclusion.

> Et rura *quà* ingentes Amazon
> Rumpit aquas, violentus amnis.

It has never been elided unless at the close of a polysyllable; as, among innumerable instances,

> Obliquâ invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris.

This fact is the more remarkable, since *quæ* and *præ* are elided; or, speaking more properly, coalesce.

> Et tibi præ invidiâ Nereides increpitarent. PROPERTIUS.
> *Quæ* omnia bella devoratis. CATULLUS.
> *Quæ* imbelles dant prælia cervi:
> *Quæ* Asia circum. VIRGIL.

But what ode in any language is more animated or more sublime?

In reading the Classics we pass over false quantities, and defer to time an authority we refuse to reason. But never can time acquit Horace of giving us false measure in *palus aptaque remis*, nor in *quomodo*. Whether you divide or unite the component parts of *quomodo*, *quo* and *modo*, the case is the same. And as *palus* is *palūdis* in the genitive case, *salus salūtis*, no doubt can exist of its quantity. Modern

Latin poets, nevertheless, have written *salŭber*. Thomas Warton, a good scholar, and if once fairly out of latinity, no bad poet, writes in a Phaleucian

Salŭberrimis et herbis.

There is also a strange false quantity in one of the most accurate and profound grammarians, Menage. He wrote an inscription, in one Latin hexameter, for Mazarin's college, then recently erected.

Has Phœbo et Musis Mazarinus consecrat ædes.

Every vowel is long before z. He knew it, but it escaped his observation, as things we know often do. We return from one learned man to another, more immediately the object of our attention, on whom the same appellation was conferred.

Catullus has been called the *learned:* and critics have been curious in searching after the origin of this designation. Certainly both Virgil and Ovid had greatly more of archæology, and borrowed a great deal more of the Greeks. But Catullus was, what Horace claims for himself, the first who imported into Latin poetry any vast variety of their metres. Evidently he translated from the Greek his galliambic on Atys. The proof is, that

Ty*m*panum tubam Cybeles

would be opposite to, and inconsistent with, the metre. He must have written *Typanum*, finding τυπανον before him. But as, while he was in the army, he was stationed some time in Bithynia and Phrygia, perhaps he had acquired the language spoken in the highlands of those countries: in the lowlands it was Greek. No doubt, his curiosity led him to the temple of Cybele: and there he heard the ancient hymns in celebration of that goddess. Nothing breathes such an air of antiquity as his galliambic, which must surely have been translated into Greek from the Phrygian. Joseph Warton, in the intemperance of admiration, prefers it not only to every work of Catullus, but to every one in the language. There is indeed a gravity and solemnity in it, a fitness and propriety in every part, unequalled and unrivalled. Poetry can however rise higher than these "templa serena," and has risen higher with Catullus. No human works are so perfect as some of his, but many are incomparably greater. Among the works of the moderns, the fables of La Fontaine come nearest to perfection; but are there none grander and higher?

This intemperance of admiration has been less excusable in some living critics of modern Latin poetry. Yet when we consider how Erasmus, a singularly wise and learned man, has erred in his judgment on poetry, saying, while he speaks of Sidonius Apollinaris, "Let us listen to our Pindar," we are disposed to be gentle and lenient even in regard to one who has declared his opinion, that the elegies of Sannazar "may compete with Tibullus."* If they may, it can only be in the number of feet; and there they are quite on an equality. In another part of the volume which contains so curious a decision, some verses are quoted from the *Paradise Regained* as "perhaps the most musical the author ever produced." Let us pause a few moments on this assertion, and examine the verses referred to. It will not be without its use to exhibit their real character, because, in coming closer to the examination of Catullus, we shall likewise be obliged to confess that, elegant and graceful as he is, to a degree above all other poets in the more elaborate of his compositions, he too is by no means exempt from blemishes in his versification. But in Milton they are flatnesses; in Catullus they are asperities; which is the contrary of what might have been expected from the characters of the men.

There is many a critic who talks of harmony, and whose ear seems to have been fashioned out of the callus of his foot. "Quotus enim quisque est," as Cicero says, "qui teneat artem numerorum atque modorum!" The great orator himself, consummate master of the science, runs from rhetorical into poetical measure at this very place.

Numerorum atque modorum

is the same in time and modulation as the verses in Horace,

Miserarum est neque amori
Dare ludum neque dulci, &c.

Well; but what "are perhaps the most musical verses Milton has ever produced?" They are these (si diis placet!):

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, *as romances tell,*
The city of Gallaphrone, *from thence to win*

* Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, p. 597.

The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemagne.

There is a sad hiatus in "Albrac*ca* as." On the whole however, the verses, thus unluckily hit upon for harmony, are fluent; too fluent; they are feeble in the extreme, and little better than prose, either in thought or expression: still, it is better to praise accidentally in the wrong place than to censure universally. The passage which is before them leads us to that magnificent view of the cities and empires, the potentates and armies, in all their strength and glory, with which the Tempter would have beguiled our Redeemer. These appear to have left no impression on the critic, who much prefers what every schoolboy can comprehend, and what many undergraduates could have composed. But it is somewhat, no doubt, to praise that which nobody ever praised before, and to pass over that which suspends by its grandeur the footstep of all others.

There is prodigious and desperate vigour in the Tempter's reply to our Saviour's reproof:

All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace: what worse?
For when no hope is left, is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,*
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;
The end I would attain, my final good.

Yet Milton, in this *Paradise Regained*, seems to be subject to strange hallucinations of the ear; he who before had greatly excelled all poets of all ages in the science and display of harmony. And if in his last poem we exhibit his deficiencies, surely we never shall be accused of disrespect or irreverence to this immortal man. It may be doubted whether the Creator ever created one altogether so great; taking into our view at once (as much indeed as can at once be taken into it) his manly virtues, his superhuman genius, his zeal for truth, for true piety, true freedom, his eloquence in displaying it, his contempt of personal power, his glory and exultation in his country's.

Warton and Johnson are of opinion that Milton is defective in the sense of harmony. But Warton had lost his ear by laying it down

* A daring critic might suggest *fort* for *port*, since *harbour* makes that word unnecessary.

on low and swampy places, on ballads and sonnets; and Johnson was a deaf adder coiled up in the brambles of party prejudices. He was acute and judicious, he was honest and generous, he was forbearing and humane: but he was cold where he was overshadowed. The poet's peculiar excellence, above all others, was in his exquisite perception of rhythm, and in the boundless variety he has given it, both in verse and prose. Virgil comes nearest to him in his assiduous study of it, and in his complete success. With the poetical and oratorical, the harmony is usually in proportion to the energy of passion. But the numbers may be transferred: thus the heroic has been carried into the Georgics. There are many pomps and vanities in that fine poem, which we would relinquish unreluctantly for one touch of nature; such as

> It tristis arator
> Mœrentem abjungens fraterna morte juvencum.

> In sorrow goes the ploughman, and leads off
> Unyoked from his dead mate the sorrowing steer.

Here however the poet is not seconded by the language. The ploughman can not be going on while he is in the act of separating the dead ox from its partner, as the word *it* and *abjungens* signify.

We shall presently show that Catullus was the first among the Romans in whose heroic verse there is nothing harsh and dissonant. But it is not necessary to turn to the grander poetry of Milton for verses more harmonious than those adduced; we find them even in the midst of his prose. Whether he is to be censured for giving way to his genius, in such compositions, is remote from the question now before us. But what magnificence of thought is here! how totally free is the expression from the encumbrances of amplification, from the crutches and cushions of swollen feebleness!

> When God commands to take the trumpet
> And blow a shriller and a louder blast,
> It rests not in Man's will what he shall do,
> Or what he shall forbear.

This sentence in the *Treatise on Prelaty* is printed in prose: it sounds like inspiration. "It rested not in Milton's will" to crack his organ-pipe, for the sake of splitting and attenuating the gush of harmony.

We will now give the reason for the *falling sickness* with which several of his verses are stricken. He was too fond of showing what he had read: and the things he has taken from others are always much worse than his own. Habituated to Italian poetry, he knew that the verses are rarely composed of pure iambics, or of iambics mixed with spondees, but contain a great variety of feet, or rather of subdivisions. When he wrote such a line as

In thĕ bosŏm of bliss and light of light,

he thought he had sufficient authority in Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso, who wrote

Questă selvă selvaggia. DANTE.
Tra lĕ vanĕ speranze. PETRARCA.
Con lă gentĕ di Francia. ARIOSTO.
Cantŏ l' armĭ pietose. TASSO.

And there is no verse whatsoever in any of his poems for the metre of which he has not an Italian prototype.

The critic who knows any thing of poetry, and is resolved to select a passage from the *Paradise Regained*, will prefer this other far above the rest; and may compare it, without fear of ridicule or reprehension, to the noblest in the nobler poem.

And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven: the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire,
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient son of God! yet only stoodst
Unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terrour there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed thee: some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts; while thou
Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.

No such poetry as this has been written since, and little at any time before. But Homer would not have attributed to the *pine* what belongs to the *oak*. The tallest pines have superficial roots; they

certainly are never "deep as high:" oaks are said to be; and if the saying is not phytologically true, it is poetically; although the oak itself does not quite send

radicem ad Tartara.

There is another small oversight.

Yet only *stoodst*
Unshaken.

Below we find

Satst unappalled.*

But what verses are the following!

And made him bow to the gods of his wives. . .
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men. . .
After forty days' fasting had remained. . .
And with these words his temptation pursued. . .
Not difficult if thou hearken to me.

It is pleasanter to quote such a description as no poet, not even Milton himself, ever gave before, of Morning,

Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the son of God with terrors dire.

In Catullus we see morning in another aspect; not personified: and a more beautiful description, a sentence on the whole more harmonious, or one in which every verse is better adapted to its peculiar office, is neither to be found nor conceived.

* But Milton's most extraordinary oversight is in *L'Allegro*.

Hence loathed Melancholy!
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born.

Unquestionably he meant to have written Erebus instead of Cerberus, whom no imagination could represent as the sire of a goddess. *Midnight* is scarcely to be converted into one, or indeed into any allegorical personage: and the word "*blackest*" is far from aiding it. Milton is singularly unfortunate in allegory; but nowhere more so than here. The daughter of Cerberus takes the veil, takes the

Sable stole of *Cyprus* lawn,

and becomes, now her father is out of the way,

A nun devout and pure.

Heic qualis flatu placidum mare matutino
Horrificans zephyrus proclivas incitat undas,
Aurorâ exoriente vagi sub lumina solis,
Quæ tarde primum clementi flamine pulsæ
Procedunt, leni resonant plangore cachinni,
Post, vento crescente, magis magis increbescunt,
Purpureâque procul nantes a luce refulgent.

Our translation is very inadequate:

As, by the Zephyr wakened, underneath
The sun's expansive gaze the waves move on
Slowly and placidly, with gentle plash
Against each other, and light laugh; but soon,
The breezes freshening, rough and huge they swell,
Afar refulgent in the crimson east.

What a fall is there from these lofty cliffs, dashing back the waves against the winds that sent them; what a fall is there to the "wracks and flaws" which Milton tells us

Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a *sneeze*.

In the lines below, from the same poem, the good and bad are strangely mingled: the poet keeping in his verse, however, the firmness and majesty of his march.

So saying, he caught him up, and, *without wing*
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness—*and o'er the plain*:
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple—*rear'd*
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden *spires*.

Splendid as this description is, it bears no resemblance whatsoever to the temple of Jerusalem. It is like one of those fancies in which the earlier painters of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, were fond of indulging; not for similitude, but for effect. The poets of Greece and Rome allowed themselves no such latitude. The Palace of the Sun, depicted so gorgeously by Ovid, where imagination might wander unrestricted, contains nowhere an inappropriate decoration.

No two poets are more dissimilar in thought and feeling than Milton and Catullus; yet we have chosen to place them in juxta-

position, because the Latin language in the time of Catullus was nearly in the same state as the English in the time of Milton. Each had attained its full perfection, and yet the vestiges of antiquity were preserved in each. Virgil and Propertius were, in regard to the one poet, what Dryden and Waller were in regard to the other. They removed the archæisms; but the herbage grew up rarer and slenderer after those extirpations. If so consummate a master of versification as Milton is convicted of faults so numerous and so grave in it, pardon will the more easily be granted to Catullus. Another defect is likewise common to both; namely the disposition or ordinance of parts. It would be difficult to find in any other two poets, however low their station in that capacity, two such signal examples of disproportion as are exhibited in *The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis* and in *The Masque of Comus*. The better part of the former is the description of a tapestry; the better part of the latter are three undramatic soliloquies. In other respects, the oversights of Catullus are fewer: and in Comus there is occasional extravagance of expression such as we never find in Catullus, or in the playful Ovid, or in any the least correct of the ancients. For example, we read of

> The sea-girt isles,
> That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep.

How *unadorned*, if inlaid with *rich and various gems?* This is a pendant to be placed exactly opposite:

> The silken vest Prince Vortigern had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

We come presently to

> The sounds and *seas*.

Sounds are parts of seas. Comus, on the borders of North Wales, talks of

> A green mantling vine,
> That crawls along the side of yon small hill;

and of

> Plucking ripe clusters.

Anon we hear of "*stabled wolves*." What wolves can those be? The faults we find in the poet we have undertaken to review we shall at the same time freely show.

CARMEN I. *Ad Cornelium Nepotem.* In verse 4, we read

Jam tum *cum* ausus es.

We believe the poet, and all the writers of his age, wrote *quum.* *Quoi* for *cui* grew obsolete much earlier, but was always thus spelt by Catullus. The best authors at all times wrote the adverb *quum.*

CARMEN II. *Ad Passerem Lesbiæ.* In verse 8 we read "acquiescat;" the poet wrote "*ad*quiescat," which sounds fuller.

CARMEN III. *Luctus in Morte Passeris.* This poem, and the preceding, seem to have been admired, both by the ancients and the moderns, above all the rest. Beautiful indeed they are. Grammarians may find fault with the hiatus in

O factum mal*e*! O miselle passer!

poets will not.

We shall now, before we go farther, notice the metre. Regularly the Phaleucian verse is composed of four trochees and one dactyl: so is the Sapphic, but in another order. The Phaleucian employs the dactyl in the second place; the Sapphic employs it in the third. But the Latin poets are fonder of a spondee in the first. Catullus frequently admits an iambic; as in

Meas esse aliquid putare nugas.
Tuâ nunc operâ meæ puellæ. &c.

CARMEN IV. *Dedicatio Phaseli.* This is a senarian, and composed of pure iambics. Nothing can surpass its elegance. The following bears a near resemblance to it in the beginning, and may be offered as a kind of paraphrase.

The vessel which lies here at last
Had once stout ribs and topping mast,
And, whate'er wind there might prevail,
Was ready for a row or sail.
It now lies idle on its side,
Forgetful o'er the waves to glide.
And yet there have been days of yore
When pretty maids their posies bore
To crown its prow, its deck to trim,
And freight it with a world of whim.
A thousand stories it could tell,
But it loves secrecy too well.
Come closer, my sweet girl! pray do!
There may be still one left for you.

CARMEN V. *Ad Lesbiam.* It is difficult to vary our expression of delight at reading the three first poems which Lesbia and her sparrow have occasioned. This is the last of them that is fervid and tender. There is love in many of the others, but impure and turbid, and the object of it soon presents to us an aspect far less attractive.

CARMEN VI. *Ad Flavium.* Whoever thinks it worth his while to peruse this poem, must enclose in a parenthesis the words "Nequicquam tacitum." *Tacitum* is here a participle: and the words mean, "It is in vain that you try to keep it a secret."

CARMEN VII. *Again to Lesbia.* Here, as in all his hendecasyllabics, not only are the single verses full of harmony, a merit to which other writers of them not unfrequently have attained, but the sentences leave the ear no "aching void," as theirs do.

CARMEN VIII. *Ad seipsum.* This is the first of the scazons. The metre in a long poem would perhaps be more tedious than any. Catullus, with admirable judgment, has never exceeded the quantity of twenty-one verses in it. No poet, uttering his own sentiments on his own condition in a soliloquy, has evinced such power in the expression of passion, in its sudden throbs and changes, as Catullus has done here.

In Doering's edition we read, verse 14,

> At tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nullâ,
> Scelesta! nocte.

No such pause is anywhere else in the poet. In Scaliger the verses are,

> At tu dolebis, quum rogaberis nulla.
> Scelesta rere, quæ tibi manet vita.

The punctuation in most foreign books, however, and in all English, is too frequent: so that we have snatches and broken bars of tune, but seldom tune entire. Scaliger's reading is probably the true one, by removing the comma after *rere:*

> Scelesta rere quæ tibi manet vita!
> (*Consider* what must be the remainder of your life!)

Now certainly there were many words obliterated in the only copy of our author. It was found in a cellar, and under a wine-barrel. Thus the second word in the second line appears to have left no traces behind it; otherwise, words so different as *nocte* and *rere* could

never have been mistaken. Since the place is open to conjecture, therefore, and since every expression round about it is energetic, we might suggest another reading:

> At tu dolebis quum rogaberis *nullo*,
> Scelesta! *nullo*. Quæ tibi manet vita?
> Quis nunc te adibit? quoi videberis bella?
> Quem nunc amabis? quojus esse diceris?
> Quem basiabis? quoi labella mordebis?
> At tu, Catulle! destinatus obdura.

Which we will venture to translate:

> But you shall grieve while none complains,
> None, Lesbia! None. Think, what remains
> For one so fickle, so untrue!
> Henceforth, O wretched Lesbia! who
> Shall call you dear? shall call you his?
> Whom shall you love? or who shall kiss
> Those lips again? Catullus! thou
> Be firm, be ever firm, as now.

The angry taunt very naturally precedes the impatient expostulation. The repetition of *nullo* is surely not unexpected. *Nullus* was often used absolutely in the best times of latinity. "Ab *nullo* repetere," and "*nullo* aut paucissimis præsentibus," by Sallust. "Quî scire possum? *nullus* plus," by Plautus. "Vivis his incolumibusque, liber esse *nullus* potest," by Cicero.

It may as well be noticed here that *basiare*, *basium*, *basiatio*, are words unused by Virgil, Propertius, Horace, Ovid, or Tibullus. They belonged to Cisalpine Gaul more especially, although the root has now extended through all Italy, and has quite supplanted *osculum* and its descendants. *Bellus* has done the same in regard to *formosus*, which has lost its footing in Italy, although it retains it in Spain, slightly shaken, in *hermoso*. The *saviari* and *savium* of Plautus, Terence, Cicero, and Catullus, are never found in the poets of the Augustan age, to the best of our recollection, excepting once in Propertius.

CARMEN IX. *Ad Verannium*. Nothing was ever livelier or more cordial than the welcome here given to Verannius on his return from Spain. It is comprised in eleven verses. Our poets, on such an occasion, would have spread out a larger table-cloth with a less exquisite dessert upon it.

CARMEN X. *De Varri Scorto.* Instead of expatiating on this, which contains, in truth, some rather coarse expressions, but is witty and characteristical, we will subjoin a paraphrase, with a few defalcations.

Varrus would take me t' other day
  To see a little girl he knew,
Pretty and witty in her way,
  With impudence enough for two.

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters
  (As pretty girls are wont to do)
About all persons, places, matters . .
  " And pray, what has been done for *you?* "

" Bithynia, lady! " I replied,
  " Is a fine province for a pretor,
For none (I promise you) beside,
  And least of all am I her debtor."

" Sorry for that! " said she. " However
  You have brought with you, I dare say,
Some litter bearers: none so clever
  In any other part as they.

" Bithynia is the very place
  For all that's steady, tall, and straight;
It is the nature of the race.
  Could not you lend me six or eight? "

" Why, six or eight of them or so,"
  Said I, determined to be grand,
" My fortune is not quite so low:
  But these are still at my command."

" You'll send them? " " Willingly! " I told her,
  Altho' I had not here or there
One who could carry on his shoulder
  The leg of an old broken chair.

" Catullus! what a charming hap is
  Our meeting in this sort of way!
I would be carried to Serapis
  To-morrow." " Stay, fair lady, stay!

" You overvalue my intention.
  Yes, there *are* eight . . there may be nine . .
I merely had forgot to mention
  That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

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" You overvalue my intention.
  Yes, there *are* eight . . there may be nine . .
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  That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

Catullus has added two verses which we have not translated, because they injure the poem.

> Sed tu insulsa male et molesta vivis
> Per quam non licet esse negligentem.

This, if said at all, ought not to be said to the lady. The reflection might be (but without any benefit to the poetry) made in the poet's own person. Among the ancients however, when we find the events of common life and ordinary people turned into verse, as here for instance, and in the *Praxinoë* of Theocritus, and in another of his where a young person has part of her attire torn, we never are bored with prolixity and platitude, in which a dull moral is our best relief at the close of a dull story.

CARMEN XI. *Ad Furium et Aurelium.* Furius and Aurelius were probably the comrades of Catullus in Bithynia. He appears to have retained his friendship for them not extremely long. Here he entrusts them with a message for Lesbia, which they were fools if they delivered, although there is abundant reason for believing that their modesty would never have restrained them. He may well call these

> Non bona dicta.

But there are worse in reserve for themselves, on turning over the very next page. The last verses in the third strophe are printed

> Gallicum Rhenum horribiles*que* ulti-
> Mosque Britannos.

The enclitic *que* should be changed to *ad*, since it could not support itself without the intervention of an aspirate,

> Gallicum Rhenum horribileis *ad* ulti-
> mosque Britannos.

and the verse "Cæsaris visens," &c., placed in a parenthesis. When the poet wrote these Sapphics, his dislike of Cæsar had not begun. Perhaps it was occasioned long afterward, by some inattention of the great commander to the Valerian family on his last return from Transalpine Gaul. Here he writes,

> Cæsaris visens monimenta *magni*.

Very different from the contemptuous and scurril language with which he addressed him latterly.

CARMEN XII. *Ad Asinium Pollionem.* Asinius Pollio and his brother were striplings when this poem was written. The worst, but most admired of Virgil's Eclogues, was composed to celebrate the birth of Pollio's son, in his consulate. In this Eclogue, and in this alone, his versification fails him utterly. The lines afford one another no support. For instance, this sequence,

> Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.
> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,
> Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Toss them in a bag and throw them out, and they will fall as rightly in one place as another. Any one of them may come first; any one of them may come last; any one of them may come intermediately; better that any one should never come at all. Throughout the remainder of the Eclogue, the ampulla of Virgil is puffier than the worst of Statius or Lucan.

In the poem before us it seems that Asinius, for whose infant the universe was to change its aspect, for whom grapes were to hang upon thorns, for whom the hardest oaks were to exude honey, for whom the rams in the meadows were to dye their own fleeces with murex and saffron . . this Asinius picked Catullus's pocket of his handkerchief. Catullus tells him he is a blockhead if he is ignorant that there is no wit in such a trick, which he says is a very dirty one, and appeals to the brother, calling him a smart and clever lad. He declares he does not mind so much the value of the handkerchief, as because it was a present sent to him out of Spain by his friends Fabullus and Verannius, who united (it seems) their fiscal forces in the investment. This is among the lighter effusions of the volume, and worth as little as Virgil's Eclogue, though exempt from such grave faults.

CARMEN XIII. *Ad Fabullum.* A pleasant invitation to dinner.

> Verse 8. Plenus sacculus est aranearum.

It is curious that Doering, so sedulous in collecting scraps of similitudes, never thought of this in Plautus, where the idea and expression too are so alike.

> *Ita inaniis sunt oppletæ atque araneis.*

Let us offer a paraphrase:

With me, Fabullus, you shall dine,
  And gaudily, I promise you,
If you will only bring the wine,
  The dinner, and some beauty too.

With all your frolic, all your fun,
  I have some little of my own;
And nothing else: the spiders run
  Throughout my purse, now theirs alone.

He goes on rather too far, and promises his invited guest so sweet a perfume, that he shall pray the gods to become *all nose;* that is, we may presume, if no one should intervene to correct or divert in part a wish so engrossing.

CARMEN XIV. *Ad Calvum Licinium.* The poet seems in general to have been very inconstant in his friendships: but there is no evidence that he ever was estranged from Calvus. This is the more remarkable as Calvus was a poet, the only poet among his friends, and wrote in the same style. At the close of the poem here addressed to him, properly ending at the twenty-third verse, we find four others appended. They have nothing at all to do with it: they are a worthless fragment: and it is a pity that the wine-cask, which rotted off and dislocated so many pieces, did not leak on and obliterate this, and many similar, particularly the two next. We should then, it may be argued, have known less of the author's character. So much the better. Unless, by knowing the evil that is in any one, we can benefit him, or ourselves, or society, it is desirable not to know it at all.

CARMEN XVII. *Ad Coloniam.* Here are a few beautiful verses in a very indifferent piece of poetry. We shall transcribe them, partly for their beauty, and partly to remove an obscurity.

Quoi quum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella,
Et puella tenellulo delicatior hædo,
Asservanda nigerrimis diligentiùs uvis;
Ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,
Nec se sublevat ex suâ parte; sed velut alnus
In fossâ Liguri jacet suppernata securi,
Tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit usquam,
Talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,
Ipse qui sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

This is in the spirit of Aristophanes, and we may fancy we hear his voice in the cantilena. *Asservanda* should be printed *adservanda;* and *suppernata, subpernata. Liguri* is doubtful. Liguri*s* is the genitive case of Ligur. The Ligurians may in ancient times, as in modern, have exercised their industry out of their own country, and the poorer of them may have been hewers of wood. Then *securis Liguris* would be the right interpretation. But there are few countries in which there are fewer *ditches*, or fewer *alders*, than in Liguria; we, who have travelled through the country in all directions, do not remember to have seen a single one of either. It would be going farther, but going where both might be found readily, if we went to the *Liger*, and read "In fossâ Ligeri*s*."

CARMINA XVIII., XIX., XX. *Ad Priapum.* The first of these three is a Dedication to the God of Gardens. In the two following the poet speaks in his own person. The first contains only four lines. The second is descriptive, and terminates with pleasantry.

> O pueri! malas abstinete rapinas!
> Vicinus prope dives est, negligensque Priapus;
> Inde sumite; semita hæc deinde vos feret ipsa.

In the third are these exquisite verses:

> Mihi corolla picta vere ponitur,
> Mihi rubens arista sole fervido,
> Mihi virente dulcis uva pampino,
> Mihique glauca duro oliva frigore.
> Meis capella delicata pascuis
> In urbem adulta lacte portat ubera,
> Meisque pinguis agnus ex ovilibus
> Gravem domum remittit ære dexteram,
> Teneraque matre mugiente vaccula
> Deûm profundit ante templa sanguinem.

We will attempt to translate them.

> In spring the many-colour'd crown,
> The sheafs in summer, ruddy-brown,
> The autumn's twisting tendrils green,
> With nectar-gushing grapes between,
> Some pink, some purple, some bright gold,
> Then shrivel'd olive, blue with cold,
> Are all for me: for me the goat
> Comes with her milk from hills remote,
> And fatted lamb, and calf pursued
> By moaning mother, sheds her blood.

The third verse, as printed in this edition and most others, is contrary to the laws of metre in the pure iambic.

Agellulum hunc, sinistrā, *tute* quam vides.

And *tute* is inelegant and useless. Scaliger proposed "sinist*era* *ante* quem vides." He was near the mark, but missed it; for Catullus would never have written "sinist*era*." It is very probable that he wrote the verse

Agellulum hunc sinistrà, *inante* quem vides.

On the left hand, just before you.

Inante and *exante* were applied to time rather than place, but not exclusively.

CARMEN XXII. *Ad Varrum.* This may be advantageously contracted in a paraphrase.

Suffenus, whom so well you know,
My Varrus, as a wit and beau,
Of smart address and smirking smile,
Will write you verses by the mile.
You can not meet with daintier fare
Than title-page and binding are;
But when you once begin to read
You find it sorry stuff indeed,
And you are ready to cry out
Upon this beau, *Ah! what a lout!*
No man on earth so proud as he
Of his own precious poetry,
Or knows such perfect bliss as when
He takes in hand that nibbled pen.
Have we not all some faults like these?
Are we not all Suffenuses?
In others the defect we find,
But can not see our sack behind.

CARMEN XXV. *Ad Thallum.* It is hardly safe to steal a laugh here, and yet it is difficult to refrain from it. Some of the verses must be transposed. Those which are printed

Thalle! turbidâ rapacior procellâ,
Cum de viâ mulier aves ostendit oscitantes,
Remitte pallium mihi, meum quod involâste,

ought to be printed,

Thalle! turbidâ rapacior procellâ,
Remitte pallium mihi, meum, quod involâste
Quum "devi*as*" mulier aves ostendit oscitantes.

This shows that Thallus had purloined Catullus's cloak while he was looking at a nest of owls; for such are *deviæ aves*, and so they are called by Ovid. It is doubtful whether the right reading is *oscitantes*, "opening their beaks," or *oscinentes*, which is applied to birds that do not sing; by Valerius Maximus to crows, by Livy to birds of omen. In the present case we may believe them to be birds of augury, and inauspicious, as the word always signifies, and as was manifest in the disaster of Catullus and his cloak. In the eleventh verse there is a false quantity:

Inusta turpiter tibi flagella con*sori*billent.

Was there not such a word as *contribulo?*

CARMEN XXIX. *Ad Cæsarem.* This is the poem by which the author, as Cicero remarks, affixes an eternal stigma on the name of Cæsar, but which the most powerful and the best tempered man in the world heard without any expression of anger or concern. The punctuation appears ill-placed in the sixteenth and seventeenth verses.

Quid est? ait sinistra liberalitas:]
Parum expatravit. An parum helluatus est?

We would write them,

Quid est? ain? Sinistra liberalitas
Parum expatravit? &c.

"Where is the harm? do you ask? What! has this left-handed liberality of his," &c.

CARMEN XXX. *Ad Alphenum.* A poem of sobs and sighs, of complaint, reproach, tenderness, sad reflection, and pure poetry.

CARMEN XXXI. *Ad Sirmionem Peninsulam.* Never was a return to home expressed so sensitively and beautifully as here. In the thirteenth line we find

Gaudete vosque Lydiæ lacûs undæ.

The "Lydian waves of the lake" would be an odd expression. Although, according to a groundless and somewhat absurd tradition,

Gens *Lyda* jugis insedit Etruscis,

yet no *gens Lyda* could ever have penetrated to these Alpine regions. One of the Etrurian nations did penetrate so far, whether by conquest or expulsion is uncertain. But Catullus here calls upon Sirmio to rejoice in his return, and he invites the waves of the lake to laugh.

Whoever has seen this beautiful expanse of water, under its bright sun and gentle breezes, will understand the poet's expression; he will have seen the waves laugh and dance. Catullus, no doubt, wrote

> Gaudete vosque "ludiæ" lacûs undæ!
>
> Ye revellers and dancers of the lake!

If there was the word *ludius*, which we know there was, there must also have been *ludia*.

CARMEN XXXIV. *Ad Dianam.* A hymn, of the purest simplicity.

CARMEN XXXV. *Cæcilium invitat.* It appears that Cæcilius, like Catullus, had written a poem on Cybele. Catullus invites him to leave Como for Verona:

> Quamvis candida millies puella
> Euntem revocet, manusque collo
> Ambas injiciens roget morari.

Which may be rendered:

> Although so passing fair a maid
> Call twenty times, be not delayed;
> Nay, do not be delayed although
> Both arms around your neck she throw.

For it appears she was desperately in love with him from the time he had written the poem. Catullus says it is written so beautifully, that he can pardon the excess of her passion.

CARMEN XXXIX. *In Egnatium.* This is the second time he has ridiculed Egnatius, a Celtiberian, and overfond of displaying his teeth by continually laughing. Part of the poem is destitute of merit, and indelicate: the other part may be thus translated, or paraphrased rather:

> Egnatius has fine teeth, and those
> Eternally Egnatius shows.
> Some criminal is being tried
> For murder; and they open wide;
> A widow wails her only son;
> Widow and him they open on.
> 'Tis a disease, I'm very sure,
> And wish 'twere such as you could cure,
> My good Egnatius! for what's half
> So silly as a silly laugh?

We can not agree with Doering that we should read

> Aut *porcus* Umber aut obesus Etruscus. *Verse* 11.

First, because the *porcus* and *obesus* convey the same meaning without any distinction; and secondly, because the distinction is necessary both for the poet and the fact. The Etrurians were a most luxurious people; the Umbrians a pastoral and industrious one. He wishes to exhibit a contrast between these two nations, as he has done in the preceding verse between what is *urbane* and what is *Sabine*. Therefore he wrote,

Aut "parcus" Umber aut obesus Hetruscus.

CARMEN XL. *Ad Ravidum.* The sixth verse is printed improperly

Quid vis? quâ lubet esse notus optas?

Read

Quid vis? qua lubet esse notus? opta.

"*Opta*," make your *option*.

CARMEN XLII. *Ad Quandam.* We should not notice this "*Ad Quandam*" were it not to correct a mistake of Doering. "Ridentem canis ore *Gallicani*." His note on this expression is, "Epitheton *ornans*, pro *quovis* cane venatico cujus rictus est latior." No, the canis *gallicus* is the *greyhound*, whose *rictus* is indeed much *latior* than that of other dogs; and Catullus always uses words the most characteristic and expressive.

CARMEN XLV. *De Acme et Septimio.* Perhaps this poem has been admired above its merit. But there is one exquisitely fine passage in it, and replete with that harmony which, as we have already had occasion to remark, Catullus alone has given to the Phaleucian metre.

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
Isto purpureo ore suaviata,
"Sic," inquit, "mea vita Septimille!
Huic uno domino usque serviamus."

CARMEN XLVI. *De Adventu Veris.* He leaves Phrygia in the beginning of spring, and is about to visit the celebrated cities of maritime Asia. What beauty and vigour of expression is there in

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt.

There is also much tenderness at the close in the short valediction to his companions, who set out together with him in the expedition, and

will return (whenever they do return) by various roads into their native country.

CARMEN L. *Ad Licinium.* On the day preceding the composition of this poem, he and Licinius had agreed to write together in different metres, and to give verse for verse. Catullus was so delighted with the performances of Licinius, that he could never rest, he tells us, until he had signified it by this graceful little poem.

CARMEN LI. This is a translation from Sappho's ode, and perhaps is the first that had ever been attempted into Latin, although there is another which precedes it in the volume. Nothing can surpass the graces of this, and it leaves us no regret but that we have not more translations by him of Sappho's poetry. He has copied less from the Greek than any Latin poet had done before Tibullus.

The adonic at the close of the second strophe is lost. Many critics have attempted to substitute one. In the edition before us we find,

Simul te
Lesbia! adspexi, nihil est super mî
Vocis in ore.

A worse can not be devised.

Quod loquar amens

would be better. The ode ends, and always ended with

Lumina nocte.

CARMEN LIII. *De Quodam et Calvo.* Calvus, as well as Cicero, spoke publicly against Vatinius. It will be requisite to write out the five verses of which this piece of Catullus is composed.

Risi nescio quem modo in coronâ
Qui quum mirifice Vatiniana
Meus crimina Calvus explicasset,
Admirans ait hæc manusque tollens,
Dî magni! *salaputium* disertum!

Doering's note on the words is this: "Vox nova, ridicula et, ut videbatur, *plebeia* (*Salaputium*). Catullum ad hos versus scribendos impulit." He goes on to put into prose what Catullus had told us in verse, and adds, "Catullus a risu sibi temperare non potuit." Good Herr Doering does not *see where's the fun.* It lies in the fact of Calvus being a very little man, and in the clown hearing a very little man so eloquent, and crying out, "Heavens above! what a clever

little *cocky!*" The word should not be written "salaputium," but "salapusium." The termination in *um* is a signification of endearment; as *deliciolum* for *deliciæ:* and correspondently the *ον* in Greek; *παιδιον*, for instance, and *παιδαριον*. It can not be *salepygium*, as some critics have proposed, because the third syllable in this word (supposing there were any such) would, according to its Greek origin, be short. Perhaps the best reading may be "salipusium," from *sal* and *pusius*. Rustic terms are unlikely to be compounded with accuracy. In old Latin the word, or words, would be *sali* (for *salis*) *pusium*. But *t* is equivalent to *s:* and the modern Italian, which is founded on the *most* ancient Latin, has *putto*.

CARMEN LIV. *Ad Cæsarem.*

Fuffitio seni *recocto.*

On this is the note "Homo *recoctus* jam dicitur qui in rebus *agendis* diu multumque *agitatus*, versatus, exercitatus, et quasi *percoctus*, rerum naturam penitus perspexit," &c.

Surely these qualities are not such as Catullus or Cæsar ought to be displeased with. But "senex *recoctus*" means an old dandy boiled up into youth again in Medea's caldron. In this poem Catullus turns into ridicule no other than personal peculiarities and defects, first in Otho, then in Libo, lastly in Fuffitius.

CARMEN LVII. *In Mamurram et Cæsarem.* If Cæsar had hired a poet to write such wretched verses as these and swear them to Catullus, he could never in any other way have more injured his credit as a poet. The *Duo Cæsaris Anti-Catones*, which are remembered as having been so bulky, could never have fallen on Cato so fatally as this Anti-Catullus on Catullus.

CARMEN LXI. *De Nuptiis Juliæ et Manlii.* Never was there, and never will there be probably, a nuptial song of equal beauty. But in verse 129 there is a false quantity as now printed, and quite unnoticed by the editor.

Deserтum domini audiens.

The metre does not well admit a spondee * for the second foot: it should be a trochee; and this is obtained by the true reading, "Desitum."

CARMEN LXII. Another nuptial song, and properly an Epithala-

* Yet here, in 235 verses, nine begin with it.

mium, in heroic verse, and very masterly. It seems incredible however that the last lines, beginning

At tu ne pugna,

were written by Catullus. They are trivial: and beside, the young singing men never have sung so long together in the former parts assigned to them. The longest of these consists of *nine* verses, with the choral

Hymen, O Hymenæe!

and the last would contain *eleven* with it, even after rejecting these *seven* which intervene, and which, if admitted, would double the usual quantity. We would throw them out because there is no room for them, and because they are trash.

CARMEN LXIII. This has ever been, and ever will be, the admiration of all who can distinguish the grades of poetry.

The thirty-ninth verse is printed,

Piger his labantes languore oculos sopor operit.

The metre will not allow it. We must read, "labant*e* languore," although the construction may be somewhat less obvious. The words are in the ablative absolute, "Sleep covers their eyes, a languor dropping over them."

Verse 64 should be printed "gymnasj," not gymnasii. The seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth lines must be reversed, and instead of

Geminas "*D*eorum" ad aures nova nuncia referens
Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus
Lævumque pecoris hostem stimulans,

read

Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus,
Geminas "*e*orum" ad aur*eis* nova nuncia referens, &c.

CARMEN LXIV. *Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidis.* Among many excellences of the highest order, there are several faults and inconsistencies in this heroic poem.

Verse 15. Illâque haudque aliâ, &c.

It is incredible that Catullus should have written "haud*que*."

Verse 37. Pharsaliam coeunt, Pharsalia rura frequentant.

No objection can be raised against this reading. "Pharsaliam" is a

trisyllable. The *i* sometimes coalesces with another vowel, as *a* and *o* do. In Virgil we find

Stell*io* et lucifugis.
Aur*eâ* composuit spondâ.
Unâ eâdemque viâ.
Uno *eo*demque igni.
Perque sæ*rea* scuta.

Verses 58 and the following are out of their order. They stand thus:

Rura colit nemo: mollescunt colla juvencis:
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris:
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus:
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram:
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris.

The proper and natural series is, together with the right punctuation,

Rura colit nemo: mollescunt colla juvencis,
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus;
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris.
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram.

Because here the first, the second, and the third, refer to the same labour, that of ploughing: the fourth and fifth to the same also, that of cultivating the two kinds of vineyard. In one kind the grapes are cut low, and fastened on poles with bands of withy, and raked between: in the other they are trained against trees: formerly the tree preferred was the elm; at present it is the maple, particularly in Tuscany. The branches are lopt and thinned when the vines are pruned, to let in sun and air. By ignorance of such customs in agriculture, many things in the classics are mistaken. Few people know the meaning of the words in Horace,

Cum *duplice* ficu.

Most fancy it must be the purple fig and the yellow. But there is also a green one. The Italians, to dry their figs the more expeditiously, cut them open and expose them on the pavement before their cottages. They then stick two together, and this is *duplex ficus*.

We now come to graver faults (and faults certainly the poet's) than a mere transposition of verses. In the palace of Peleus there is a piece of tapestry which takes up the best part of the poem.

Hæc vestis *priscis* hominum variata figuris,

exhibits the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Their adventures could not have happened five-and-twenty years before these nuptials. Of the Argo, which carried Peleus when Thetis fell in love with him, the poet says, as others do,

> Illa rudem cursu *prima* imbuit Amphitriten.

But, in the progress of sixty lines, we find that vessels had been sailing to Crete every year, with the Athenian youths devoted to the Minotaur. Castor and Pollux sailed in the Argo with Peleus; and Helen, we know, was their sister: she was about the same age as Achilles, and Theseus had run away with her before Paris had. But equal inconsistencies are to be detected in the Æneid, a poem extolled, century after century, for propriety and exactness. An anachronism quite as strange as this of Catullus, is in the verses on Acragas, Agrigentum.

> Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
> Mœnia, magnanimum *quondam* generator equorum.

Whether the city itself was built in the age of Æneas is not the question; but certainly the breed of horses was introduced by the Carthaginians, and improved by Hiero and Gelon. The breed of the island is small, as it is in all mountainous countries, where the horses are never found adapted to chariots, any more than chariots are adapted to surfaces so uneven.

Verse 83, for "*Funera* Cecropiæ," &c., we must read "*Pubis* Cecropiæ."

Verse 119. "Quæ misera," &c., is supposititious.

> Verse 178. *Idomeneos-ne* petam montes? at gurgite lato, &c.

Idomeneus was unborn in the earlier days of Theseus. Probably the verses were written,

> *Idam ideone* petam? Montes (ah gurgite vasto
> Discernens!) ponti truculentum dividit æquor.

Verse 191. Nothing was ever grander or more awful than the adjuration of Ariadne to the Eumenides.

> Quare facta virûm multantes vindice pœnâ
> Eumenides! quarum anguineo redimita capillo
> *Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,*
> Huc, huc adventate!

Verse 199. Doering explains,

Vos nolite pati nostrum *vanescere* luctum,

"*Impunitum* manere." What? her grief? Does she pray that her grief may not remain *unpunished?* No, she implores that the prayers that arise from it may not be in vain.

Verse 212. Namque ferunt olim [classi cum mœnia Divæ]
Linquentem, natum, ventis concrederet Ægeus,
Talia complexum juveni mandata dedisse.

The mould of the barrel has been doing sad mischief there. We must read

Namque ferunt, natum ventis quum crederat Ægeus.

Verse 250. At parte ex aliâ.

This scene is the subject of a noble picture by Titian, now in the British Gallery. It has also been deeply studied by Nicolas Poussin. But there is a beauty which no painting can attain in

Plangebant alii proceris tympana palmis,
Aut tereti tenues tinnitus ære ciebant.

Soon follows that exquisite description of morning on the sea-side, already transcribed, and placed by the side of Milton's personification.

Verse 340. Nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles,
Hostibus haud tergo sed forti pectore notus,
Qui persæpe vagi victor certamine cursûs
Flammea prævertet celeris vestigia cervi.

It is impossible that Catullus, or any poet whatever, can have written the second of these. Some stupid critic must have done it, who fancied that the "expers terroris" was not clearly and sufficiently proven by urging the car over the field of battle, and had little or nothing to do in outstripping the stag.

Verse 329. Rarely have the Fates sung so sweetly as in these to Peleus.

Adveniet tibi jam portans optata maritis
Hesperus, adveniet fausto cum sidere conjux,
Quæ tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore
Languidulosque paret tecum conjungere somnos,
Lævia substernens robusto brachia collo.

CARMEN LXV. *Ad Hortalum.* He makes his excuse to Hortalus for delaying a compliance with his wishes for some verses. This

delay he tells him was occasioned by the death of his brother, to whom he was most affectionately attached, and whose loss he laments in several of his poems. In this he breaks forth into a very pathetic appeal to him :

> Alloquar? audiero numquam tua facta loquentem?
> Nunquam ego te, vitâ frater amabilior,
> Adspiciam posthac! At certe semper amabo,
> Semper mæsta tuâ carmina morte canam.

The two following lines are surely supposititious. Thinking with such intense anguish of his brother's death, he could find no room for so frigid a conceit as that about the Daulian bird and Itylus. This is almost as much out of place, though not so bad in itself, as the distich which heads the epistle of *Dido to Æneas* in Ovid.

> Sic, ubi Fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis
> Ad vada Mœandri concinit *albus olor*.

As if the Fates were busied in "calling white swans!" Ovid never composed any such trash. The epistle in fact begins with a verse of consummate beauty, tenderness, and gravity.

> Verse 21. Quod miseræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,
> Dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur.

These require another punctuation.

> Quod miseræ (oblitæ molli sub veste locatum).

The Germans, to whom we owe so much in every branch of learning, are not always fortunate in their punctuation: and perhaps never was any thing so subversive of harmony as that which Heyne has given us in a passage of Tibullus.

> Blanditiis vult esse locum Venus ipsa.

Who could ever doubt this fact? that even Venus herself will admit of blandishments! But Tibullus laid down no such truism. Heyne writes it thus, and proceeds,

> querelis
> Supplicibus, miseris fletibus, illa favet.

The tender and harmonious poet wrote not "Blanditiis" but "Blanditis.

> Blanditis vult esse locum Venus ipsa querelis;
> Supplicibus, miseris, flentibus, illa favet.

Here the "blanditiæ" are quite out of the question; but the "*blanditæ querelæ*" are complaints softly expressed and *coaxingly* preferred.

To return to Catullus. The following couplet is,

> Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu;
> Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

Manat can hardly be applicable to *rubor*. We would prefer,

> *Huic manet in* tristi conscius ore rubor

the opposite to "*agitur*" *decursu*.

They whose ears have been accustomed to the Ovidian elegiac verse, and have been taught at school that every pentameter should close with a dissyllable, will be apt to find those of Catullus harsh and negligent. But let them only read over, twice or thrice, the twelve first verses of this poem, and their ear will be cured of its infirmity. By degrees they may be led to doubt whether the worst of all Ovid's conceits is not his determination to give every alternate verse this syllabic uniformity.

CARMEN LXVI. *De Comâ Berenices.* This is imitated from a poem of Callimachus, now lost. Probably it was an early exercise of our poet, corrected afterward, but insufficiently. The sixth verse, however, is exquisite in its cadence.

> Ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
> *Dulcis amor gyro devocat aerio.*
> Verse 27. Anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adepta es
> Conjugium, quod non fortior ausit *alis.*

Berenice is said to have displayed great courage in battle. To render the second verse intelligible, we must admit *alis* for *alius*, as *alid* is used for *aliud* in Lucretius. Moreover, we must give *fortior* the expression of *strength*, not of *courage*, as *forte* throughout Italy at the present time expresses never courage, always strength. The sense of the passage then is, "Have you forgotten the great action by which you won your husband? an action which one much stronger than yourself would not have attempted." For it would be nonsense to say, "You have performed a brave action which a *braver* person would not have dared." In the sense of Catullus are those passages of Sallust and Virgil,

> Neque a "fortissimis" *infirmissimo* generi resisti posse.
> "Forti" fidis equo.
> Verse 65. Virginis, *et* sævi contingens *namque* Leonis Lumina.

Namque may be the true reading. The editor has adduced two examples from Plautus to show the probability of it, but fails.

> Quando hæc innata est nam tibi. Pers. ii. 5, 13.
> Quid tibi ex filio nam ægre est. Bacch. v. l. 20.

He seems unaware that *nam*, in the first, is only a part of *quid-nam*, the *quid* being separated; *quando-nam*, the same for *ecquando* (*ecce* quando) "tell me when," *quianam*, &c.: but *namque* is not in the like condition, and in this place it is awkward. The *nam* added to the above words is always an interrogative.

CARMEN LXVII. *Ad Januam, &c.*

> Verse 31. Atqui non solum se dicit cognitum habere
> Brixia, Cycnææ supposita speculæ,
> *Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela,*
> Brixia Veronæ mater amata meæ.

Why should the sensible Marchese Scipione Maffei have taken it into his head that the last couplet is spurious? What a beautiful verse is that in italics!

CARMEN LXVIII. *Ad Manlium.* A rambling poem quite unworthy of the author. The verses from the beginning of the twenty-sixth to the close of the thirtieth appertain to some other piece, and break the context. Doering has given a strange interpretation to

> Veronæ turpe Catullo, &c.

The true meaning is much more obvious and much less delicate. In the sixty-third we must read "*At*" for "*Ac:*" this helps the continuity. After the seventy-third, we must omit, as belonging to another place, all, until we come to verse 143. Here we catch the thread again. The intermediate lines belong to *two* other poems; both perhaps addressed to Manlius; one relating to the death of the poet's brother, the other on a very different subject: we mean the fragment just now indicated,

> Quare quod scribis, Veronæ turpe Catullo, &c.
> Verse 145. Sed furtiva dedit mirâ munuscula nocte,
> Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio.

The verses are thus worded and punctuated in Doering's edition and others, but improperly. "*Mirâ* nocte" is nonsense. We must read the lines thus:

> Sed furtiva dedit *mirè* munuscula nocte
> Ipsius ex ipso, &c.

Or thus:

Sed furtiva dedit *mediâ* munuscula nocte
Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio.

Verse 147. Quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur unus,
Quem lapide illa diem candidiore notat,

Doering thus interprets:

Quare jam illud mihi satis est, si illa vel *unum diem, quem mecum vixit*, ut diem faustum felicemque albo lapide insigniat.

That the verses have no such meaning is evident from the preceding:

Quæ tamen etsi uno non est contenta Catullo
Rara verecundæ furta feremus herse.

This abolishes the idea of one single day contenting him, contented as he professes himself to be with little aberrations and infidelities. Scaliger has it:

Quare illud satis est, si nobis *id* datur *unis*:
Quod lapide illa dies candidiore notat.

And it appears to us that Scaliger has given the first line correctly; but not the punctuation. We should prefer,

Quare illud satis est, si nobis id datur unis
Qu*o* lapide illa die*m* candidiore not*et*.
"Quo," *ob quod.*

Verses 69, 70. Trito fulgentem in limine plantam
Innisa argutâ constitit *in soleâ*.

The slipper could not be *arguta* while she was standing in it. Scaliger reads "constit*uit* soleâ." The one is not sense: the other is neither sense nor Latin, unless the construction is *constituit plantam*; and then all the other words are in disarray. The meaning is, "she placed her foot against the door, and, *without speaking*, rapped it with her sounding slipper:" then the words would be "argutâ *conticuit* soleâ."

Verse 78. Nil mihi tam valde placeat, Rhamnusia virgo,
Quod temere invitis suscipiatur heris.

In Scaliger it is:

Quàm temere, &c.

The true reading is neither, but

Quàm *ut* temere.

Such elisions are found in this very poem and the preceding:

Ne amplius a misero.

and,

Qui ipse sui gnati.

CARMEN LXXI. *Ad Virronem.* Doering thinks; as others have done, that the poem is against *Virro.* On the contrary, it is a facetious consolation to him on the punishment of his rival.

Mirifice est *a te* nactus utrumque malum,

means only "*for his offence against you.*" We have so little more to add on this in CXV.

CARMEN LXXV. *Ad Lesbiam.* Here are eight verses, the rhythm of which plunges from the ear into the heart. Our attempt to render them in English is feeble and vain.

None could ever say that she,
Lesbia! was so loved by me.
Never all the world around
Faith so true as mine was found:
If no longer it endures
(Would it did!) the fault is yours.
I can never think again
Well of you: I try in vain:
But . . be false . . do what you will . .
Lesbia! I must love you still.

CARMEN LXXVI. *Ad seipsum.* They whose ears retain only the sound of the hexameters and pentameters they recited and wrote at school, are very unlikely to be greatly pleased with the versification of this poem. Yet perhaps one of equal earnestness and energy was never written in elegiac metre. *Sentences* must be read at once, and not merely distichs; then a fresh harmony will spring up exuberantly in every part of it, into which many discordant verses will sink and lose themselves, to produce a part of the effect. It is, however, difficult to restrain a smile at such expressions as these from such a man.

Si vitam puriter egi,
O Dii! reddite mî hoc pro pietate meâ!

CARMEN LXXXV. *De Amore suo.*

Odi et amo. *Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris:*
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

The words in italics are flat and prosaic: the thought is beautiful, and similar to that expressed in LXXV.

> I love and hate. Ah! never ask why so!
> I hate and love . . and that is all I know.
> I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

CARMEN XCII. *De Lesbia.* The fourth verse is printed,

> Quo signo? quasi non totidem *mox* deprecor illi
> *Assidue.*

Mox and *assidue* can not stand together. Jacobs has given a good emendation.

> Quasi non totidem *mala* deprecer illi, &c.

CARMEN XCIII. *In Cæsarem.* Nothing can be imagined more contemptuous than the indifference he here affects toward a name destined in all after ages to be the principal jewel in the highest crowns: and, thinking of Cæsar's genius, it is difficult to see without derision the greatest of those who assume it. Catullus must have often seen, and we have reason to believe he personally knew, the conqueror of Gaul when he wrote this epigram.

> I care not, Cæsar, what you are,
> Nor know if you be brown or fair.

CARMEN XCV. *De Smyrnâ Cinnæ Poetæ.* There is nothing of this poem, in which Cinna's *Smyrna* is extolled, worth notice, excepting the last line; and that indeed not for what we read in it, but for what we have lost.

> Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta . . .

The word "mon*u*menta" is spelt improperly: it is "mon*i*menta." The last word in the verse is wanting: yet we have seen quoted, and prefixed to volumes of poetry:

> Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta laboris.

But Catullus is not speaking of himself: he is speaking of Cinna: and the proper word comes spontaneously "sodalis."

CARMEN XCIX. *Ad Juventium.*

> Multis diluta labella
> Guttis *abstersisti omnibus articulis.*

How few will this verse please! but how greatly those few!

CARMEN CI. *Inferiæ ad Fratris Tumulum.* In these verses there is a sorrowful but a quiet solemnity, which we rarely find in poets on similar occasions. The grave and firm voice, which has uttered the third, breaks down in the fourth.

> Multas per gentes et multa per æquora vectus
> Adveni has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
> Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
> *Et mutum nequidquam alloquerer cinerem.*

Unusual as is the cadence, the cæsura, who would wish it other than it is? If there were authority for it, we would read, in the sixth, instead of

> Heu *miser* indigne frater ademte mihi!
> Heu *nimis*, &c.

Because just above we have,

> Adveni has *miseras*, frater, ad inferias.

CARMEN CX. *Ad Aufilenam.* Doering says, "Utrum poetæ an scribarum *socordiæ* tribuenda sit, qua ultimi hujus carminis versus laborant, obscuritas, pro suo quisque statuat arbitrio. Tolli quidem potest hæc obscuritas, sed *emendandi genere liberrimo.*" We are not quite so sure of that: we are only sure that we find no obscurity at all in them. The word *factum* is understood, and would be inelegant if it could have found for itself a place in the verse.

CARMEN CXV. It is requisite to transcribe the verses here to show that Doering is mistaken in two places; he was, at LXXI., in one only.

> Prata arva, ingentes sylvas saltusque paludesque
> Usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum.
> Omnia magna hæc sunt, tamen ipse est *maximus ultor.*

He quotes LXXI., forgetting that that poem is addressed to Virro, and this to Mamurra, under his old nickname: Mamurra, whatever else he might be, was no *maximus ultor* here. The context will show what the word should be. Mamurra, by his own account, is possessor of meadow ground and arable ground, of woods, forests, and marshes, from the Hyperboreans to the Atlantic. "These are great things," says Catullus, "but he himself is great *beyond them all;*" "ipse est maximus, ultra:" sc. Hyperboreas et Oceanum.

In how different a style, how artificially, with what infinite fuss and fury, has Horace addressed Virgil on the death of Quintilius

Varus. Melpomene is called from a distance, and several more persons equally shadowy are brought forward; and then Virgil is honestly told that, if he could sing and play more blandly than the Thracian Orpheus, he never could reanimate an empty image which Mercury had drawn off among his "black flock."

In selecting a poet for examination, it is usual either to extol him to the skies, or to tear him to pieces and trample on him. Editors in general do the former: critics on editors more usually the latter. But one poet is not to be raised by casting another under him. Catullus is made no richer by an attempt to transfer to him what belongs to Horace, nor Horace by what belongs to Catullus. Catullus has greatly more than he; but he also has much; and let him keep it. We are not at liberty to indulge in forwardness and caprice, snatching a decoration from one and tossing it over to another. We will now sum up what we have collected from the mass of materials which has been brought before us, laying down some general rules and observations.

There are four things requisite to constitute might, majesty, and dominion, in a poet: these are creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, the pathetic. A poet of the first order must have formed, or taken to himself and modified, some great subject. He must be creative and constructive. Creativeness may work upon old materials: a new world may spring from an old one. Shakespeare found Hamlet and Ophelia; he found Othello and Desdemona: nevertheless he, the only universal poet, carried this, and all the other qualifications, far beyond the reach of competitors. He was creative and constructive, he was sublime and pathetic, and he has also in his humanity condescended to the familiar and the comic. There is nothing less pleasant than the smile of Milton; but at one time Momus, at another the Graces, hang upon the neck of Shakespeare. Poets whose subjects do not restrict them, and whose ordinary gait displays no indication of either greave or buskin, if they want the facetious and humorous, and are not creative, nor sublime, nor pathetic, must be ranked by sound judges in the secondary order, and not among the foremost even there.

Cowper, and Byron, and Southey, with much and deep tenderness, are richly humorous. Wordsworth, grave, elevated, observant, and philosophical, is equidistant from humour and from passion. Always

contemplative, never creative, he delights the sedentary and tranquillizes the excited. No tear ever fell, no smile ever glanced, on his pages. With him you are beyond the danger of any turbulent emotion at terror, or valour, or magnanimity, or generosity. Nothing is there about him like Burns's *Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled*, or Campbell's *Battles of Copenhagen and Hohenlinden*, or those exquisite works which, in Hemans, rise up like golden spires among broader but lower structures, *Ivan* and *Casabianca*. Byron, often impressive and powerful, never reaches the heroic and the pathetic of these two poems: and he wants the freshness and healthiness we admire in Burns. But an indomitable fire of poetry, the more vivid for the gloom about it, bursts through the crusts and crevices of an unsound and hollow mind. He never chatters with chilliness, nor falls overstrained into languor; nor do metaphysics ever muddy his impetuous and precipitate stream. It spreads its ravages in some places, but it is limpid and sparkling everywhere. If no story is well told by him, no character well delineated, if all resemble one another by their beards and Turkish dresses, there is however the first and the second and the third requisite of eloquence, whether in prose or poetry, vigour. But no *large* poem of our days is so animated, or so truly of the heroic cast, as *Marmion*. Southey's *Roderick* has less nerve and animation: but what other living poet has attempted, or shown the ability, to erect a structure so symmetrical and so stately? It is not enough to heap description on description, to cast reflection over reflection: there must be development of character in the development of story; there must be action, there must be passion; the end and the means must alike be great.

The poet whom we mentioned last is more studious of classical models than the others, especially in his *Inscriptions*. Interest is always excited by him, enthusiasm not always. If his elegant prose and harmonious verse are insufficient to excite it, turn to his virtues, to his manliness in defence of truth, to the ardour and constancy of his friendships, to his disinterestedness, to his generosity, to his rejection of title and office, and consequently of wealth and influence. He has laboured to raise up merit in whatever path of literature he found it; and poetry in particular has never had so intelligent, so impartial, and so merciful a judge. Alas! it is the will of God to deprive him of those faculties which he exercised with such discretion, such meekness, and such humanity.

We digress; not too far, but too long: we must return to the ancients, and more especially to the author whose volume lies open before us.

There is little of the creative, little of the constructive, in him: that is, he has conceived no new varieties of character; he has built up no edifice in the intellectual world; but he always is shrewd and brilliant; he often is pathetic; and he sometimes is sublime. Without the sublime, we have said before, there can be no poet of the first order: but the pathetic may exist in the secondary; for tears are more easily drawn forth than souls are raised. So easily are they on some occasions, that the poetical power needs scarcely be brought into action; while on others the pathetic is the very summit of sublimity. We have an example of it in the *Ariadne* of Catullus: we have another in the *Priam* of Homer. All the heroes and gods, debating and fighting, vanish before the father of Hector in the tent of Achilles, and before the storm of conflicting passions his sorrows and prayers excite. But neither in the spirited and energetic Catullus, nor in the masculine and scornful and stern Lucretius, no, nor in Homer, is there anything so impassioned, and therefore so sublime, as the last hour of Dido in the Æneid. Admirably as two Greek poets have represented the tenderness, the anguish, the terrific wrath and vengeance of Medea, all the works they ever wrote contain not the poetry which Virgil has condensed into about a hundred verses: omitting, as we must, those which drop like icicles from the rigid lips of Æneas; and also the similes which, here as everywhere, sadly interfere with passion. In this place Virgil fought his battle of Actium, which left him poetical supremacy in the Roman world, whatever mutinies and conspiracies may have arisen against him in Germany or elsewhere.

The *Ariadne* of Catullus has greatly the advantage over the *Medea* of Apollonius: for what man is much interested by such a termagant? We have no sympathies with a woman whose potency is superhuman In general, it may be apprehended, we like women little the better for excelling us even moderately in our own acquirements and capacities. But what energy springs from her weaknesses! what poetry is the fruit of her passions! once perhaps in a thousand years bursting forth with imperishable splendour on its golden bough. If there are fine things in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius, there are finer still in

those of Catullus. In relation to Virgil, he stands as Correggio in relation to Raffael: a richer colourist, a less accurate draftsman; less capable of executing grand designs, more exquisite in the working-out of smaller. Virgil is depreciated by the arrogance of self-sufficient poets, nurtured on coarse fare, and dizzy with home-brewed flattery. Others, who have studied more attentively the ancient models, are abler to show his relative station, and readier to venerate his powers. Although we find him incapable of contriving, and more incapable of executing, so magnificent a work as the Iliad, yet there are places in his compared with which the grandest in that grand poem lose much of their elevation. Never was there such a whirlwind of passions as Virgil raised on those African shores, amid those rising citadels and departing sails. When the vigorous verses of Lucretius are extolled, no true poet, no sane critic, will assent that the seven or eight examples of the best are equivalent to this one: even in force of expression, here he falls short of Virgil.

When we drink a large draught of refreshing beverage, it is only a small portion that affects the palate. In reading the best poetry, moved and excited as we may be, we can take in no more than a part of it. Passages of equal beauty are unable to raise enthusiasm. Let a work in poetry or prose, indicating the highest power of genius, be discoursed on; probably no two persons in a large company will recite the same portion as having struck them the most forcibly. But when several passages are pointed out and read emphatically, each listener will to a certain extent doubt a little his own judgment in this one particular, and hate you heartily for shaking it. Poets ought never to be vext, discomposed, or disappointed, when the better is overlookt, and the inferior is commended. Much may be assigned to the observer's point of vision being more on a level with the object. And this reflection also will console the artist, when really bad ones are called more simple and natural, while in fact they are only more ordinary and common. In a palace we must look to the elevation and proportions; whereas a low grotto may assume any form and almost any deformity. Rudeness is here no blemish; a shell reversed is no false ornament; moss and fern may be stuck with the root outward; a crystal may sparkle at the top or at the bottom; dry sticks and fragmentary petrifactions find everywhere their proper place; and loose soil and plashy water show just what nature delights in. Ladies and gentlemen who at first were about to turn back, take one another

by the hand, duck their heads, enter it together, and exclaim, "What a charming grotto!"

In poetry, as in architecture, the Rustic Order is proper only for the lower story.

They who have listened, patiently and supinely, to the catarrhal songsters of goose-grazed commons, will be loth and ill-fitted to mount up with Catullus to the highest steeps in the forests of Ida, and will shudder at the music of the Corybantes in the temple of the Great Mother of the Gods.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

SCARCELY on any author, of whatever age or country, has there so much been written, spoken, and thought, by both sexes, as on the subject of this criticism, Petrarca.

The compilation by Mr. Campbell is chiefly drawn together from the French. It contains no criticism on the poetry of his author, beyond a hasty remark or two in places which least require it. He might have read Sismondi and Ginguenè more profitably; the author of the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* had already done so; but neither has *he* thrown any fresh light on the character or the writings of Petrarca, or, in addition to what had already been performed by those two judicious men, furnished us with a remark in any way worth notice. The readers of Italian, if they are suspicious, may even suspect that Mr. Campbell knows not very much of the language. Among the many apparent causes for this suspicion, we shall notice only two. Instead of *Friuli*, he writes the French word *Frioul;* and, instead of the *Marca* di Ancona, the *Marshes*. In Italian, a *marsh* is *palude* or *padule:* whereas *marca* is the origin of *marchese:* the one a *confine;* the other a *defender* of a *confine*, or lord of such a territory.

Whoever is desirous of knowing all about Petrarca, will consult Muratori and De Sade: whoever has been waiting for a compendious and sound judgment on his works at large, will listen attentively to Ginguenè: whoever can be gratified by a rapid glance at his works and character, will be directed by the clear-sighted follower of truth, Sismondi; and whoever reads only English, and is contented to fare on a small portion of recocted criticism in a long excursion, may be accommodated by Mrs. Dobson, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Campbell.

It may seem fastidious and affected to write, as I have done, his Italian name in preference to his English one; but I think it better to call him as he called himself, as Laura called him, as he was called by Colonna and Rienzi and Boccaccio, and in short by all Italy: for I pretend to no vernacular familiarity with a person of his distinction, and should almost be as ready to abbreviate Francesco into Frank, as Petrarca into Petrarch. Beside, the one appellation is euphonious, the other quite the reverse.

We Englishmen take strange liberties with Italian names. Perhaps the human voice can articulate no sweeter series of sounds than the syllables which constitute *Livorno:* certainly the same remark is inapplicable to *Leghorn*. However, we are not liable to censure for this depravation: it originated with the Genoese, the ancient masters of the town, whose language is extremely barbarous, not unlike the Provensal of the Troubadours. With them the letter *g*, pronounced hard, as it always was among the Greeks and Romans, is common for *v:* thus *lagoro* for *lavoro*.

I hope to be pardoned my short excursion, which was only made to bring my fellow-labourers home from afield. At last we are beginning to call people and things by their right names. We pay a little more respect to Cicero than we did formerly, calling him no longer by the appellation of Tully: we never say Laurence, or Lal de Medici, but Lorenzo. On the same principle, I beg permission to say Petrarca and Boccaccio, instead of Petrarch and Boccace. These errors were fallen into by following French translations: and we stopt and recovered our footing only when we came to *Tite-live* and *Aulugelle*. It was then indeed high time to rest and wipe our foreheads. Yet we cannot shake off the illusion that *Horace* was one of us at school, and we continue the friendly nickname, although with a whimsical inconsistency we continue to talk of the *Horatii* and Curiatii. *Ovid*, our earlier friend, sticks by us still. The ear informs us that Virgil and Pindar and Homer and Hesiod suffer no worse by defalcation than fruit-trees do: the sounds indeed are more euphonious than what fell from the native tongue. The great historians, the great orators, and the great tragedians of Greece, have escaped unmutilated; and among the Romans it has been the good fortune, at least as far as *we* are concerned, of Paterculus, Quintus Curtius, Tacitus, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus, to remain intact by the hand of *onomaclasts*. Spellings, whether of names or things, should never be

meddled with, unless where the ignorant have superseded the learned, or where analogy has been overlooked by these. The courtiers of Charles II. chalked and charcoaled the orthography of Milton. It was thought a scandal to have been educated in England, and a worse to write as a republican had written. We were the subjects of the French king, and we borrowed at a ruinous rate from French authors: but not from the best. Eloquence was extinct; a gulf of ignominy divided us from the genius of Italy; the great Master of the triple world was undiscovered by us; and the loves of Petrarca were too pure and elevated for the sojourners of Versailles.

Francesco Petrarca, if far from the greatest, yet certainly the most celebrated of poets, was born in the night between the nineteenth and twentieth day of July, 1304. His father's name was Petracco, his mother's Eletta Canigiani. Petracco left Florence under the same sentence of banishment as his friend Dante Alighieri, and joined with him and the other exiles of the Bianchi army in the unsuccessful attack on that city, the very night when, on his return to Arezzo, he found a son born to him: it was his first. To this son, afterward so illustrious, was given the name of Francesco di Petracco. In after life the sound had something in it which he thought ignoble; and he converted it into Petrarca. The wise and virtuous Gravina, patron of one who has written much good poetry, and less of bad than Petrarca, changed in like manner the name of Trapasso to Metastasio. I can not agree with him that the sound of the Hellenized name is more harmonious: the reduplication of the syllable *tas* is painful: but I do agree with Petrarca, whose adopted form has only one fault, which is, that there is no meaning in it.

When he was seven months old he was taken by his mother from Arezzo to Incisa, in the Val-d'Arno, where the life so lately given was nearly lost. The infant was dropt into the river, which is always rapid in that part of its course, and was then swollen by rain into a torrent. At Incisa he remained with her seven years. The father had retired to Pisa; and now his wife and Francesco, and another son born after, named Gherardo, joined him there. In a short time however he took them to Avignon, where he hoped for employment under Pope Clement V. In that crowded city lodgings and provisions were so dear, that he soon found it requisite to send his wife and children to the small episcopal town of Carpentras, where he often went to visit them. In this place Francesco met Convenole, who

had taught him his letters, and who now undertook to teach him what he knew of rhetoric and logic. He had attained his tenth year when the father took him with a party of friends to the fountain of Vaucluse. Even at that early age his enthusiasm was excited by the beauty and solitude of the scene. The waters then flowed freely: habitations there were none but the most rustic: and indeed one only near the rivulet. Such was then Vaucluse; and such it remained all his lifetime, and long after. The tender heart is often moulded by localities. Perhaps the purity and singleness of Petrarca's, his communion with it on one only altar, his exclusion of all images but one, result from this early visit to the gushing springs, the eddying torrents, the insurmountable rocks, the profound and inviolate solitudes, of Vaucluse.

The time was now come when his father saw the necessity of beginning to educate him for a profession: and he thought the canon law was likely to be the most advantageous. Consequently he was sent to Montpelier, the nearest university, where he resided four years; not engaged, as he ought to have been, among the jurisconsults, but among the classics. Information of this perversity soon reached Petracco, who hastened to the place, found the noxious books, and threw them into the fire: but, affected by the lamentations of his son, he recovered the Cicero and the Virgil, and restored them to him, partially consumed. At the age of eighteen he was sent from Montpelier to Bologna, where he found Cino da Pistoja, to whom he applied himself in good earnest, not indeed for his knowledge as a jurisconsult, in which he had acquired the highest reputation, but for his celebrity as a poet. After two more years he lost his father: and the guardians, it is said, were unfaithful to their trust. Probably there was little for them to administer. He now returned to Avignon, where, after the decease of Clement V., John XXII. occupied the popedom. Here his Latin poetry soon raised him into notice, for nobody in Avignon wrote so good; but happily, both for himself and many thousand sensitive hearts in every age and nation, he soon desired his verses to be received and understood by one to whom the Latin was unknown.

Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno!

Blest be the day, and month, and year!

LAURA, daughter of Audibert de Noves, was married to Hugh de Sade; persons of distinction. She was younger by three years than

Petrarca. They met first on Good Friday, in the convent-church of St. Claire, at six in the morning. That hour she inspired such a passion, by her beauty and her modesty, as years only tended to strengthen, and death to sanctify. The incense which burnt in the breast of Petrarca before his Laura, might have purified, one would have thought, even the court of Avignon; and never was love so ardent breathed into ear so chaste. The man who excelled all others in beauty of person, in dignity of demeanour, in genius, in tenderness, in devotion, was perhaps the only one who failed in attaining the object of his desires. But cold as Laura was in temperament, rigid as she was in her sense of duty, she never was insensible to the merits of her lover. A light of distant hope often shone upon him, and tempted him onward, through surge after surge, over the depths of passion. Laura loved admiration, as the most retired and most diffident of women do: and the admiration of Petrarca drew after it the admiration of the world. She also, what not all women do, looked forward to the glory that awaited her, when those courtiers, and those crowds, and that city should be no more, and when of all women, the Madonna alone should be so glorified on earth.

Perhaps it is well for those who delight in poetry that she was inflexible and obdurate; for the sweetest song ceases when the feathers have lined the nest. Incredible as it may seem, Petrarca was capable of quitting her: he was capable of believing that absence could moderate, or perhaps extinguish, his passion. Generally the lover who can think so, has almost succeeded; but Petrarca had contracted the habit of writing poetry; and now writing it on Laura, and Laura only, he brought the past and the future into a focus on his breast. All magical powers, it is said, are dangerous to the possessor: none is more dangerous than the magic of the poet, who can call before him at will the object of his wishes; but her countenance and her words remain her own, and beyond his influence.

It is wonderful how extremely few, even of Italian scholars, and natives of Italy, have read his letters or his poetry entirely through. I am not speaking of his Latin; for it would indeed be a greater marvel if the most enterprising industry succeeded there. The thunderbolt of war . . "Scipiades fulmen belli" . . has always left a barren place behind. No poet ever was fortunate in the description of his exploits; and the least fortunate of the number is Petrarca. Probably the whole of the poem contains no sentence or image worth

remembering. I say *probably:* for whosoever has hit upon what he thought the best of it, has hit only upon what is worthless, or else upon what belongs to another. The few lines quoted and applauded by Mr. Campbell, are taken partly from Virgil's *Æneid*, and partly from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. I can not well believe that any man living has read beyond five hundred lines of *Africa:* I myself, in sundry expeditions, have penetrated about thus far into its immeasurable sea of sand. But the wonder is that neither the poetry nor the letters of Petrarca seem to have been, even in his own country, read thoroughly and attentively; for surely his commentators ought to have made themselves masters of these, before they agitated the question, some whether Laura really existed, and others whether she was flexible to the ardour of her lover. Speaking of his friends, Socrates and Lælius, of whose first meeting with him I shall presently make mention, he says,

> Con costor colsi 'l glorioso ramo
> Onde forse anzi tempo ornai le tempie,
> In memoria di quella ch' i' tant' amo:
> Ma pur di lei che il cuor di pensier m' empie
> Non potei coglier mai ramo nè foglie;
> Si fur' le sue radici acerbe ed empie.

I can not render these verses much worse than they actually are, with their "*tempo*" and "*tempie*," and their "radici *empie*," so let me venture to offer a translation:

> They saw me win the glorious bough
> That shades my temples even now,
> *Who never bough nor leaf could take*
> From that severe one, for whose sake
> So many sighs and tears arose . .
> Unbending root of bitter woes.

There is a canzone to the same purport, to be noticed in its place; and several of his letters could also be adduced in evidence. We may believe that, although he had resolved to depart from Avignon for a season, he felt his love increasing at every line he wrote. Such thoughts and images can not be turned over in the mind and leave it perfectly in composure. Yet perhaps when he had completed the most impassioned sonnet, the surges of his love may have subsided under the oil he had poured out on his vanity. For love, if it is a weakness, was not the only weakness of Petrarca: and, when he had

performed what he knew was pleasing in the eyes of Laura, he looked abroad for the applauses of all around.

Giacomo Colonna, who had been at the university of Bologna with him, had come to Avignon soon after. It was with Colonna he usually spent his time; both had alike enjoyed the pleasures of the city, until the day when Francesco met Laura. To Giacomo was now given the bishopric of Lombes, in reward of a memorable and admirable exploit, among the bravest that ever has been performed in the sight of Rome herself. When Lewis of Bavaria went thither to depose John XVIII., Giacomo Colonna, attended by four men in masks, read publicly, in the Piazza di San Marcello, the bull of that emperor's excommunication and dethronement, and challenged to single combat any adversary. None appearing, he rode onward to the stronghold of his family at Palestrina, the ancient Preneste. His reward was this little bishopric. When Petrarca found him at Lombes, in the house of the bishop he found also two persons of worth, who became the most intimate of his friends: the one a Roman, Lello by name, which name the poet latinized to Lælius; the other from the borders of the Rhine, whose appellation was probably less tractable, and whom he called Socrates. Toward the close of autumn the whole party returned to Avignon.

In the bosom of Petrarca love burnt again more ardently than ever. It is censured as the worst of conceits in him that he played so often on the name of Laura; and many have suspected that there could be little passion in so much allusion. A purer taste might indeed have corrected in the poetry the outpourings of tenderness on the name; but surely there is a true and a pardonable pleasure in cherishing the very sound of what we love. If it belongs to the heart, as it does, it belongs to poetry, and is not easily to be cast aside. The shrub recalling the idea of Laura was planted by his hand; often, that he might nurture it, was the pen laid by; the leaves were often shaken by his sighs, and not unfrequently did they sparkle with his tears. He felt the comfort of devotion as he bent before the image of her name. But he now saw little of her, and was never at her house: it was only in small parties, chiefly of ladies, that they met. She excelled them all in grace of person and in elegance of attire. Probably her dress was not the more indifferent to her on her thinking whom she was about to meet: yet she maintained the same reserve: the nourisher of love, but not of hope.

Restless, for ever restless, again went Petrarca from Avignon. He hoped he should excite a little regret at his departure, and a desire to see him again soon, if not exprest to him before he left the city, yet conveyed by letters or reports. He proceeded to Paris, thence to Cologne, and was absent eight months. On his return, the bishop, whom he expected to meet, was neither at Avignon nor at Lombes. His courage and conduct were required at Rome, to keep down the rivals of his family, the Orsini. Disappointed in his visit, and hopeless in his passion, the traveller now retired to Vaucluse; and here he poured in solitude from his innermost heart incessant strains of love and melancholy.

At Paris he had met with Dionigi de' Ruperti, an Augustine monk, born at Borgo San Sepolcro, near Florence, and esteemed as one of the most learned, eloquent, philosophical and religious men in France. To him Petrarca wrote earnestly for counsel; but before the answer came he had seen Laura. A fever was raging in the city, and her life was in danger. Benedict XII., to whom he addressed the least inelegant of his Latin poems, an exhortation to transfer the Roman See to Rome, conferred on him, now in the thirtieth year of his age, a canonry at Lombes. But the bishop was absent from the diocese, and again at Rome. Thither hastened Petrarca, and was received at Capraniccia, a castle of the Colonnas, not only by his diocesan, but likewise by Stefano senator of Rome, to which city they both conducted him. His stay here was short; he returned to Avignon; but, inflamed with unquenchable love, and seeking to refresh his bosom with early memories, he retired to Vaucluse. Here he purchased a poor cottage and a small meadow; hither he transferred his books; and hither also that image which he could nowhere leave behind. Summer, autumn, winter, he spent among these solitudes; a fisherman was his only attendant, but occasionally a few intimate friends came from Avignon to visit him. The Bishop of Cavaillon, Philippe de Cabassoles, in whose diocese was Vaucluse, and who had a villa not far off, here formed with him a lasting friendship, and was worthy of it. During these months the poet wrote the three canzoni on the eyes of Laura, which some have called the "Three Graces," but which he himself called the "Three Sisters." The Italians, the best-tempered and the most polite of nations, look rather for beauties than faults, and imagine them more easily. A brilliant thought blinds them to improprieties, and they are incapable of resisting a

strong expression. Enthusiastic criticism is common in Italy, ingenious is not deficient, correct is yet to come.

About this time Simone Memmi of Siena, whom some without any reason whatsoever have called a disciple of Giotto, was invited by the pope to Avignon, where he painted an apartment in the pontifical palace, just then completed. Petrarca has celebrated him, not only in two sonnets, but also in his letters, in which he says, "Duos ego novi pictores egregois: Joctium Florentinum civem, cujus inter modernos fama ingens est, et Simonem Senensem."

Had so great an artist been the scholar of Giotto, it would have added to the reputation of even this illustrious man, a triumvir with Ghiberti and Michel-Angiolo. These although indeed not flourishing together, may be considered as the first triumvirate in the republic of the arts; Raffael, Correggio, and Titian the second. There is no resemblance to Giotto in the manner of Simone; nor does Ghiberti mention him as the disciple of the Florentine. No man knew better than Ghiberti how distinct are the Sanese and the Florentine schools. Simone Memmi, the first of the moderns who gave roundness and beauty to the female face, neglected not the graceful air of Laura. Frequently did he repeat her modest features in the principal figure of his sacred compositions; and Petrarca was alternately tortured and consoled by the possession of her portrait from the hand of Memmi. It was painted in the year 1339, so that she was thirty-two years old; but, whether at the desire of her lover, or guided by his own discretion, or that in reality she retained the charms of youth after bearing eight or nine children, she is represented youthful, and almost girlish, whenever he introduces her.

With her picture now before him, Petrarca thought he could reduce in number and duration his visits to Avignon, and might undertake a work sufficient to fix his attention and occupy his retirement. He began to compose in Latin a history of Rome, from its foundation to the subversion of Jerusalem. But, almost at the commencement, the exploits of Scipio Africanus seized upon his enthusiastic imagination, and determined him to abandon history for poetry. The second Punic war was the subject he chose for an epic. Deficient as the work is in all the requisites of poetry, his friends applauded it beyond measure. And indeed no small measure of commendation is due to it; for here he had restored in some degree the plan and tone of antiquity. But to such a pitch was his vanity

exalted, that he aspired to higher honours than Virgil had received under the favour of Augustus, and was ambitious of being crowned in the capitol. His powerful patrons removed every obstacle; and the senator of Rome invited him by letter to his coronation. A few hours afterward, on the 23rd of August, 1340, another of the same purport was delivered to him from the University of Paris. The good king Robert of Naples had been zealous in obtaining for him the honour he solicited: and to Naples he hastened, ere he proceeded to Rome.

It was in later days that kings began to avoid the conversation and familiarity of learned men. Robert received Francesco as became them both; and, on his departure from the court of Naples, presented to him the gorgeous robe in which, four days afterward, he was crowned in the capitol. At the close of his life he lamented the glory he had thus attained, and repined at the malice it drew down on him. Even in the hour of triumph he was exposed to a specimen of the kind. Most of those among the ancient Romans to whom in their triumphal honours the laurel crown was decreed, were exposed to invectives and reproaches in their ascent. Fescennine verses, rude and limping, interspersed with saucy trochaics, were generally their unpalatable fare. But Petrarca, the elect of a senator and a pope, was doomed to worse treatment. Not on his advance, but on his return, an old woman emptied on his laurelled head one of those mysterious vases which are usually in administration at the solemn hour of night. Charity would induce us to hope that her venerable age was actuated by no malignity. But there were strong surmises to the contrary: nor can I adduce in her defence that she had any poetical vein, by which I might account for this extraordinary act of incontinence. Partaking, as was thought by the physicians, of the old woman's nature, the contents of the vase were so acrimonious as to occasion baldness. Her cauldron, instead of restoring youth, drew down old age, or fixed immovably its odious signal. A projectile scarcely more fatal, in a day also of triumph, was hurled by a similar enemy on the head of Pyrrhus. The laurel decreed in full senate to Julius Cæsar, although it might conceal the calamity of baldness, never could have prevented it: nor is it probable that either his skill or his fortune could have warded off efficaciously what descended from such a quarter. The Italians, who carry more good humour about them than any other people, are likely to have borne this catastrophe of

their poet with equanimity, if not hilarity. Perhaps even the gentle Laura, when she heard of it, averted the smile she could not quite suppress.

I will not discuss the question, how great or how little was the glory of this coronation; a glory which Homer and Dante, which Shakespeare and Milton, never sought, and never would have attained. Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation. After all, no man can be made greater by another, although he may be made more conspicuous by title, dress, position, and acclamation. The powerful can only be ushers to the truly great; and in the execution of this office, they themselves approach to greatness. But Petrarca stood far above all the other poets of his age; and, incompetent as were his judges, it is much to their praise that they awarded due honour to the purifier both of language and of morals. With these indeed to solicit the wife of another may seem inconsistent; but such was always the custom of the Tuscan race; and not always with the same chastity as was enforced by Laura. As Petrarca loved her,

Id, Manli! non est turpe, magis miserum est.

Love is the purifier of the heart; its depths are less turbid than its shallows. In despite of precepts and arguments, the most sedate and the most religious of women think charitably, and even reverentially, of the impassioned poet. Constancy is the antagonist of frailty, exempt from the captivity and above the assaults of sin.

There is much resemblance in the character of Petrarca to that of Abeillard. Both were learned, both were disputatious, both were handsome, both were vain; both ran incessantly backward and forward from celebrity to seclusion, from seclusion to celebrity; both loved unhappily; but the least fortunate was the most beloved.

Devoted as Petrarca was to the classics, and prone as the Italian poets are to follow and imitate them, he stands apart with Laura; and if some of his reflections are to be found in the sonnets of Cino da Pistoja, and a few in the more precious reliquary of Latin Elegy, he seems disdainful of repeating in her ear what has ever been spoken in another's. Although a cloud of pure incense rises up and veils the intensity of his love, it is such love as animates all creatures upon earth, and tends to the same object in all. Throughout life we

have been accustomed to hear of the Platonic: absurd as it is everywhere, it is most so here. Nothing in the voluminous works of Plato authorizes us to affix this designation to simple friendship, to friendship exempt from passion. On the contrary, the philosopher leaves us no doubt whatever that his notion of love is sensual.* He says expressly what species of it, and from what bestowers, should be the reward of sages and heroes.

Dii meliora piis!

Beside Sonnets and Canzoni Petrarca wrote "Sestine;" so named because each stanza contains six verses, and each poem six stanzas, to the last of which three lines are added. If the terza-rima is disagreeable to the ear, what is the sestina, in which there are only six rhymes to thirty-six verses, and all these respond to the same words! Cleverness in distortion can proceed no further. Petrarca wearied the popes by his repeated solicitations that they would abandon Avignon: he never thought of repeating a sestina to them: it would have driven the most obtuse and obstinate out to sea; and he never would have removed his hands from under the tiara until he entered the port of Civita-Vecchia. While our poet was thus amusing his ingenuity by the most intolerable scheme of rhyming that the poetry of any language has exhibited, his friend Boccaccio was occupied in framing that very stanza, the ottava-rima, which so delights us in Berni, Ariosto, and Tasso. But Tasso is most harmonious when he expatiates most freely, "numerisque fertur lege solutis:" for instance, in the *Aminta*, where he is followed by Milton in his *Lycidas*.

* A mysterious and indistinct idea, not dissipated by the closest view of the original, led the poetical mind of Shelley into the labyrinth that encompassed the garden of Academus. He has given us an accurate and graceful translation of the most eloquent of Plato's dialogues. Consistently with modesty he found it impossible to present the whole to his readers; but as the subject is entirely on the nature of love, they will discover that nothing is more unlike Petrarca's. The trifles, the quibbles, the unseasonable jokes, of what is exhibited in very harmonious Greek, and in English nearly as harmonious, pass uncensured and unnoticed by the fascinated Shelley. So his gentleness and warmth of heart induced him to look with affection on the poetry of Petrarca; poetry by how many degrees inferior to his own! Nevertheless, with justice and propriety he ranks Dante higher in the same department, who indeed has described love more eloquently than any other poet, excepting (who always must be excepted) Shakespeare. Francesca and Beatrice open all the heart, and fill it up with tenderness and with pity.

We left Petrarca not engaged in these studies of his retirement, but passing in triumph through the capital of the world. On his way toward Avignon, where he was ambitious of displaying his fresh laurels, he stayed a short time at Parma with Azzo da Correggio, who had taken possession of that city. Azzo was among the most unprincipled, ungrateful, and mean, of the numerous petty tyrants who have infested Italy. Petrarca's love of liberty never quite outrivalled his love of princes: for which Boccaccio mildly expostulates with him; and Sismondi, as liberal, wise, and honest as Boccaccio, severely reprehends him. But what other, loving as he loved, would have urged incessantly the return to Italy, the abandonment of Avignon? At times, beyond a doubt, he preferred his imperfect hopes to the complete restoration of Italian glory; but he shook them like dust from his bosom, and Laura was less than Rome. Shall we refuse the name of patriot to such a man? No; those alone will do it who have little to lose or leave. Sismondi, who never judges harshly, never hastily, passes no such sentence on him.

So pleased was he with his residence at Parma, that he purchased a house in the city, where he completed his poem of "Africa." He was now about to rejoin at Lombes his friend and diocesan, whom he saw in a dream, pale as death. He communicated this dream to several persons; and twenty-five days afterward he received the intelligence of its perfect truth. Another friend, more advanced in years, Dionigi di Borgo San Sepolcro, soon followed. Before the expiration of the year he was installed archdeacon of Parma. Soon after this appointment, Benedict XII. died, and Clement VI. succeeded. This pontiff was superior to all his predecessors in gracefulness of manners and delicacy of taste; and at his accession, the corruptions of the papal court became less gross and offensive. He divided his time between literature and the ladies: not quite impartially. The people of Rome began to entertain new and higher hopes that their city would again be the residence of Christ's vicegerent. To this intent they delegated eighteen of the principal citizens, and chose Petrarca, who had received the freedom of the city on his coronation, to present at once a remonstrance and an invitation. The polite and wary pontiff heard him complacently, talked affably and familiarly with him, conferred on him the priory of Migliorino; but, being a Frenchman, thought it gallant and patriotic to remain at Avignon. Petrarca was little disposed to return with the

unsuccessful delegates. He continued at Avignon, where his countryman Sennuccio del Bene, who visited the same society as Laura, and who knew her personally, gave him frequent information of her, though little hope.

Youth has swifter wings than Love. He had loved her sixteen years; but all the beauty that had left her features had settled on his heart, immovable, unchangeable, eternal. Politics could however at all times occupy him; not always worthily. He was induced by the pope to undertake a mission to Naples, and to claim the government of that kingdom on the part of his Holiness. The good king Robert was dead, and had bequeathed the crown to the elder of his two granddaughters. Giovanna, at nine years of age, was betrothed to her cousin Andreas of Hungary, who was three years younger. She was beautiful, graceful, gentle, sensible, and fond of literature: he was uncouth, ferocious, ignorant, and governed by a Hungarian monk of the same character, Fra Rupert. It is deplorable to think that Petrarca could ever have been induced to accept an embassy, of which the purport was to deprive of her inheritance an innocent and lovely girl, the grand-daughter of his friend and benefactor. She received him with cordiality, and immediately appointed him her private chaplain. His departure, he says, was hastened by two causes: first, by the insolence of Fra Rupert, which he has well described; and secondly, by an atrocious sight, which also he has commemorated. He was invited to an entertainment, of which he gives us to understand he knew not at all the nature. Suddenly he heard shouts of joy, and "*turning his head*," he beheld a youth of extraordinary strength and beauty, covered with dust and blood, expiring at his feet. He left Naples without accomplishing the dethronement of Giovanna, or, what also was entrusted to him, the liberation from prison of some adherents of the Colonnas: robbers, no doubt, and assassins, who had made forays into the Neapolitan territory; for all persons of that description were under the protection of the Colonnas or the Orsini. His failure was the cause of his return, and not the ferocity of a monk and a gladiator.

He went to Parma on his way back to Avignon: the roads were dangerous; war was raging in the country. His friend Azzo had refused to perform the promise he made to Lucchino Visconti, by whose intervention he had obtained his dominion, which he was to retain for five years, and then resign. Azzo he found had taken

refuge with Mastino della Scala, at Verona; and he embarked on the Po for that city. His friends hastened him forward to Avignon; some by telling him how often the pope had made inquiries about him; and others, that Laura looked melancholy. On his return Clement offered him the office of Apostolic secretary: it was a very laborious one, and was declined.

Laura, pleased by his return to her, was for a time less rigorous. Within the year, Charles of Luxemburg, soon after made emperor, went to Avignon. Knowing the celebrity of Laura, and finding her at a ball, he went up to her and kissed her forehead and her eyes: "This sweet and strange action," says her lover, "filled me with envy." Surely, to him at least, the sweetness must have been somewhat less than the strangeness. She was now indeed verging on her fortieth year: but love is forgetful of arithmetic. The following summer, Francesco for the first time visited his only brother Gherardo, who had taken the monastic habit in the Chartreuse of Montrieu. On his return he went to Vaucluse, where he composed a treatise *De Otio Religiosorum*, which he presented to the monastery.

Very different thoughts and feelings now suddenly burst upon him. Among the seventeen who accompanied him in the deputation, inviting the pope to Rome, there was another beside Petrarca chosen for his eloquence. It was Cola Rienzi. The love of letters and the spirit of patriotism united them in friendship. This extraordinary man, now invested with power, had driven the robbers and assassins, with their patrons the Orsini and Colonnas out of Rome, and had established (what rarely are established together) both liberty and order. The dignity of tribune was conferred on him; by which title Petrarca addressed him, in a letter of sound advice and earnest solicitation. Now the bishop of Lombes was dead he little feared the indignation of the other Colonnas, but openly espoused and loudly pleaded the cause of the resuscitated commonwealth. The cardinal was probably taught by him to believe that, by his influence with Rienzi, he might avert from his family the disaster and disgrace into which the mass of the nobility had fallen. "No family on earth," says he, "is dearer to me; but the republic, Rome, Italy, are dearer."

He took leave of the prelate, with amity on both sides undiminished: he also took leave of Laura. He could not repress, he could not conceal, he could not moderate his grief, nor could he utter one sad adieu. A look of fondness and compassion followed his

parting steps; and the lover and the beloved were separated for ever. He did not think it; else never could he have gone; but he thought a brief absence might be endured once more, rewarded as it would be with an accession to his glory; and, precluded from other union with him, in his glory Laura might participate.

Retired, and thinking of her duties and her home, sat Laura; not indifferent to the praises of the most celebrated man alive (for her heart in all its regions was womanly) but tepidly tranquil, or moved invisibly, and retaining her purity amidst the uncleanly stream that deluged Avignon. We may imagine that she sometimes drew out, and unfolded on her bed, the apparel long laid apart and carefully preserved by her, in which she first had captivated the giver of her immortality; we may imagine that she sometimes compared with him an illiterate, coarse, morose husband; and perhaps a sigh escaped her, and perhaps a tear, as she folded up again the cherished gown she wore on that Good Friday.

On his arrival at Genoa, Petrarca heard of the follies and extravagances committed by Rienzi, and, instead of pursuing his journey to Rome, turned off to Parma. Here he learnt that the greater part of the Roman nobility, and many of the Colonnas, had been exterminated by order of the tribune. Unquestionably they had long deserved it; but the exercise of such prodigious power unsettled the intellects of Rienzi. In January the poet left Parma for Vienna, where on the 25th (1348) he felt the shock of an earthquake. In the preceding month a column of fire was observed above the pontifical palace. After these harbingers of calamity came that memorable plague, to which we owe the immortal work of Boccaccio; a work occupying the next station, in continental literature, to the *Divina Commedia*, and displaying a greater variety of powers. The pestilence had now penetrated into the northern parts of Italy, and into the southern of France; it had ravaged Marseilles; it was raging in Avignon. Petrarca sent messager after messager for intelligence. Their return was tardy; and only on the 19th of May was notice brought to him that Laura had departed on the 6th of April, at six in the morning; the very day, the very hour, he met her first. Beloved by all about her for her gentleness and serenity, she expired in the midst of relatives and friends. But did never her eyes look round for one who was away? And did not love, did not glory tell him, that in that chamber he might at least have died?

Other friends were also taken from him. Two months after this event he lost Cardinal Colonna; and then Sennuccio del Bene, the depository of his thoughts and the interpreter of Laura's.

The Lord of Mantua, Luigi Gonzaga, had often invited him to his court, and he now accepted the invitation. From this residence he went to visit the hamlet of Pietola, formerly Andes, the birthplace of Virgil. At the cradle of her illustrious poet the glories of ancient Rome burst again upon him; and, hearing that Charles of Luxemburg was about to cross the Alps, he addressed to him an eloquent exhortation, *Dê pacificandâ Italiâ*. After three years the emperor sent him an answer. The testy republican may condemn him, as Dante was condemned before, for inviting a stranger to become supreme in Italy; but how many evils would this step have obviated! Recluses, and idlers, and often the most vicious, had been elevated to the honours of demigods; and incense had been wafted before the altar, among the most solemn rites of religion, to pilferers and impostors. As the Roman empire, with all the kingdoms of the earth, was sold under the spear by the Pretorian legion, so now, with title-deeds more defective, was the kingdom of Heaven knocked down to the best bidder. It was not a desire of office and emolument, it was a love of freedom and of Roman glory, which turned the eyes of Petrarca, first in one quarter, then in another, to seek for the deliverance and regeneration of his native land.

No preferment, no friendship, stood before this object. In the beginning he exhorted Rienzi to the prosecution of his enterprise, and augured its success. But the vanity of the tribune, like Buonaparte's, precipitated his ruin. Both were so improvident as to be quite unaware, that he who continues to play at *double or quits* must at last lose all. Rienzi, different from that other, was endowed by nature with manly, frank, and generous sentiments. Meditative but communicative, studious but accessible, he would have followed, we may well believe, the counsels of Petrarca, had they been given him personally. Cautious but not suspicious, severe but not vindictive, he might perhaps have removed a D'Enghien by the axe, but never a L'Ouverture by famine. He would not have banished, he would not have treated with insolence and indignity, the greatest writer of the age, from a consciousness of inferiority in intellect, as that other did in Madame de Stael. With that other, similarity of views and sentiments was no bond of union: he hated, he maligned, he persecuted,

the wisest and bravest who would not serve his purposes: patriotism was a ridicule, honour was an insult to him, and veracity a reproach. The *heart* of Rienzi was not insane. Instead of ordering the murder, he would have condemned to the gallows the murderer, of such a man as Hofer. In his impetuous and eccentric course he carried less about him of the middle ages, than the pestilent meteor that flamed forth in ours. Petrarca had too much wisdom, too much virtue, to praise or countenance him in his pride and insolence; but his fall was regretted by him, and is even still to be regretted by his country. It is indeed among the greatest calamities that have befallen the human race, condemned for several more centuries to lie in chains and darkness.

In the year of the jubilee (1350) he went again to Rome. Passing through Florence, he there visited Boccaccio, whom he had met at Naples. What was scarcely an acquaintance grew rapidly into friendship; and this friendship, honourable to both, lasted throughout life, unbroken and undiminished. Both were eloquent, both richly endowed with fancy and imagination; but Petrarca, who had incomparably the least of these qualities, had a readier faculty of investing them with verse, in which Boccaccio, fond as he was of poetry, ill succeeded. There are stories in the *Decameron* which require more genius to conceive and execute than all the poetry of Petrarca, and indeed there is in Boccaccio more variety of the mental powers than in any of his countrymen, greatly more deep feeling, greatly more mastery over the human heart, than in any other but Dante. Honesty, manliness, a mild and social independence, rendered him the most delightful companion and the sincerest friend.

Petrarca, on his road through Arezzo, was received with all the honours due to him, and among the most delicate and acceptable to a man of his sensibility was the attendance of the principal inhabitants in a body, who conducted him to the house in which he was born, showing him that no alteration had been permitted to be made in it. Padua was the place to which he was going: on his arrival he found that the object of his visit, Giovanni da Carrara, had been murdered: nevertheless, he remained there several days, and then proceeded to Venice. Andrea Dandolo was doge; and war was about to break out between the Venetians and the Genoese. Petrarca, who always wished most anxiously the concord and union of the

Italian States, wrote a letter to Dandolo, powerful in reasoning and eloquence, dissuading him from hostilities. The poet on this occasion showed himself more provident than the greatest statesman of the age. On the 6th of April, the third anniversary of Laura's death, a message was conveyed to him from the republic of Florence, restoring his property and his rights of citizen. Unquestionably he who brought the message counselled the measure, and calculated the day: Boccaccio again embraced Petrarca.

It was also proposed to establish a university at Florence, and to nominate the illustrious poet its rector. Declining the office, he returned to Vaucluse, but soon began to fancy that his duty called him to Avignon. Rome and all Italy swarmed with robbers. Clement, from the bosom of the Vicomtesse de Turenne, consulted with the cardinals on the means of restoring security to his dominions. Petrarca too was consulted, and, in the most elaborate and most eloquent of his writings, he recommended the humiliation of the nobles, the restoration of the republic, and the enactment of equal laws.

The people of Rome however had taken up arms again, and had elected for their chief magistrate Giovanni Cerroni. The privileges of the Popedom were left untouched and unquestioned; not a drop of blood was shed; property was secure; tranquillity was established. Clement, whose health was declining, acquiesced. Petrarca, disappointed before, was reserved and silent. But his justice, his humanity, his gratitude, were called into action elsewhere.

Ten years had elapsed since his mission to the court of Naples. The King Andreas had been assassinated, and the Queen Giovanna was accused of the crime. Andreas had alienated from him all the Neapolitans, excepting the servile, which in every court form a party, and in most a majority. Luigi of Taranto, the Queen's cousin, loved her from her childhood, but left her at that age. Graceful and gallant as he was, there is no evidence that she placed too implicit and intimate a confidence in him. Never has any great cause been judged with less discretion by posterity. The Pope, to whom she appealed in person, and who was deeply interested in her condemnation, with all the cardinals and all the judges, unanimously and unreservedly acquitted her of participation, or connivance, or knowledge. Giannone, the most impartial and temperate of historians, who neglected no sources of information, bears testimony in her behalf. Petrarca

and Boccaccio, men abhorrent from every atrocity, never mention her but with gentleness and compassion. The writers of the country, who were nearest to her person and her times, acquit her of all complicity. Nevertheless, she has been placed in the dock by the side of Mary Stuart. It is as certain that Giovanna was *not* guilty as that Mary *was*. She acknowledged before the whole Pontifical Court her hatred of her husband; and, in the simplicity of her heart, attributed it to magic. How different was the magic of Othello on Desdemona! and this too was believed.

If virtuous thoughts and actions can compensate for an irrecoverable treasure which the tomb encloses, surely now must calm and happiness have returned to Petrarca's bosom. Not only had he defended the innocent and comforted the sorrowful, in Giovanna, but, with singular care and delicacy, he reconciled two statesmen whose disunion would have been ruinous to her government; Acciajoli and Barili. Another generous action was now performed by him, in behalf of a man by whom he, and Rome, and Italy, had been deceived. Rienzi, after wandering about for nearly four years, was cast into prison at Prague, and then delivered up to the Pope. He demanded to be judged according to law: which was refused. The spirit of Petrarca rose up against this injustice, and he addressed a letter to the Roman people, urging their interference. They did nothing. But it was believed at Avignon that Rienzi, the correspondent and friend of Petrarca, was not only an eloquent and learned man, but (what Petrarca had taught the world to reverence) a poet. This caused a relaxation in the severity of his confinement, subsequently his release, and ultimately his restoration to power.

Again the office of apostolic secretary was offered to Petrarca; again he declined it; again he retired to Vaucluse. Clement died; Innocent was elected; so illiterate and silly a creature, that he took the poet for a wizard, because he read Virgil. It was time to revisit Italy. Acciajoli had invited him to Naples, Dandolo to Venice: but he went to neither. Giovanni Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, had succeeded his brother Lucchino in the sovranty. Clement, just before his decease, sent a nuncio to him, ordering him to make choice between the temporal and spiritual power. The duke-archbishop made no answer; but on the next Sunday, after celebrating pontifical mass in the cathedral, he took in one hand a crozier, in the other a drawn sword, and "Tell the Holy Father," said he, "here is the

spiritual, here the temporal: one defends the other." Innocent was unlikely to intimidate a prince who had thus defied his predecessor. Giovanni Visconti was among the most able statesmen that Italy has produced; and Italy has produced a greater number of the greatest than all the rest of the universe. Genoa, reduced to extremities by Venice, had thrown herself under his protection; and Venice, although at the head of the Italian league, guided by Dandolo, and flushed with conquest, felt herself unable to contend with him. Visconti, who expected and feared the arrival of the Emperor in Italy, assumed the semblance of moderation. He engaged Petrarca, whom he had received with every mark of distinction and affection, to preside in a deputation with offers of peace to Dandolo. The doge refused the conditions; and Visconti lost no time in the prosecution of hostilities. These were so successful, that Venice was in danger of falling; and Dandolo died of a broken heart. In the following month died also Giovanni Visconti. The emperor Charles, who had deceived the hopes of the Venetians by delaying to advance into Italy, now crossed the Alps: and Petrarca met him at Mantua. Finding him, as usual, wavering and avaricious, the poet soon left him, and returned to the nephews and heirs of Visconti. He was induced by Galeazzo to undertake an embassy to the emperor. Ill disposed as was Charles to the family, he declared that he had no intention of carrying his arms into Italy. On this occasion he sent to Petrarca the diploma of Count Palatine, in a golden box, which golden box the Count Francesco returned to the German chancellor: and he made as little use of the title.

He now settled at Garignano, a village three miles from Milan, to which residence he gave the name of Linterno, from the villa of Scipio on the coast of Naples. Fond as he was of the great and powerful, he did not always give them the preference. Capra, a goldsmith of Bergamo, enthusiastic in admiration of his genius, invited him with earnest entreaties to honour that city with a visit. On his arrival, the governor and nobility contended which should perform the offices of hospitality toward so illustrious a guest: but he went at once to the house of Capra, where he was treated by his worthy host with princely magnificence, and with delicate attentions which princely magnificence often overlooks. The number of choice volumes in the library, and the conversation of Capra, were evidences of a cultivated understanding and a virtuous heart. In the winter

following (1359) Boccaccio spent several days at Linterno, and the poet gave him his Latin Eclogues in his own handwriting. On his return to Florence, Boccaccio sent his friend the *Divina Commedia*, written out likewise by himself, and accompanied with profuse commendations.

Incredible as it may appear, this noble poem, the glory of Italy, and admitting at that time but one other in the world to a proximity with it, was wanting to the library of Petrarca. His reply was cold and cautious: the more popular man, it might be thought, took umbrage at the loftier. He was jealous even of the genius which had gone by, and which bore no resemblance to his own, excepting in the purity and intensity of love: for this was a portion of the genius in both. He was certainly the very best man that ever was a very vain one: and vanity has a better excuse for itself in him than in any other, since none was more admired by the world at large, and particularly by that part of it which the wisest are most desirous to conciliate, turning their wisdom in full activity to the elevation of their happiness. Laura, it is true, was sensible of little or no passion for him; but she was pleased with his; and stood like a beautiful Cariatid of stainless marble, at the base of an image on which the eyes of Italy were fixt.

Petrarca, like Boccaccio, regretted at the close of life, not only the pleasure he had enjoyed, but also the pleasure he had imparted to the world. Both of them, as their mental faculties were diminishing, and their animal spirits were leaving them apace, became unconscious how incomparably greater was the benefit than the injury done by their writings. In Boccaccio there are certain tales so coarse that modesty casts them aside, and those only who are irreparably contaminated can receive any amusement from them. But in the greater part, what truthfulness, what tenderness, what joyousness, what purity! Their levities and gaieties are like the harmless lightnings of a summer sky in the delightful regions they were written in. Petrarca, with a mind which bears the same proportion to Boccaccio's as the Sorga bears to the Arno, has been the solace of many sad hours to those who probably were more despondent. It may be that, at the time when he was writing some of his softest and most sorrowful complaints, his dejection was caused by dalliance with another, far more indulgent than Laura. But his ruling passion was ungratified by her; therefore she died unsung, and, for aught we know to the

contrary, unlamented. He had forgotten what he had declared in Sonnet 17.

E, se di lui forse altra donna spera,
Vive in speranza debile e fallace,
Mio, perche sdegno ciò ch' a voi dispiace, &c.

If any other hopes to find
That love in me which you despise,
Ah! let her leave the hope behind:
I hold from all what you alone should prize.

It can only be said that he ceased to be a visionary: and we ought to rejoice that an inflammation, of ten years' recurrence, sank down into a regular fit, and settled in no vital part. Yet I can not but wish that he had been as zealous in giving instruction and counsel to his only son, a youth whom he represents in one of his letters to have been singularly modest and docile, as he had been in giving it to princes, emperors, and popes, who exhibited very little of those characters. While he was at his villa at Linterno, the unfortunate youth robbed the house in Milan, and fled. We may reasonably suppose that home had become irksome to him, and that neither the eye nor the heart of a father was over him. Giovanni was repentant, was forgiven, and died.

The tenderness of Petrarca, there is too much reason to fear, was at all times concentrated in self. A nephew of his early patron Colonna, in whose house he had spent many happy hours, was now deprived of house and home, and, being reduced to abject poverty, had taken refuge in Bologna. He had surely great reason to complain of Petrarca, who never in his journeys to and fro had visited or noticed him, or, rich as he was in benefices by the patronage of his family, offered him any succour. This has been excused by Mr. Campbell: it may be short of turpitude; but it is farther, much farther, from generosity and from justice. Never is mention made by him of Laura's children, whom he must have seen with her, and one or other of whom must have noticed with the pure delight of unsuspicious childhood his fond glances at the lovely mother. Surely in all the years he was devoted to Laura, one or other of her children grieved her by ill-health, or perhaps by dying; for virtue never set a mark on any door so that sickness and sorrow must not enter. But Petrarca thought more about her eyes than about those tears that are

usually the inheritance of the brightest, and may well be supposed to have said, in some inedited canzone,

> What care I what tears there be,
> If the tears are not for me?

His love, when it administered nothing to his celebrity, was silent. Of his two children, a son and a daughter, not a word is uttered in any of his verses. How beautifully does Ovid, who is thought in general to have been less tender, and was probably less chaste, refer to the purer objects of his affection!

> Unica nata, mei justissima causa doloris, &c.

Petrarca's daughter lived to be the solace of his age, and married happily. Boccaccio, in the most beautiful and interesting letter in the whole of Petrarca's correspondence, mentions her kind reception of him, and praises her beauty and demeanour. Even the unhappy boy appears to have been by nature of nearly the same character. According to the father's own account, his disposition was gentle and tractable; he was modest and shy, and abased his eyes before the smart witticisms of Petrarca on the defects his own negligence had caused. A parent should never excite a blush, nor extinguish one.

Domestic cares bore indeed lightly on a man perpetually busy in negotiations. He could not but despise the emperor, who yet had influence enough over him to have brought him into Germany. But bands of robbers infested the road, and the plague was raging in many of the intermediate cities. It had not reached Venice: and there he took refuge. Wherever he went, he carried a great part of his library with him: but he found it now more inconvenient than ever, and therefore he made a present of it to the republic, on condition that it neither should be sold nor separated. It was never sold, it was never separated; but it was suffered to fall into decay, and not a single volume of the collection is now extant. While he was at Verona, his friend Boccaccio made him another visit, and remained with him three summer months. The plague deprived him of Lælius, of Socrates, and of Barbato. Among his few surviving friends was Philip de Cabassoles, now patriarch of Jerusalem, to whom he had promised the dedication of his treatise on "Solitary Life," which he began at Vaucluse.

Urban V., successor to Innocent, designed to reform the discipline of the church; and Petrarca thought he had a better chance than ever of seeing its head at Rome. Again he wrote a letter on the occasion, learned, eloquent, and enthusiastically bold. Urban had perhaps already fixed his determination. Despite of remonstrances on the side of the French king, and of intrigues on the side of the cardinals, whose palaces and mistresses must be left behind, he quitted Avignon on the 30th of April, 1367, and, after a stay of four months at Viterbo, entered Rome. Before this event Petrarca had taken into his house, and employed as secretary, a youth of placid temper and sound understanding, which he showed the best disposition to cultivate. His name was Giovanni Malpighi, better known afterward as Giovanni da Ravenna. He was admitted to the table, to the walks, and to the travels of his patron, enjoying far more of his kindness and affection than, at the same time of life, had ever been bestowed upon his son. Petrarca superintended his studies, and prepared him for the clerical profession. Unexpectedly one morning this youth entered his study, and declared he would stay no longer in the house. In vain did Petrarca try to alter his determination: neither hope nor fear moved him: and nothing was left but to accompany him as far as Venice. Giovanni would see the tomb of Virgil: he would visit the birthplace of Ennius: he would learn Greek at Constantinople. He went however no farther than Pavia, where Petrarca soon followed him, and pardoned his extravagance.

Urban had no sooner established the holy see at Rome again, than he began to set Italy in a flame, raising troops in all quarters, and directing them against the Visconti. The Emperor too in earnest had resolved on war. But Bernabo Visconti, who knew his avarice, knew how to divert his arms. He came into Italy, but only to lead the Pope's palfrey and to assist at the empress's coronation. Urban sent an invitation to Petrarca; and he prepared, although in winter, to revisit Rome. Conscious that his health was declining, he made his will. To the Lord of Padua he bequeathed a picture of the Virgin by Giotto; and to Boccaccio fifty gold florins for a cloak to keep him warm in his study. Such was his debility, he could proceed no farther than Ferrara, and thought it best to return to Padua. For the benefit of the air he settled in the hamlet of Arquà, where he built a villa, and where his daughter and her husband Francesco di Brossano, came to live with him. Urban died, and was succeeded by

Gregory XI., who would have added to the many benefices held already by Petrarca: and the poet in these his latter days was not at all averse to the gifts of fortune. His old friend the bishop of Cabassoles, now a cardinal, was sent as legate to Perugia: Petrarca was desirous of visiting him, and the rather as the prelate's health was declining: but before his own enabled him to undertake the journey, he had expired.

One more effort of friendship was the last reserved for him. Hostilities broke out between the Venetians and Francesco da Ferrara, aided by the king of Hungary, who threatened to abandon his cause unless he consented to terms of peace. Venice now recovered her advantages, and reduced Francesco to the most humiliating conditions. He was obliged to send his son to ask pardon of the republic. To render this less intolerable, he prevailed on Petrarca to accompany the youth, and to plead his cause before the senate. Accompanied by a numerous and a splendid train, they arrived at the city; audience was granted them on the morrow. But fatigue and illness so affected Petrarca that he could not deliver the speech he had prepared. Among the many of his compositions which are lost to us, is this oration. Happily there is preserved the friendly letter he wrote to Boccaccio on his return; the last of his writings. During the greater part of his lifetime, though no less zealous than Boccaccio himself in recovering the works of the classics, he never had read the *Divina Commedia;* nor, until this period of it, the *Decameron;* the two most admirable works the continent has produced from the restoration of learning to the present day. Boccaccio, who had given him the one, now gave him the other. In his letter of thanks for it, he excuses the levity of his friend in some places, attributes it to the season of life in which the book was written, and relates the effect the story of Griseldis had produced, not only on himself, but on another of less sensibility. He even learnt it by heart, that he might recite it to his friends; and he sent the author a Latin translation of it. Before this, but among his latest compositions, he had written an indignant answer to an unknown French monk, who criticised his letter to Urban, and had spoken contemptuously of Rome and Italy. Monks generally know at what most vulnerable part to aim the dagger: and the Frenchman struck Petrarca between his vanity and his patriotism. A greater mind would have looked down indifferently on a dwarf assailant, and would never have lifted him up, even for derision. The most prominent rocks and

headlands are most exposed to the elements; but those which can resist the violence of the storms are in little danger from the corrosion of the limpets.

On the 18th of July, 1374, Petrarca was found in his library, his brow upon a book he had been reading: he was dead.

There is no record of any literary man, or perhaps of any man whatsoever, to whom such honours, honours of so many kinds, and from such different quarters and personages, have been offered. They began in his early life; and we are walking at this hour in the midst of the procession. Few travellers dare to return from Italy until they can describe to the attentive ear and glistening eye the scenery of the Euganean hills. He who has loved truly, and, above all, he who has loved unhappily, approaches, as holiest altars are approached, the cenotaph on the little columns at Arqua.

The Latin works of Petrarca were esteemed by himself more highly than his Italian.* His Letters and his Dialogues "De Contemptu Mundi," are curious and valuable. In the latter he converses with Saint Augustin, to whom he is introduced by *Truth*, the same personage who appears in his *Africa*, and whom Voltaire also invokes to descend on his little gravelly Champ de Mars, the *Henriade*. The third dialogue is about his love for Laura, and nobly is it defended. He wrote a treatise on the ignorance of one's self and others (*multorum*), in which he has taken much from Cicero and Augustin, and in which he afterward forgot a little of his own. "Ought we to take it to heart," says he, "if we are ill spoken of by the ignorant and malicious, when the same thing happened to Homer and Demosthenes, to Cicero and Virgil?" He was fond of following these two; Cicero in the number of his epistles, Virgil in eclogue and in epic.

Of his twelve eclogues, which by a strange nomenclature he also called bucolics, many are satirical. In the sixth and seventh Pope Clement is represented in the character of Mitio. In the sixth Saint Peter, under the name of Pamphilus, reproaches him for the condition

* It is incredible that Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who has criticised so vast a number of later poets quite forgotten, and deservedly, should never have even seen the Latin poetry of Petrarca. His words are: "Primus, quod equidem sciam, Petrarca ex lutulentâ barbarie os cœlo attollere ausus est, *cujus*, quemadmodum diximus alibi, *quòd nihil videre licueret*, ejus viri castigationes sicut et alia multa, relinquam studiosis." *Poet.* l. vi., p. 769.

in which he keeps his flock, and asks him what he has done with the wealth intrusted to him. Mitio answers that he has kept the gold arising from the sale of the lambs, and that he has given the milk to certain friends of his. He adds that his spouse, very different from the old woman Pamphilus was contented with, went about in gold and jewels. As for the rams and goats, they played their usual gambols in the meadow; and he himself looked on. Pamphilus is indignant, and tells him he ought to be flogged and sent to prison for life. Mitio drops on a sudden his peaceful character, and calls him a faithless runaway slave, deserving the fetter and the cross. In the twelfth eclogue, under the appellations of Pan and Arcticus, are represented the kings of France and England. Arcticus is indignant at the favours Pan receives from Faustula (Avignon). To king John the Pope had remitted his tenths, so that he was enabled to continue the war against England, which ended in his captivity.

Petrarca in all his Latin poetry, and indeed in all his Latin compositions, is an imitator, and generally a very unsuccessful one; but his versification is more harmonious, and his language has more the air of antiquity, and more resembles the better models, than any had done since Boethius.

We now come to his Italian poetry. In this he is less deficient in originality, though in several pieces he has imitated too closely Cino da Pistoja. "Mille dubj in un dì," for instance, in his seventh canzone. Cino is crude and enigmatical: but there is a beautiful sonnet by him addressed to Dante, which he wrote on passing the Apennines, and stopping to visit the tomb and invoke the name of Selvaggia. Petrarca, late in life, made a collection of sonnets on Laura; they are not printed in the order in which they were written. The first is a kind of prologue to the rest, as the first ode of Horace is. There is melancholy grace in this preliminary piece. The third ought to have been the second; for, after having in the first related his errors and regrets, we might have expected to find the cause of them in the following; we find it in the third. "Di pensier in pensier," "Chiare dolci e fresche acque," "Se il pensier che mi strugge," "Benedetto sia il giorno," "Solo e pensoso," are incomparably better than the "Tre Sorelle," by which the Italians are enchanted, and which the poet himself views with great complacency. These three are upon the eyes of Laura. The seventh canzone, the second of the "Sorelle," or, as they have often been styled, the "Grazie," is the most admired

of them. In this however the ear is offended at "*Qual all' alta.*" The critics do not observe this sad cacophony. And nothing is less appropriate than

Ed al fuoco *gentil* ond' io *tutt' ardo.*

The close is,

Canzon! l'una Sorella è poco inanzi,
E l' altra sento in quel medesmo albergo
Apparecchiarsi, *ond' io più carta vergo.*

This ruins the figure. What becomes of the *Sorella*, and the *albergo*, and the *apparecchiarsi?* The third is less celebrated than the two elder sisters.

Muratori, the most judicious of Italian commentators, gives these canzoni the preference over the others: but it remained for a foreigner to write correctly on them, and to demonstrate that they are very faulty. I find more faults and graver than Ginguenè has found in them: but I do not complain with him so much that the commencement of the third is heavy and languid, as that serious thoughts are intersected with quibbles, and spangled with conceits. I will here remark freely, and in some detail, on this part of the poetry of Petrarca.

Sonetto 21. It will be difficult to find in all the domains of poetry so frigid a conceit as in the conclusion of this sonnet,

E far delle sue braccia a se stess' ombra.

Strange that it should be followed by the most beautiful he ever wrote:

Solo e pensoso, &c.

Canzone 1.

Ne mano ancor m' agghiaccia
L' esser coperto poi di bianche piume,
Ond' io presi col suon color di cigno!

How very inferior is this childish play to Horace's ode, in which he also becomes a swan.

Canzone 3. Among the thousand offices which he attributes to the eyes is *carrying the keys.* Here he talks of the *sweet eyes* carrying the keys of his *sweet thoughts.* Again he has a peep at the keyhole in the seventh.

Quel cuor ond' hanno i begli occhi la chiave.

He also lets us into the secret that he is really *fond* of complaining, and that he *takes pains* to have his eyes always full of tears.

> Ed io son un di quei ch' il pianger *giova*,
> E par ben ch' io m' *ingegno*
> Che di lagrime pregni
> Sien gli occhi miei.

Sonetto 20. Here are Phœbus, Vulcan, Jupiter, *Cæsar*, Janus, Saturn, Mars, Orion, Neptune, Juno, and a chorus of *Angels:* and they have only fourteen lines to turn about in.

Canzone 4. The last part has merit from "E perche un poco."

Sonetto 39. In this beautiful sonnet, as in almost every one, there is a redundancy of words: for instance,

> Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l' anno,
> *E la stagion, e 'l tempo.*

Sonetto 40 is very serious. It is a prayer to God that his heart may be turned to other desires, and that it may remember how on that day He was crucified.

Sestina 3. With what derision would a poet of the present day be treated who had written such stuff as,

> E *pel bel* petto l' *indurato* ghiaccio
> Che trae dal mio si *dolorosi venti.*

Sonetto 44. "L'aspetto sacro" is ingenious, yet without conceits.

Canzone 8. As far as we know it has never been remarked (nor indeed is an Italian Academia worth a remark) that the motto of the Academia della Crusca, "Il più bel fior ne coglie" is from

> E, le onorate
> Cose cercando, il più bel fior ne coglie.

Sonetto 46. Here he wonders whence all the ink can come with which he fills his paper on Laura.

Sonetto 50. In the fourteenth year of his passion, his ardour is increasing to such a degree, that, he says, "Death approaches . . . *and life flies away.*"

> Che la morte m'appressa . . . . *e 'l viver fugge.*

We believe there is no instance where life has resisted the encounter.

Sonetto 59. This is very different from all his others. The first part is poor enough: the last would be interesting if we could believe

it to be more than imaginary. Here he boasts of the impression he had made on Laura, yet in his last Canzone he asks her whether he ever had. The words of this sonnet are,

> Era ben forte la nemica mia,
> E lei viddi io ferita in *mezzo al core*.

But we may well take all this for ideal, when we read the very next, in which he speaks of being free from the thraldom that had held him so many years.

Sonetto 66. The conclusion from "Ne mi lece ascoltar," is very animated: here is greatly more vigour and incitation than usual.

Canzone 9. It would be difficult to find anywhere, except in the rarest and most valuable books, so wretched a poem as this. The rhymes occur over and over again, not only at the close, but often at the fifth and sixth syllables, and then another time. Metastasio has managed best the redundant rhymes.

Sonetto 78. The final part, "L' aura soave," is exquisitely beautiful, and the harmony complete.

Sonetto 84. "Quel vago impallidir" is among the ten best.

Canzone 10. In the last stanza there is a lightness of movement not always to be found in the graces of Petrarca.

Canzone 11. This is incomparably the most elaborate work of the poet, but it is very far from the perfection of "Solo e pensoso." The second and third stanzas are inferior to the rest; and the *fera bella e mansueta* is quite unworthy of the place it occupies.

Canzone 13 is extremely beautiful until we come to

> Pur ti medesmo assido,
> Me freddo, *pietra morta in pietra viva*.

Sonetto 95. "Pommi ovi 'l Sol," is imitated from Horace's "Pone me pigris," &c.

Sonetto 98. Four verses are filled with the names of rivers, excepting the monosyllables *non* and *e*. He says that all these rivers can not slake the fire that is the anguish of his heart: no, nor even ivy, fir, pine, beech, or juniper. It is by no means a matter of wonder, that these subsidiaries lend but little aid to the exertions of the fireman.

Sonetto 110.

> O anime gentili ed amorose

has been imitated and improved upon by Redi, in his

Donne gentili, divote d' amore.

Sonetto 111. No extravagance ever surpassed the invocation to the rocks in the water, requiring that henceforward there would not be a single one which had neglected to learn how to burn with his flames. He himself can only go farther in

Sonetto 119, where he tells us that Laura's eyes can burn up the Rhine when it is most frozen, and crack its hardest rocks.

Sonetto 132. In the precarious state of her health, he fears more about the disappointment of his hopes in love than about her danger.

Sonetto 148. His descriptions of beauty are not always distinct and correct: for example,

Gli occhi sereni e le *stellanti* ciglia
La bella bocca angelica . . de perle
Piene, e di rose . . e di dolci *parole*.

In this place we shall say a little about *occhi* and *ciglia*. First, the sense would be better and the verse equally good, if, transposing the epithets, it were written

Gli occhi stellanti e le serene ciglia.

The Italian poets are very much in the habit of putting the *eyelashes* for the *eyes*, because *ciglia* is a most useful rhyme. The Latin poets, contented with *oculi*, *ocelli*, and *lumina*, never employ *cilia*, of which indeed they appear to have made but little account. Greatly more than a hundred times has Petrarca inserted eyes into the first part of his sonnets; it is rarely that we find one without its *occhi*. They certainly are very ornamental things; but it is not desirable for a poet to resemble an Argus.

Canzone 15. The versification here differs from the others, but is no less beautiful than in any of them. However, where Love appears in person, we would rather that Pharaoh, Rachel, &c., were absent.

Sonetto 157. He tells us on what day he entered the labyrinth of love.

Mille trecento ventisette *appunto*
Sull' ora prima il dì setto d' Aprili.

This poetry has very unfairly been taken advantage of, in a book

Written by William Prynne Esquier, the
Year of our Lord sixteen hundred thirty-three.

Sonetto 158. He has now loved twenty years.

Sonetto 161. The first verse is rendered very inharmonious by the cesura and the final word having syllables that rhyme. Tutto 'l dì *pian*go, e per la notte *quan*do, lagri*mando*, and consu*mando*, are considered as rhymes, although rhymes should be formed by similarity of sound and not by identity. The Italians, the Spaniards, and the French, reject this canon.

Sonetto 187, on the present of two roses, is light and pretty.

Sonetto 192. He fears he may never see Laura again. Probably this was written after her death. He dreams of her saying to him, "do you not remember the last evening, when I left you with your eyes in tears? Forced to go away from you, I would not tell you, nor could I, what I tell you now. *Do not hope to see me again on earth.*" This most simple and beautiful sonnet has been less noticed than many which a pure taste would have rejected. The next is a vision of Laura's death. There are verses in Petrarca which will be uttered by many sorrowers through many ages. Such, for instance, are

> Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l' ebbe,
> Conobbila io chi a pianger quì rimasi.

But we are hard of belief when he says

> Pianger cercai, *non già dal pianto onore.*

There are fourteen more Sonnets, and one more Canzone in the first series of the *Rime;* but we must here close it. Of the second, third, and fourth series we must be contented with fewer notices, for already we have exceeded the limits we proposed. They were written after Laura's death, and contain altogether somewhat more than the first alone. Many of the poems in them are grave, tender, and beautiful. There are the same faults, but fewer in number, and less in degree. He never talks again, as he does in the last words of the first, of carrying a laurel and a column in his bosom, the one for fifteen, the other for eighteen years.

Ginguené seems disinclined to allow a preference to this second part of the Canzoniere. But surely it is in general far more pathetic, and more exempt from the importunities of petty fancies. He takes the trouble to translate the wretched sonnet (33, part 2) in which the waters of the river are increased by the poet's tears, and the fish (as they had a right to expect) are spoken to. But the next is certainly

a most beautiful poem, and worthy of Dante himself, whose manner of thinking and style of expression it much resembles. There is a canzone in dialogue which also resembles it in sentiment and feeling;

Quando soave mio fido conforto, &c.

The next again is imitated from Cino da Pistoja: what a crowd of words at the opening!

Quel antico mio dolce empio signore.

It is permitted in no other poetry than the Italian to shovel up such a quantity of trash and triviality before the doors. But rather than indulge in censure, we will recommend to the especial perusal of the reader another list of admirable compositions. "Alma felice," "Anima bella," "Ite rime dolenti," "Tornami a mente," "Quel rossignol," "Vago augelletto," "Dolce mio caro," "Gli angeli," "Ohime! il bel viso," "Che debbo io far," "Amor! se vuoi," "O aspettata," "Anima, che dimostra," "Spirto gentil," "Italia mia." Few indeed, if any, of these are without a flaw; but they are of higher worth than those on which the reader, unless forewarned, would spend his time unprofitably. It would be a great blessing if a critic deeply versed in this literature, like Carey, would publish the Italian poets with significant marks before the passages worth reading; the more worth, and the less. Probably it would not be a mark of admiration, only that surprise and admiration have but one between them, which would follow the poet's declaration in Can. 18, that "if he does not melt away it is because fear holds him together." After this foolery he becomes a true poet again, "O colli!" &c., then again bad, "You see how many colours love paints my face with."

Nothing he ever wrote is so tender as a reproach of Laura's, after ten years' admiration, "You are *soon* grown tired of loving me!"

There is poetry in Petrarca which we have not yet adverted to, in which he has changed the chords *και την λυρήν απασαν*: such as "Fiamma del ciel," "L' avara Babilonia," "Fontana di dolor." The volumes close with the "Trionfi." The first, as we might have anticipated, is "Il Trionfo d' Amore." The poem is a vile one, stuffed with proper names. The "Triumph of Chastity" is shorter, as might also be anticipated, and not quite so full of them. At the close, Love meets Laura, who makes him her captive, and carries him

in triumph among the virgins and matrons most celebrated for purity and constancy. The "Triumph of Death" follows.

This poem is truly admirable. Laura is returning from her victory over Love; suddenly there appears a black flag, followed by a female in black apparel, and terrible in attitude and voice. She stops the festive procession, and strikes Laura. The poet now describes her last moments, and her soft sleep of death, in which she retains all her beauty. In the second part she comes to him in a dream, holds out her hand, and invites him to sit by her on the bank of a rivulet, under the shade of a beech and a laurel. Nothing, in this most beautiful of languages, is so beautiful, excepting the lines of Dante on Francesca, as these.

E quella man' già tanto desiäta,
A me, parlando e sospirando, porse.

Their discourse is upon death, which she tells him should be formidable only to the wicked, and assures him that the enjoyment she receives from it, is far beyond any which life has to bestow. He then asks her a question, which he alone had a right to ask her, and only in her state of purity and bliss.

She sigh'd, and said, "No; nothing could dissever
My heart from thine, and nothing shall there ever.
If, thy fond ardour to repress,
I sometimes frown'd (and how could I do less?)
If, now and then, my look was not benign,
'Twas but to save my fame, and thine.
And, as thou knowest, when I saw thy grief,
A glance was ready with relief."

Scarce with dry cheek
These tender words I heard her speak.
"Were they but true!" I cried. She bent the head,
Not unreproachfully, and said,
"Yes, I did love thee; and whene'er
I turn'd away mine eyes, 'twas shame and fear;
A thousand times to thee did they incline,
But sank before the flame that shot from thine."

He who, the twentieth time, can read unmoved this canzone, never has experienced a love which could not be requited, and never has deserved a happy one.

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